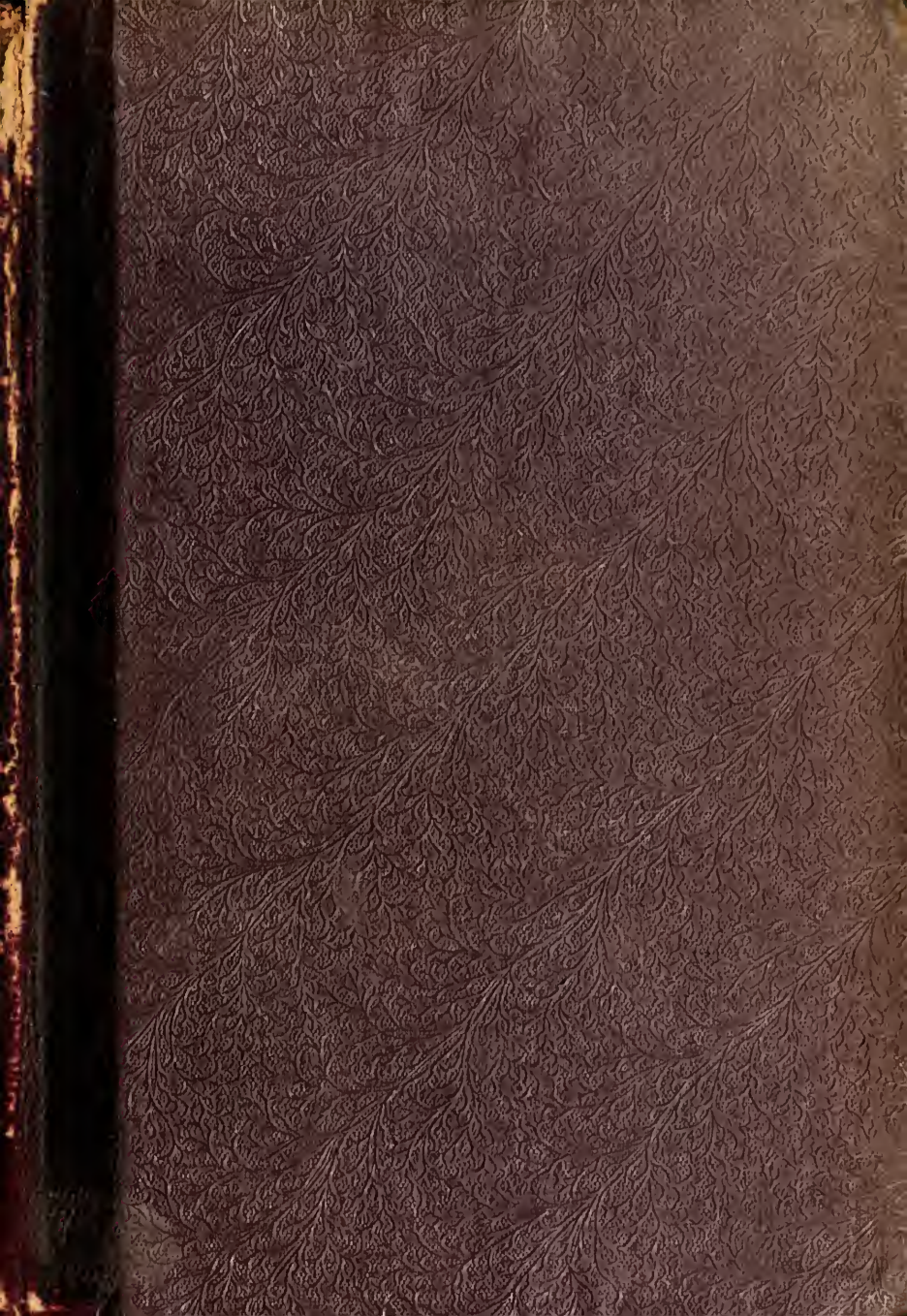






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THE MODERN ELOCUTIONIST.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
JOHN A. JENNINGS, M.A., 'T.C.D.

“And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.”

NEW EDITION—REVISED AND ENLARGED.

DUBLIN:
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TO

Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough,

THIS BOOK,

BY MOST KIND PERMISSION,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

HER GRACE'S OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN A. JENNINGS.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.



HAVING for some years past been engaged in teaching Elocution in this city, during my leisure hours, and in giving so-called "Readings," I have naturally devoted considerable attention to the selection of fresh pieces from the best authors, for my own recitation and that of my pupils.

Lately it has been suggested to me on all sides, by the Principals of Schools, Pupils, and friends in Trinity College, that it would be desirable to compile a new Elocutionist. At first I was unwilling so to do, on account of the number of books of like nature—some of them very capital volumes—already before the public; but at length I determined to undertake the task, with the object in view of bringing together more modern, or less-known, selections, eminently suitable for the desired purpose.

This task I have endeavoured to accomplish, avoiding those recitations which, however beautiful many of them undoubtedly are, yet have become so hackneyed as to be wearisome, owing to constant repetition—that repetition not being in all cases pleasing to the ear nor intelligible to the understanding.

How I have accomplished my object I leave my readers to decide.

A very hearty word of thanks is more than due to those authors and publishers who have so generously and willingly placed their works at my disposal, and without whose kind co-operation many of the following pages could not have been inserted. Elsewhere, throughout the book, my obligations to them severally are acknowledged in detail.

I have been most anxious to avoid violation of copyright in my selections, and have used my utmost endeavours to ascertain the various possessors of the rights appertaining thereto. Should there, however, be any unconscious infringement, I desire to express my deep regret, and trust that such an error may be kindly overlooked and forgiven.

A double Index will be found—one in the early part of the volume, comprising the selections generally, another at the conclusion, containing the names of the authors alphabetically arranged.

J. A. J.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

AN extremely large edition of this book having been exhausted in little more than a year, it is my pleasing task to offer very grateful thanks for the appreciation accorded to my labours.

I have also to express my obligations to the Reviewers by whom this little volume has been so carefully, considerately, and favourably criticised ; and to whom I am indebted for many valuable suggestions, some of which have been followed in the present issue.

It only remains for me to offer similar words of thanks to the authors and publishers by whose kindness new pages have been added, and to again express my hope that in the insertion of fresh selections no unconscious infringement of copyright has taken place.

Two additional features may be noticed—the extracts selected from various prose works having proved so acceptable, *Condensations and Adaptations* are here introduced ; and *Notes* on such selections as seemed to require elucidation will be found at the end of the volume.

One word more. Were this to be simply a collection of modern poetry, some pages might have been different ; but I trust that I have done my utmost to combine Elocutionary fitness with Literary merit.

J. A. J

DUBLIN, 1882.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE following pages of an Introduction—if it may be so termed—are exceedingly brief. So much having been already written on the theoretical part of this subject, I do not feel it at all desirable to repeat a number of elaborate rules. Those who wish to find such directions can consult many learned treatises on Elocution. I simply desire to say something concerning the book itself; to give short hints to readers on the management of the voice, action, &c.; and to offer a few thoughts on the advantages of this study.

(I.) This little book differs from most other collections in its freshness of selection; and in that respect, I venture to hope, supplies a very generally felt and expressed want. Now that Elocution has been so widely recognised as a branch of study in high-class schools, and “Readings” have been rendered so popular with the public throughout the three Kingdoms, most of the time-honoured, well-worn extracts have become hackneyed and so thoroughly known as not in the least degree to partake of the character of *novelty*, which is a very essential element with audiences, as, unless the reader be a person of more than usual talents, constant repetition becomes most wearisome.

Although this is called a *Modern* Elocutionist, I felt that it would be an unpardonable fault were I to omit selections from Shakspeare, so that an additional feature

in these pages is a separate portion devoted exclusively to speeches and scenes from his works. These extracts have been arranged in their probable chronological sequence—thus showing the gradual growth of the poet's mind—and the text adopted has been that of the so-called "Globe" edition.

For the order of the above I am indebted to the works of Professor Dowden, Trinity College, Dublin.* These books are marked by scholarly research, acute criticism, and thorough appreciation and reverence of his subject. I earnestly recommend them to such of my readers as take an interest in the motive-springs of our greatest poet's mind. They will find them perfectly invaluable in suggestiveness when preparing a play for reading or recitation.

While again thanking those authors who have so kindly helped me in my task, it is with extreme regret that I have been compelled—owing to the refusal of Mr. Tennyson's publishers in granting the required permission—to omit some half-dozen selections from the Poet Laureate's works. The following extracts I recommend as being most suitable for reading aloud:—

"The Lady of Shalott."

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

"The May Queen" (Three Parts).

"Dora."

"Locksley Hall."

"Lady Clare."

* "SHAKSPERE: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art." Post 8vo. 12s. (Published by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co.) "SHAKSPERE." One of the Shilling English Primers. (Published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

"The Lord of Burleigh."

"The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"The Grandmother."

"Sea-Dreams."

"The Coming of Arthur."

The Death of Elaine ("Lancelot and Elaine").

"Guinevere."

"The Passing of Arthur."

The Death of Enoch Arden ("Enoch Arden").

"In Memoriam"—Stanza cvi.

"The Revenge" (*Nineteenth Century*, March, 1878).

All the above are published by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. A little volume entitled "Tennyson for the Young, and Recitation" contains several of those mentioned.

To American writers I must here tender a word of acknowledgment. Mr. Longfellow's place in the ensuing pages could not have been supplied by any other writer. For a blending of pathos and humour such names as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Bret Harte need only be mentioned.

(II.) I shall now offer a few hints to readers.

These remarks are simple, and will, I venture to think, be of practical utility to those who may follow the advice here given. Necessarily I have little that is new to say on this branch of the subject, most of what follows being compiled from other sources, or the result of observation whilst teaching, and here set down in convenient form.

Elocution has been well defined by Mr. Isbister to be “the art of delivering written or spoken language in the way best calculated to express the sense, beauty, or force of the words employed by the speaker.”

This is a perfectly sound definition, and I shall endeavour to point out some of the ways in which such a desirable effect may be attained.

The first thing I would say is—understand and feel what you read, and success is almost certain to crown your efforts.

“To this sure standard make your just appeal;
Here lies the golden secret—*learn to feel.*”

Do not imitate the peculiarities of others, no matter how much you may admire their styles, as what is suitable to one is out of character in another—merely producing a ludicrous resemblance, without the talent or genius, as the case may be, of the person copied.

To produce a good clear voice—stand erect, speaking from the chest. Do not stoop, as though oppressed by disease, but have the chest expanded, taking breath silently, as gasping is very disagreeable to the hearers and wearisome to yourself; besides, if proper pauses be made, sufficient time is allowed for quiet breathing. Over-exertion is thoroughly distressing to yourself and gives pain to your audience, as the sympathy between speaker and listener is wonderfully acute. When reading aloud, give the lungs full play, as otherwise the effect is most injurious; but, if the sound come freely from the chest, no hurtful consequences can ensue.

Avoid monotony. Some readers who have many natural qualifications, and would be most effective in

this art, ruin all by the absence of variety. The best remedy for this will be found in the practice of dramatic selections, since, in rendering these, change of voice is absolutely necessary for their proper understanding. Different characters require different tones in their delineation, the changes being as frequent as in real life.

Shun bombast and rant, for, "though it make the unskilful laugh, it cannot but make the judicious grieve." Great care, therefore, will be required in following this direction, for it is the most common fault of some of our (otherwise) very finest readers. "Be not too tame, neither," but remember that passion requires to be slightly heightened, or modulated, according to the size of the place in which you read.

Speak from the heart—placing yourself in the positions of the characters which you are representing. If you do this, your words will surely reach the hearts of the auditors. Pay great attention to a simple narrative style, and practise the low notes, as few can use them distinctly.

"Learn to speak slow, all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

As to punctuation, do not adhere blindly to what is printed before you, but let common sense be your guide. Change of punctuation frequently causes an alteration in the sense. For instance, the general reading in "Hamlet"—

"What, looked he frowningly?"

I have heard changed by our greatest living actor, Mr. Henry Irving, to—

"What looked he?—frowningly?"

The latter seems a much more natural rendering, when one thinks of the preceding sentences.

Do not emphasise too much, as, if every word be rendered emphatic, very scant attention will be paid to what you say, and if the emphasis be wrongly laid, the whole sense of the passage is changed.

The following example will illustrate my meaning:—

Q. Will you buy this *now*?

A. No; perhaps I may on to-morrow.

Q. Will you buy *this* now?

A. No; I shall buy the other.

Q. Will you *buy* this now?

A. No; perhaps you will give it to me.

Q. Will *you* buy this now?

A. No; Arthur may do so.

Q. *Will* you buy this now?

A. Yes; did you imagine that I would not?

In all the above cases, a change of emphasis effects a complete change of meaning.

As to pronunciation, the best guide is the usage of good society. Observe the way in which words are generally pronounced by educated men and women. But do not pronounce the same word differently at different times, as I have frequently noticed to be the case, sometimes even in the same sentence.

Lists of sounds have been published for the correction of defective articulation, but I fear they are of small value. I have found the best method of cure to be for the master to pronounce the word in imitation of the pupil, and then show the right method, drawing attention to the position of the different organs whilst

in the act of speaking. Pay particular attention to the vowel sounds. Do not neglect giving each letter or syllable its due distinctness.

Facial expression is also of great importance. If a man's countenance remain unchanged whilst speaking under the supposed influence of various emotions, half—nay, more than half the meaning is lost to his audience, simply because anything unnatural loses its interest almost altogether. None of us have ever heard syllables of fire proceeding from the mouth of an inanimate wax figure.

“THE COUNTENANCE IS THE TRUE INDEX OF THE SOUL.”

“A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened oh!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes.
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.”

Over-action is worse than none; too literal gesture is ridiculous; but action in moderation, combined with the other necessary qualities, is the sum-total of a good elocutionist.

When Demosthenes was asked what was the first point of oratory, the second, and the third, he answered to each question, “Delivery, delivery, delivery.”

It is utterly impossible, and consequently, futile to make the oft-repeated attempt of reducing this portion of Elocution to a science, with certain specific rules, as various people differ in those impulses which severally influence their modes of gesture.

While on this subject, I cannot do better than quote

the following passage from Mr. Hullah's treatise on the speaking voice:—

“Whatever control we may acquire over our voices, of themselves, we shall never turn them to the best account till we have attained also considerable control over the rest of our bodies. In this Englishmen are singularly deficient, if not by nature, by art, which is second nature. Granted that action, not suggesting itself to the average Englishman as essential or even becoming to his every-day talk, is somewhat startling, has an air of unreality or affectation—when made an accompaniment to English oratory, surely that does not justify our public utterances being disfigured, as they often are, by a thousand awkward and ridiculous tricks. If profound and original thought, expressed in well-chosen and well-sounding words, tells most on an English audience when these words issue from a frame which betrays no more sympathy or connexion with them than does the case of a pianoforte with the music of which it is the medium—be it so. The Englishman is a reticent, undemonstrative creature, not predisposed even to vocal expression, and decidedly indisposed to pantomimic. No doubt; then let him stand still when he speaks. But this he never succeeds in doing. One English orator will enforce his arguments by pommeling, at frequent intervals, the table, desk, hand rail, or aught else within his reach; another cannot put forth half-a-dozen coherent sentences without sawing himself backwards and forwards like the masts of a yacht at anchor; another folds his arms over his chest—one of the most unfavourable postures for vocal utterance into which the human body can be thrown; while another, having tried a variety of ways of suiting the action to the word, frankly admits his failure by putting the means of action—his hands—into his pockets. Experienced actors, however, say that few things in the exercise of their calling

are so difficult as this same standing still. Graceful inaction therefore would seem to be another added to the long list of the orator's *accomplishments*, and no more likely 'to come by nature' than graceful action."—("THE SPEAKING VOICE," Hullah, pp. 50 and 51).

Finally—*Be in earnest; practise constantly; learn by heart.* Till a reader tries it, he will never know the immense advantage he gains by committing passages to memory. New beauties disclose themselves—beauties which we pass over entirely in simply reading a poem. But let the student learn a true poem by rote—one calculated to refine his thoughts and elevate his sentiments—having it once fixed in his mind, no power can ever take it away, but it remains his cherished possession for all time.

I think, indeed, that the words of reproach uttered by the banished Duke of Norfolk might not inaptly be applied to the person who does not pay any attention to culture as a reader and speaker:—

"And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engao'd my tongue,
Doubly porteullis'd with my teeth and lips."

(III.) Much has been said and written to prove a self-evident fact—viz., that it is an advantage to read and speak well. However, I believe the time has at length arrived when Elocution is considered to be a necessary branch of study in the vast majority of schools. Cer-

tainly it is a necessity for all entering the ministry of the Church, the Bar, or the Senate-house.

In every-day life, is it not disgraceful to witness the futile efforts of the schoolboy, when asked by his family to read a passage in the daily paper? Does he render it correctly and without hesitation?—or, rather, does he not stumble through the article, finding every unusual word a break-neck fence, and running sentence into sentence in the most ludicrous manner, until finally he is asked to cease altogether; for the powers of human endurance are limited?

In reference to reading of poetry, De Quincey has said—

“No accomplishment is so rare. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else ‘o’erstep the modesty of nature’, and read not like scholars.”

When speaking of reading poetry with action, the great Lord Clarendon remarked that it was—

“The best and most natural way to introduce an assurance and confidence in speaking, with that leisure and tone of pronunciation that is decent and graceful, and in which so few men are excellent, for want of information and care when they are young.”

Eloquence has won its trophies since the world began, and will go on conquering the souls of men to the end of time. One of the most important items of Oratory is Elocution, as commonplace remarks, delivered well, will tell better than the most elaborate and talented speech uttered without life or energy.

How sad it is to go into the house of God, and hear the service mumbled in an undertone, so that none, save

the select few who chance to have sittings within a dozen yards of the reading-desk, can hear what is being said. The dull, slow monotony, or irreverent, fast gabbling of the prayers is beyond expression painful. The sermon lifelessly delivered, with the head buried in the book, has no attractions for the worshippers, and certainly does not succeed in riveting attention.

But if we look at the few churches where sermon, psalm, and prayer, are delivered with reverent fervour, and see what large congregations attend, and how much good is done in such places of worship, we must readily admit that Elocution is of vital importance in the services of the Most High.

Let a man enter Parliament, or attempt to succeed at the Bar—will he deliver his orations in a lazy monotone? or, rather, will he not strive, by elocutionary power, to indulge in outbursts of fine declamation, or to melt his hearers by unutterable pathos? True, “the orator’s voice has a mighty power;” but would it have that omnipotent sway were it not modulated to express at will, passion and tenderness, and every various emotion of which the human soul is capable?

Note.—It is but right to mention, with regard to the Humorous and Dramatic selections, that, in certain cases, words or phrases have been *omitted*; but in no instance has any *substitution* been adopted. The case of *Condensations* forms the only exception, sentences having, in a few instances, been inserted in order to connect the sense.

THE VALUE OF WORDS IN MODERN ENGLISH VERSE.

From a lengthy Review upon this book which appeared in THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER, April 3rd, 1879, the following valuable remarks are extracted:—

“However useful a knowledge of the art of gesticulation may be to pantomimists, it has long since become apparent that only disaster can be the result of an attempt to exercise any information of this kind that can be gained from diagrams. A gesticulation is an appeal to the grosser part of one’s understanding—to the barbarian side, as Dr. Johnson put it—and it is a matter of fact (reducing the subject to its real level) that if one wishes a dog to lie down, the enforcing gesture employed will be that which comes naturally; all the instruction in the world that can be imparted by ‘speakers’ or diagrams will not assist one in adding power to the action. . . . Of course there are plays of action, and poems of action, but no action must be imitative, otherwise it ceases to be of any force. It is to be regretted that Mr. Jennings does not speak in his Preface more fully on this subject, upon which so many people have got but hazy ideas. What it seems to us he should insist on is the giving of the *words* of every verse their due value. Modern English verse is essentially verbally expressive.”

DIVISION I.—SERIOUS, PATHETIC, &c.

PART I.—PROSE.

[Selections marked thus (*) are referred to in the Notes.]

THE DEATH OF JO.*

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Snagsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown: that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

“And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?” inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

“I am in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am,” returns Jo, “and don’t want for nothink. I’m more cumfbler nor you can’t think. Mr. Sangsby! I’m verry sorry that I done it, but I didn’t go fur to do it, sir.”

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done?

“Mr. Sangsby,” says Jo, “I went and giv a illness to the lady as wos and yit as warn’t the t’other lady, and none of ’em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being ser good and my having been s’ unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yesday, and she ses, ‘Ah Jo!’ she ses. ‘We thought we’d lost you, Jo!’ she ses. And she sits down a smilin so quiet, and don’t pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don’t, and I

turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to giv me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin on day and night, and wen he come a bendin over me and a speakin up so bold, I see his tears a fallin, Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I was a thinkin on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was a thinkin on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that when I wos moved on as fur as ever I could go and couldn't be moved no furdur, whether you might be so good p'raps, as to write out, wery large so that any one could see it anywheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didr't know nothink at all, I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin could be made to say it wery large, he might."

"It shall say it, Jo. Very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thank'ee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumfbler nor I was afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

For the cart so hard to draw, is near its journey's end, and drags over stony ground. All round the clock, it labours up the broken steeps, shattered and worn. Not many times can the sun rise, and behold it still upon its weary road.

* * * *

The cart had very nearly given up, but labours on a little more.

The trooper stands in the doorway, still and silent. Phil has stopped in a low clinking noise, with his little hammer in his hand. Mr. Woodcourt looks round with that grave professional interest and attention on his face, and, glancing significantly at the trooper, signs to Phil to carry his table out. When the little hammer is next used, there will be a speck of rust upon it.

"Well, Jo! What is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in 'Tom-all-Alone's agin. Ain't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to 'Tom-all-Alone's. Am I, sir?"

"No." Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I'm verry thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice.

"Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin' to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times, there was other genlmen come down 'Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin'

to theirselves, or a passing blame on the t'others, and not a ialkin to us. *We* never knowd nothink. *I* never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos very good to me, very good to me indeed, he wos. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo. By-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thank'ee, sir. Thank'ee, sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a comin?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin—a gropin—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin, sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!"

"Hallowed be—thy—"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead!

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[From "Bleak House."—By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

EARLY SCENES RE-VISITED.*

Strange things have happened unto me—I seem scarce awake—but I will re-collect my thoughts, and try to give an account of what hath befallen me in the few last weeks.

Since my father's death our family have resided in London. I am in practice as a surgeon there. My mother died two years after we left Widford.

* * * *

I felt a strong desire to re-visit the scenes of my native village. * * * A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon—after a slight breakfast at my inn—where, I was mortified to perceive, the old landlord did not know me again (old Thomas Billet—he has often made angle rods for me when a child)—I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold. I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood—I felt like a child—I prayed like one—it seemed as though old times were to return again; I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew—but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

I visited, by turns, every chamber—they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord—probably to be sold. I touched the keys; I played some old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music—blended with a sense of *unreality*, which at last became too powerful—I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood that stands at the back of the house—we called it the *Wilderness*. A well-known *form* was missing, that used to meet me in this place—it was thine, Ben Moxam—the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me, in my childish rambles, without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam; that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees. I remember them sweeping to the ground.

I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place; its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, maturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking which have accompanied me to maturer years.

In this *Wilderness* I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood; the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon—all was as I had left it. My heart softened at the sight; it seemed as though my character had been suffering a *change* since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead; I had no counsellor left—no experience of age to direct me—no sweet voice of reproof. The Lord had taken away my *friends*, and I knew not where he had laid them. I paced round the wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that *state of innocence* in which I had wandered in those shades. Methought my request was heard, for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still, as in a trance; I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my Heavenly Father, and extravagantly put off the shoes from my feet—for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

This state of mind could not last long; and I returned, with languid feelings, to my inn. I ordered my dinner—green peas and a sweetbread—it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my birthdays. I was impatient to see it come upon the table—but when it came I could scarce eat a mouthful; my tears choked me. I called for wine—I drank a pint and a half of red wine, and not till then had I dared to visit the churchyard, where my parents were interred.

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I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again; my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending. A plain stone was placed over the grave,

with their initials carved upon it—for they both occupied one grave.

I prostrated myself before the spot; I kissed the earth that covered them—I contemplated, with gloomy delight, the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs—and kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer—for I could not speak.

Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects. Still I continued in the churchyard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralising on them with that kind of levity which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind in the midst of deep melancholy.

I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said, jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children—what cemeteries are appointed for these? Do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who in their lifetime discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely? Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man wars not with the dead.* It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it.

CHARLES LAMB.

[From "Rosamund Gray."]

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.*

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together."

The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte will rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself

a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceived this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy

hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—“William! William! don’t look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don’t look down! Keep your eye towards the top!” The boy didn’t look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade? How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy’s head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he

cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting, and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.*

There sat a mother with a little child. She was so down-cast, so afraid that it should die! It was so pale, the small eyes had closed themselves, it drew its breath so softly, and now and then with a deep respiration, as if it sighed; and the mother looked still more sorrowfully on the little creature.

Then a knocking was heard at the door, and in came a poor old man wrapped up as in a large horse-cloth, for it warms one, and he needed it, as it was the cold winter season! Everything out of doors was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and poured some ale into a pint pot and set it on the stove, that it might be warm for him; the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat down on a chair close by him, looked at her little sick child that drew its breath so deep, and raised its little hand.

“Do you think that I shall save him?” said she. “*Our Lord* will not take him from me!”

And the old man—it was Death himself—he nodded so strangely, it could just as well signify yes as no. And the mother looked down in her lap, and the tears ran down over her cheeks; her head became so heavy—she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; and now she slept, but only for a minute, when she started up and trembled with cold: “What is that?” said she, and looked on all sides but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone—he had taken it with him; and the old clock in the corner burred, and burred, the great leaden weight ran down to the floor, bump! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow, there sat a woman in long, black clothes; and she said, “Death has been in thy chamber, and I saw him hasten away with thy little child; he goes faster than the wind, and he never brings back what he takes!”

“Oh, only tell me which way he went!” said the mother. “Tell me the way, and I shall find him!”

“I know it!” said the woman in black clothes, “but before

I tell it, thou must sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for thy child!—I am fond of them, I have heard them before; I am Night; I saw thy tears whilst thou sang'st them!”

“I will sing them all—all!” said the mother; “but do not stop me now—I may overtake him—I may find my child.”

But Night stood still and mute. Then the mother wrung her hands, sang and wept, and there were many songs, but yet many more tears: and then Night said, “Go to the right, into the dark pine forest: thither I saw Death take his way with thy little child!”

The roads crossed each other in the depths of the forest, and she knew no longer whither she should go; then there stood a thorn-bush, there was neither leaf nor flower on it, it was also in the cold winter season, and ice-flakes hung on the branches.

“Hast thou seen Death go past with my little child?” said the mother.

“Yes,” said the thorn-bush; “but I will not tell thee which way he took, unless thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I am freezing to death; I shall become a lump of ice!”

And she pressed the thorn-bush to her breast, so firmly, that it might be thoroughly warmed, and the thorns went right into her flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops, but the thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and there came flowers on it in the cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted mother was so warm; and the thorn-bush told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake, where there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; neither was it open, or low enough that she could wade through it; and across it she must go if she would find her child. Then she lay down to drink up the lake, and that

was an impossibility for a human being, but the afflicted mother thought that a miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to my child!" said the weeping mother; and she wept still more, and her eyes sunk down into the depths of the waters and became two precious pearls; but the water bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and she flew in the rocking waves to the shore on the opposite side, where there stood a mile-broad, strange house, one knew not if it were a mountain with forests and caverns, or if it were built up; but the poor mother could not see it, she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet!" said the old grave-woman, who was appointed to look after Death's great green-house! "How have you been able to find your way hither? and who has helped you?"

"*Our Lord* has helped me," said she. "He is merciful, and you will also be so! Where shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman, "and you cannot see! Many flowers and trees have withered this night; Death will soon come and plant them over again! You certainly know that every person has his or her life's tree or flower, just as every one happens to be settled; they look like other plants, but have pulsations of the heart. Children's hearts can also beat; go after yours, perhaps you may know your child's; but what will you give me, if I tell you what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted mother, "but I will go to the world's end for you!"

"Nay, I have nothing to do there!" said the woman, "but you can give me your long black hair; you know yourself that it is fine, and that I like! You shall have my white hair instead! that's always something!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she—"that I will gladly give you!" And she gave her fine black hair, and got the old woman's snow white hair instead.

So they went into Death's great green-house, where flowers and trees grew strangely into one another. There stood fine hyacinths under glass bells, and there stood strong-stemmed peonies; there grew water-plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the water-snakes lay down on them, and black crabs pinched their stalks. There stood beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plantains; there stood parsley and flowering thyme: every tree and every flower had its name; each of them was a human life, and the human frame still lived—one in China, and another in Greenland—round about in the world. There were large trees in small pots, so that they stood so stunted in growth, and ready to burst the pots; in other places, there was a little dull flower in rich mould, with moss round about it, and it was so petted and nursed. But the distressed mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard within them how the human heart beat; and amongst millions, she knew her child's.

"There it is!" cried she, and stretched her hands out over a little blue crocus, that hung quite sickly on one side.

"Don't touch the flower!" said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes—I expect him every moment—do not let him pluck the flower up, but threaten him that you will do the same with the others. Then he will be afraid! he is responsible for them to *Our Lord*, and no one dares to pluck them up before *He* gives leave."

All at once an icy-cold rushed through the great hall, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he asked. "How could'st thou come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand towards the fine little flower, but she held her hands fast round his, so tight, and yet afraid that she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death blew on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the wind, and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me!" said Death.

"But that *Our Lord* can!" said she.

"I only do His bidding!" said Death. "I am His gardener, I take all His flowers and trees, and plant them out in the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow there, and how it is there, I dare not tell thee."

"Give me back my child!" said the mother, and she wept and prayed. At once she seized hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with each hand, and cried out to Death, "I will tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not!" said Death. "Thou say'st that thou art so unhappy, and now thou wilt make another mother equally unhappy."

"Another mother!" said the poor woman, and directly let go her hold of both the flowers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death; "I fished them up from the lake, they shone so bright; I knew not they were thine. Take them again, they are now brighter than before; now look down into the deep well close by, I shall tell thee the names of the two flowers thou would'st have torn up, and thou wilt see their whole future life—their whole human existence; see what thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well; and it was a happiness to see how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how much happiness and joy were felt everywhere. And she saw the other's life, and it was sorrow and distress, horror and wretchedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower? and which is that of Happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death; "but this thou shalt know from me, that the one flower was thy own child! it was thy child's fate thou saw'st—thy own child's future life!"

Then the mother screamed with terror "Which of them was my child? Tell it me! save the innocent! save my child from all that misery! rather take it away! take it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee!" said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I go with it there, where thou dost not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to our Lord: "Oh, hear me not when I pray against Thy will, which is the best! hear me not! hear me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap, and Death took her child and went with it into the unknown land.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

NOBLE REVENGE.

A young officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress. He could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command; and in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which

might be rising within him towards a sentiment of remorse ; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on ; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party has volunteered for the service ; there is a cry for somebody to head them ; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership ; the party moves rapidly forward ; in a few minutes it is swallowed up in clouds of smoke ; for one half-hour from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over ; the redoubt has been recovered ; that which was lost is found again ; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag ; whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not : mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded, “high and low” are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion of feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the

brave. But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier it is that was struck; the officer it is that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever. As one who recovers a brother whom he had accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst on *his* part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even whilst for the last time alluding to it:—“Sir,” he said, “I told you before that I would *make you repent it*.”

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

A CITY BY NIGHT.*

It is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under

that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such

work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[By kind permission of the author.]

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

The long-forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any

form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognised and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and afterwards excited our interest.

They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor—very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned by copying writings, and translating for booksellers.

They had removed from some country place, and settled in London, partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances.

and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night, two, three, four hours after midnight, could we hear the occasional raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow and half-stifled cough, which indicated his being still at work ; and day after day could we see more plainly that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face, which is the beacon of her worst disease.

Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we contrived to establish, first an acquaintance, and then a close intimacy with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realised ; the boy was sinking fast. Through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following spring and summer, his labours were unceasingly prolonged ; and the mother attempted to procure needlework, embroidery—anything for bread.

A few shillings now and then were all she could earn. The boy worked steadily on ; dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur.

One beautiful autumn evening we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on the sofa at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us.

“I was telling William,” she said, “that we must manage to take him into the country somewhere, so that he may get quite well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong, and has exerted himself too much lately.” Poor thing ! The tears that streamed through her fingers as she

turned aside, as if to adjust her close widow's cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself.

We sat down by the head of the sofa, but said nothing, for we saw the breath of life was passing gently but rapidly from the young form before us. At every respiration his heart beat more slowly.

The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her cheek. There was a pause. He sunk back upon his pillow, and looked long and earnestly in his mother's face.

"William, William!" murmured the mother after a long interval, "don't look at me so—speak to me, dear!"

The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn gaze.

"William, dear William! rouse yourself, dear; don't look at me so, love—pray, don't! O my God! what shall I do?" cried the widow, clasping her hands in agony. "My dear boy! he is dying!"

The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together. "Mother! dear, dear mother, bury me in the open fields—anywhere but in these dreadful streets. I should like to be where you can see my grave, but not in these close crowded streets; they have killed me; kiss me again, mother; put your arm round my neck——"

He fell back, and a strange expression stole upon his features; not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle.

The boy was dead.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE POETRY OF CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

Where should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat; or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest fields, and nut-brown waters flowing ever under the forest vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us—but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men—such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hang for ever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut-in between the walls of houses, and having merely the

decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews; as island channels and torrent ravines are spanned with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.

II. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

When I was a schoolboy, more than fifty years ago, I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch perhaps of melancholy; and he wore a gray surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a

country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsize their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to

the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honour, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another

note—a challenge of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi*, and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

“And what, sir, am I to understand by this?” inquired the aggressor.

“You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!”

ANONYMOUS.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

The heavy door had closed behind him, on his entrance, with a crash that made him start. The figure neither spoke, nor turned to look, nor gave in any other way the faintest sign of having heard the noise. The form was that of an old man, his white head akin in colour to the mouldering embers upon which he gazed. He, and the failing light and dying fire, the time-worn room, the solitude, the wasted life, and gloom, were all in fellowship. Ashes, and dust, and ruin!

Kit tried to speak, and did pronounce some words, though what they were he scarcely knew. Still the same terrible low cry went on—still the same rocking in the chair—the same stricken figure was there, unchanged and heedless of his presence.

He had his hand upon the latch, when something in the form—distinctly seen as one log broke and fell, and, as it fell, blazed up—arrested it. He returned to where he had stood before—advanced a pace—another—another still. Another, and he saw the face. Yes! Changed as it was, he knew it well.

“Master!” he cried, stooping on one knee and catching at his hand. “Dear master! Speak to me!”

The old man turned slowly towards him; and muttered in a hollow voice:

“This is another!—How many of these spirits there have been to night!”

“No spirit, master. No one but your old servant. You know me now, I am sure? Miss Nell—where is she—where is she?”

“They all say that!” cried the old man. “They all ask the same question. A spirit!”

“Where is she?” demanded Kit. “Oh, tell me but that—but that, dear master!”

"She is asleep—yonder—in there."

"Thank God!"

"Ay! Thank God!" returned the old man.

"I have prayed to Him many, and many, and many a livelong night, when she has been asleep, He knows. Hark! Did she call?"

"I heard no voice."

"You did. You hear her now. Do you tell me that you don't hear *that*?"

He started up, and listened again.

"Nor that?" he cried with a triumphant smile. "Can anybody know that voice so well as I? Hush! Hush!"

Motioning to him to be silent, he stole away into another chamber. After a short absence (during which he could be heard to speak in a softened soothing tone) he returned, bearing in his hand a lamp.

"She is still asleep," he whispered. "You were right. She did not call—unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir; as I have sat by watching, I have seen her lips move, and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes and wake her, so I brought it here."

"She is sleeping soundly," he said; "but no wonder. Angel hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us. They never flew from her!"

Again he stopped to listen, and scarcely drawing breath, listened for a long, long time. That fancy past, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and brush them with his hand.

"Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell," he murmured, "when there are bright red berries out of doors waiting for thee to pluck them? Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come creeping to the door, crying, 'Where is Nell—sweet Nell?'—and sob and weep because they do not see thee? She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding—she had a tender way with them, indeed she had!"

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Her little homely dress—her favourite!" cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shrivelled hand. "She will miss it when she wakes. They have hid it here in sport, but she shall have it—she shall have it. I would not vex my darling for the wide world's riches. See here—these shoes—how worn they are!—she kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me afterwards that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that. No, no, God bless her! and, I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was—but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still."

He pressed them to his lips, and, having carefully put them back again, went on communing with himself—looking wistfully from time to time towards the chamber he had lately visited. "She was not wont to be a lie-abed; but she was well then. We must have patience. When she is well again, she will rise early as she used to do, and ramble abroad in the healthy morning-time. I often tried to track the way she had gone, but her small footstep left no print upon the dewy ground to guide me."

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She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

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When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river-side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And, even then, she never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay upon her breast. It was he who had come to the window overnight and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay, before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

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And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it?

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Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

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Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths

will teach ; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

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It was late when the old man came home.

He repaired to her chamber straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage, calling her name. They followed close upon him, and, when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hope of his surviving ; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connection between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument, and every

room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess how, for many days, the old man pined and moped away the time, and wandered here and there as seeking something, and had no comfort.

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At length, they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in his hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened school-boy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave, he said.

They hastened there, and, going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept a watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, “She will come to-morrow!”

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, “She will come to-morrow!”

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave for her. How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped was yet to be—rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take

before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand-in-hand, the child and the old man slept together.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[From "The Old Curiosity Shop."—By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

DIVISION I.—SERIOUS, PATHETIC, &c.

PART II.—POETRY.*

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek;
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time :
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her :
Was no room for any work in the close clay !
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice ! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries ;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes :
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have :
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do ;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !
But they answer, " Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine ?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine !

" For oh," say the children, " we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap ;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground ;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

" For all day, the wheels are droning, turning ;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places :
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.

And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark,
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now, tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the Blessed One who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that he should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone :
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,—“up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving :
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you !
They are weary ere they run ;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm ;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom ;
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm ;
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
“How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[By kind permission of Robert Browning, Esq.]

FIRST LOVE.

My long first year of perfect love,
My deep new dream of joy ;
She was a little chubby girl,
I was a chubby boy.

I wore a crimson frock, white drawers,
A belt, a crown was on it ;
She wore some angel’s kind of dress
And such a tiny bonnet,

Old-fashioned, but the soft brown hair
Would never keep its place ;
A little maid with violet eyes,
And sunshine in her face.

O my child-queen, in those lost days
How sweet was daily living !
How humble and how proud I grew,
How rich by merely giving !

She went to school, the parlour-maid
Slow stepping to her trot ;
That parlour-maid—ah, did she feel
How lofty was her lot !

Across the road I saw her lift
My Queen, and with a sigh
I envied Raleigh ; my new coat
Was hung a peg too high.

A hoard of never-given gifts
I cherished,—priceless pelf ;
'Twas two whole days ere I devour'd
That peppermint myself.

In church I only prayed for her—
“ O God bless Lucy Hill ; ”
Child, may his angels keep their arms
Ever around you still.

But when the hymn came round, with heart
That feared some heart's surprising
Its secret sweet, I climb'd the seat
'Mid rustling and uprising ;

And there against her mother's arm
The sleeping child was leaning,
While far away the hymn went on,
The music and the meaning.

Oh I have loved with more of pain
Since then, with more of passion,
Loved with the aching in my love
After our grown-up fashion ;

Yet could I almost be content
To lose here at your feet
A year or two, you murmuring elm,
To dream a dream so sweet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

[By kind permission of the author.]

A WISH.

To the south of the church, and beneath yonder yew,
A pair of child-lovers I've seen ;
More than once were they there, and the years of the two
When united, might number thirteen.

They sat by a grave that had never a stone
The name of the dead to determine ;
It was Life paying Death a brief visit,—a known
And a notable text for a sermon.

They tenderly prattled ; oh what did they say ?
The turf on that hillock was new.
Little friends, could ye know aught of death or decay ?
Could the dead be regardful of you ?

I wish to believe, and believe it I must,
That there her loved father was laid ;
I wish to believe—I will take it on trust—
That father knew all that they said.

My own, you are five, very nearly the age
Of that poor little fatherless child,
And some day a true-love your heart will engage,
When on earth I my last may have smiled.

Then come to my grave, like a good little lass,
Where'er it may happen to be ;
And if any daisies should peer through the grass,
Be sure they are kisses from me.

And place not a stone to distinguish my name,
For stranger and gossip to see ;
But come with your lover, as these lovers came,
And talk to him sweetly of me.

And while you are smiling, your father will smile
Such a dear little daughter to have ;
But mind,—oh yes, mind you are happy the while—
I wish you to visit my grave.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

[From "London Lyrics."—By kind permission of the author.]

HALLY'S FLOWER.

I am the soft blue flower that, willow-shaded,
In Hally's garden grew :
Once loved and fair, but now forlorn and faded—
And Hally is faded too.

For one sweet morn in May (or April, maybe),
Weaned by the wind's caress,
I raised mine eyes and saw the bright boy-baby,
Dress'd in his morning dress.

Methinks I see him now in golden fancy,
When thro' the wild broad lea
He passed by pink and dahlia, rose and pansy,
Until he came to me.

Then he bowed down his sweet child-lips and kiss'd me,
Called me his own flower-pet ;
And when he past, I saw his pure heart missed me,
For his blue eyes were wet.

So every day, for three sweet mornings after,
Down the soft path he came,
And kissing me, with smiles and baby-laughter,
Called me a pretty name.

Then dark rain fell, chick, fast, and ever faster—
A sad and cheerless rain ;
And then in grief I cried for my boy-master—
I cried, but cried in vain.

No sunbeam thro' those clouds could eye discover,
And each song-bird was dumb :
And then in grief I cried for my boy-lover,
But still he did not come.

Then some soft hand, from thence in anguish taking
My shower-besprinkled bloom,
When dews, like tears, upon my leaves were breaking,
Brought me to Hally's room.

There on the bed my bright boy-lord was sleeping,
But ah, how changed his look !
His face was white as the tube-rose that weeping
Wanes by the garden-brook.

Then he turned round, and waking feebly, slowly,
With all his weak child-power,
Clasp'd me to his pale breast, and whispered lowly,
“ My flower, my pretty flower ! ” .

He held me all that day, but I was fading,
And Hally was fading too :
And his blue eyes were dim, for night was shading
Their native heavenly blue.

For that same night, upon the bed together,
Two faded flowerets lay :
The one to bloom no more upon the heather,
And one to bloom for aye.

For Hally, my boy-master, had not faded
There in the cruel storm,
But lived, yea brightly still, for death had shaded
Only the frail pale form.

The tender white camellia and pink pansy
Told me the self-same day
They heard him singing still—it was not fancy—
Though faint and far away.

And for his sake his baby friends still love me,
And once, in tears and slow,
They wrote “ Dear Hally’s pretty flower ” above me,
But that was long ago.

For I am dark and faded now. I wonder,
After the starless rain,
If he will raise the sod he sleepeth under,
And kiss me once again.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

[By kind permission of the author.]

THE BOAT-RACE.

“There, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.
I won it, Ned ; and you shall win it too,
Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books !
Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes !
I’d have you, boy, a man, with thews and strength
To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,
No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,
Both for your own, and for your mother’s sake ;
So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,
And you shall have her.” With a broad, loud laugh,
A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,
He left the subject ; and, across the wine,
We talked—or rather, all the talk was his—
Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast
Of Jesus’,—and young Edmonds, he who fell,
Cleaving the ranks at Lucknow ; and, to-day,
There was young Chester might be named with them,
“Why, boy, I’m told his room is lit with cups
Won by his skulls. Ned, if he rows, he wins ;
Small chance for you, boy !” And again his laugh,
With its broad thunder, turn’d my thoughts to gall ;
But yet I mask’d my humour with a mirth
Moulded on his ; and, feigning haste, I went,
But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,
But, on its sun-fleck’d seats, its jessamine shades
Trembled on no one. Down the garden’s paths
Wander’d my eye, in rapid quest of one
Sweeter than all its roses, and across
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,
There in the orchard’s greenness, down beyond

Its sweetbriar hedge-row, found her—found her there,
A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peep'd at through blossoms—that the summer airs
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold,
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path
I pass'd ; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought ?) my murmur'd “ Kate ”
Shocked up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,
And told her that her father's jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kiss'd her sunlit tears
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east
Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words
Remember'd for a lifetime. Home I went,
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dreams,
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine)
With little faces and the gleams of curls,
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.
O happy night ! O more than happy dreams !
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,
Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,

I throng'd my brain with talks of lines and curves,
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had,
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,
And made me book-worm ; all that day, my hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach
Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight
Its by-laid cunning back ; so, day by day,
From when dawn touch'd our elm-tops, till the moon
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,
I flash'd the flowing Isis from my oars
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come,
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came ; how well I mind that day !
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,
My eye saw only ; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—
One, that upon my neck had parting hung

Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobbed against my heart,
Fill'd with what fondness ! yearning with what love.
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine !
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone ?
There was a murmur in my heart of “ Yes,”
That sung to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.
And now a hush was on the wavering crowd
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn
A barge moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags.
And we were ranged, and, at the gun, we went,
As in a horse-race, all at first a-crowd ;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off,
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife
Was come, and hop'd 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,
Strained to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil ;
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength
Held on, enduring—mine still waning more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words :
“ What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so ?
The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. Tush ! boy, I *must* win.”
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst : “ Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose ! ”

“Ah! I’ve a Kate, too, here to see me win,”
He answered: “Faith! my boy, I pity you.”
“O if you lose,” I answered, “you but lose
A week’s wild triumph, and its praise and pride;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!
Perchance a life’s whole sum of happiness—
What years with her that I might call my wife!
Winning, I win her!” O thrice noble heart!
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;
No word he spoke; one only look he threw,
That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rain’d upon his name,
I was before him, through the tracking eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurl’d my conquering name
Miles wide in triumph, “Chester foiled at last!”
O how I turn’d to him; with what a heart!
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze
That ring’d us. How I wrung his answering hand
With grasps that bless’d him, and with flush that told
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And spurn’d its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

W. C. BENNETT.

[By kind permission of the author.]

LOVE-LETTER.*

The evening skies are lightened,
The thunder clouds are gone;
The air is cooled and brightened
By shower and by sun;
And in this season clearest
My cares are shaken off,
While writing to my dearest
A letter, full of love.

O sadness, come to-morrow,
But leave me for to-day;
O drooping, tearful sorrow,
Your hour has passed away.
And selfishness and blindness,
For this while be forgot;
Yea, all the world's unkindness
Awhile shall touch me not.

But sweetest influences
Be round me as I write,
And bathe my sober senses
In dreams of deep delight:
That—as in golden armour—
My spirit may be seen
To take its way to charm her
Whom I have crowned my queen.

O Muse! whose mouth rehearses,
Upon thine Helicon,
All honey-sweet love-verses
That make melodious moan:

Verse-gracer! deign to grace mine
With lucky-chosen words
That shall breathe a scent of jasmine,
And speak like singing-birds.

Then, thou fair-fashioned letter,
Fly far, and find my dear;
But, O be sure to meet her
When nobody is near—
That her sweet lips be hasted
Kisses on thee to lay:
A bliss I have not tasted
This many, many a day.

Ah! guide her sweet thoughts thither,
Where, in fair flowery spots,
We bound our lives together
With blue forget-me-nots:
There tell her that I wander
In thought, to tryst with her,
And see the woodland squander
Much wealth of wildflower.

Bright bluebells fill the hollow,
White stitchwort drapes the slope;
Never was mead more yellow
With May-bred buttercup
Than is one mossy level,
Deep-hid in the green gloom,
With the sweetest growth of April,
The cowslip's golden plume.

There, where the boughs drooped round her
To touch her shoulders fine,
O remind her how I found her
And took her hands in mine,

And told her how I loved her,
Though she had said me nay—
Until at last I moved her,
And chased her frowns away,
And took her kiss-closed promise
To love me evermore—
Until the day fail from us,
Upon Death's lonely shore—
Although she blushed thereafter,
Yet smiled amid her pride;
So tearful—in her laughter,
And happy—when she sighed.

In primrose-paven places
The pleasant blackbird calls,
Along the verdured passes,
Through flower-crowded knolls;
And the soft tide of glad branches
Sweet-ripples overhead,
Where we twain have walked with fancies
Too joyful to be said.

Ah! there my spirit lingers
To taste the springtime's charm,
To draw her slender fingers
Lightly along my arm;
And tenderly down-glancing
To meet her lifted gaze,
Timid, but heart-entrancing
Beyond a poet's praise.

Yea, letter, thou shalt deem her,
As I do—blossom-sweet.
Yet, O, pray her remember
My love, until we meet

Lest she should hate thee, letter,
Or time have changed her mind,
To tear my words, and scatter
Thy fragments to the wind.

Nay, nay! she loves me truly,
Her maiden heart is set;
The vows we plighted duly
She never will forget;
And she will know my writing,
And press it to her heart,
And read it o'er, delighting,
Alone, and far apart.

Yea, letter, on thy cover
My love shall kiss her name,
And, thinking of her lover,
Shall flush with joyful shame;
And I will kiss you, letter,
Before I let you go:
And so my lips shall greet her,
And nobody will know.

Yea, all this while I miss her,
With exquisite, sweet pain,
Until I shall re-kiss her,
And clasp her shape again.
O my verses, be her lover,
And kiss her, day by day;
And she will repeat you over
When I am far away.

W. WILKINS.

WEDDING BELLS.*

Wandering away on tired feet,
Away from the close and crowded street,
Away from the city's smoke and din,
Trying to flee from it and sin.
Faded shawl and faded gown,
Unsmoothed hair of a golden brown,

Eyes once bright
With joyous light,
In shame cast down
'Neath the scorn and frown

Of those who had known her in days that were flown.
The same blue eyes—the abode of tears,
The once light heart—the abode of fears,
While dark despair came creeping in,
As she fled from the city's smoke and din,

With a yearning sigh
And a heart-sick cry—

“Oh, to wander away and die!
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
’Tis the only boon I dare to crave.”

And she struggled on,
With a weary moan,
In the noon-day heat,
From the dusty street;

And they turned to gaze on the fair young face,
And marvelled much at her beauty and grace:
What cared they if her heart was aching?
How knew they that her heart was breaking?

Forth from the west the red light glowed,
And the weary feet still kept on their road,
Wand'ring on in the golden sheen,
Where the country lanes were fresh and green.

The red light gleamed on the village tower,
And lit up the clock at the sunset hour;
And still her cry
Was, "Oh, to die!

God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I care to crave."
The sun uprose, and the light of day
Brightly scattered the clouds of grey;
And the village was gay,
For a holiday.

Merrily echoed the old church bells,
Peal on peal, o'er the hills and dells;
Borne away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas;
Back again with a joyous clang!
Merrily, cheerily, on they rang!
But they woke her not, she slumbered on,
With her head laid down on the cold grey stone.

The village was bright
In the gladsome light,
And the village maidens were clad in white,
As side by side
They merrily hied,
In gay procession to meet the bride;
Strewing the path of the village street
With choicest flowers for her dainty feet.

A joyful chime of the bells again,
To proclaim the return of the bridal train;
A louder peal from the old church tower
(As the bride passes on through the floral bower,
With the bridegroom, happy, tender, and gay),
And the echoes are carried away, away;
But they linger awhile o'er the tombstones grey;

And the sleeper awakes with a yearning cry—
“Oh, to die! oh, to die!
God, let me die on my mother’s grave;
’Tis all my broken heart can crave.”
And she lays her head again on the stone
With a long-drawn breath, and a sobbing moan;
While the bridal train (with many a thought
Unspoken of omens with evil fraught)
Sweep down the path from the old church door;
And the bells’ glad music is wafted once more
Over the moorland, over the heath,
But they wake her not, for her sleep is death.

Why does the bridegroom’s cheek turn pale?
Why in his eye such a look of bale?
Why does he totter, then quicken his pace
As he catches a glimpse of the poor, dead face?
 Oh, woe betide,
 That so fair a bride,
As she who steps with such grace by his side,
Should have faced grim death on her wedding day!
Did THIS thought trouble the bridegroom gay
And dash from his eye the glad light away?
I wist not, for never a word he spoke,
And soon from his face the troubled look
Was gone, and he turned to his beautiful bride
With a radiant smile, and a glance of pride:
 And his eye was bright,
 And his step was light,
As would beseem with her by his side.
Oh, his smile is glad, and his heart is brave!
What cares he for the dead on the grave?
The faded shawl and faded gown,
And unsmoothed hair of golden brown?

Why should the face on the tombstone grey
Trouble him so on his wedding day?
Forgotten words that were long since spoken,
Thoughts of vows that were made to be broken?

Fling them away!

Be joyous and gay!

Death will never a secret betray.

Quaff the red wine, the glasses ring;
Drink! till the gloomy thoughts take wing;
Drink, and be merry, merry and glad!
With a bride so lovely who would be sad?
Hark! how the wedding bells are ringing!
Over the hills their echoes flinging;
Carried away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas,
Riding back on the zephyr's wing—
Joyously, merrily, on they ring.
But she will not wake, her sleep is deep,
And Death can ever a secret keep.
Ah, thy smile may be glad and thy heart may be brave,
And the secret be kept betwixt thee and the grave,
But should'st thou forget it for one short day,
In the gloom of night, from the tombstone grey
Will come the sound of a wailing cry—
“Oh, to die! oh, to die!”

And the bride at thy bosom will raise her head
In affright, as she hears thee call on the dead
In a ghastly dream, on whose wings are borne
The memories of thy wedding morn!
Oh, the woeful sight of the pale dead face!
With the cold dank stone for its resting-place;
Oh, the mocking chime of the old church bell!
It shall seem to peal from the mouth of hell;

Into thy dreams its echoes flinging,
Merrily, madly, ceaselessly ringing!
The white face shall haunt thee!
The bells they shall taunt thee!
Echoed and tossed on the withering breath
Of a curse that shall cling round thy soul till death!

CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITHS.

By kind permission of the author

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.*

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book upon his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the pond'rous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
“ Oh, God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !

“ Oh God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil’s price :
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven’s topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite—
‘Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight !’

“ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“ Oh, Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
’Mid holy Cherubim !

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

“ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep !

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time ;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

“And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere ;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !

“ Oh God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !”
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

IN THE TUNNEL.*

Didn’t know Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Long as he’s been ’yar?
Look’ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel,
He was my pardner;

That same Tom Flynn,—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
Well, that *is* queer.
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear,—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift
Back to the wall
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call—
“Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me.”
And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about
Flynn of Virginia—
That lets me out
Here in the damp,—
Out of the sun,—
That 'ar dern'd lamp
Makes my eyes run,—
Well, there,—I'm done!

But, Sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

BRET HARTE.

IN THE ENGINE SHED.*

The air was heavy with greasy vapour;
The wall was like cinders; the floor, of slack:
The engine-driver came to his labour,
A good-humour'd corpulent old coal-sack,
With a thick gold chain where it bulged the most,
And a beard like a brush, and a face like a toast,
And a hat half-eaten by fire and frost,
And a diamond pin in the folded dirt
Of the shawl that served him for collar and shirt
Whenever he harness'd his steed of mettle,
The shovel-fed monster that could not tire,
With limbs of steel and entrails of fire;
Above us it sang, like a big tea-kettle.

Now, I wouldn't have him think I'd note it,
Much less—ever dream that I wrote it,

But he came to his salamander toils
In one of the Devil's cast-off suits,

All charr'd, and discolour'd with rain and oils,
And smear'd and sooted from muffler to boots:
Some wiping, it struck him, his paws might suffer
With a wisp of threads he found on the buffer;

(The improvement, indeed, was not very great).
 Then he spat, and pass'd his pipe to his mate.
 And his whole face laugh'd with an honest mirth,
 As any extant on this grimy earth,
 Welcoming me to his murky region ;
 And had you known him, I tell you this—
 Though your bright hair shiver and shrink at its roots,
 O piano-fingering fellow-collegian—
 You would have return'd no cold salutes
 To the cheery greeting of hearty Chris,
 But ungloved your hand, and lock'd it in his.

The icy sleet-storm shatters and scatters,
 And falls on the pane like a pile of fetters ;
 He flies through it all with the world's love-letters :
 The master of mighty leviathan-motions
 That make for him storm when the nights are fair,
 And cook him with fire and carve him with air,
 While we sleep soft in the carriage cushions,
 And he keeps watch on the signal red O's.
 Often had Chris over England roll'd me ;
 You shall hear a story he told me
 Of tender grace and the dewy meadows :—

THE STORY.

We were driving the down express—
 Will at the steam, I at the coal—
 Over the valleys and villages !
 Over the marshes and coppices !
 Over the river, deep and broad !
 Through the mountain ! under the road !
 Flying along ! tearing along !
 Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
 Fifty tons she was, whole and sole !

I had been promoted to the express :

I warrant you I was proud and gay.

It was the evening that ended May,
And the sky was a glory of tenderness.

We were thundering down to a midland town—

It makes no matter about the name—

For we never stopp'd there, or anywhere

For a dozen of miles on either side :

So it's all the same—

Just there you slide

With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,

Down the steepest and longest grade in the land

At a pace that I promise you is grand.

We were just there with the express,

When I caught sight of a muslin dress

On the bank ahead ; and as we pass'd—

You have no notion of how fast—

A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute

With vans and carriages down the incline,

But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,

I look'd in her eyes, and she look'd in mine

As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar.

A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke ;

And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,

And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express

Leap'd in her black resistlessness,

Evening by evening, England through.

Will—God rest him !—was found, a mash

Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash

He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.

It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
Or I shouldn't now be here alive ;
But thereafter the five-o'clock out express
Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her—that lady I mean
That I spoke of before. She often stood
A-top o' the bank : it was pretty high—
Say twenty feet, and back'd by a wood.

She would pick the daisies out of the green,
To fling down at us as we went by.
We had got to be friends, that girl and I,
Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
And she a lady ! I'd lift my cap,
Evening by evening, when I'd spy
That she was there, in the summer air,
Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night :
Bless you ! no ; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.
Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,
And down on the line, on the very rail,

While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamours
And deafening din, as of giants' hammers

That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.
Never, O never, had she seem'd sweeter !

I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
Down that awful incline, and signall'd the guard
To put on his brakes at once, and HARD—
Though we couldn't have stopp'd. We tatter'd the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop; and she would'nt stir,
Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
Her arms to us;—and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her.
So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—
She never flinch'd. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of the town
Before we could stop to see what was done.

O I've run over more than one!
Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none
That I pitied as I pitied her—
If I could have stopp'd, with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
And she a lady—or had been.—Sir?
Who was she? Best say no more of her!
The world is hard; but I'm her friend—
Stanch, sir,—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear.
I pick'd it off the big wheel there.
Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes,
We're going out with the express.

W. WILKINS.

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THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women.
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man.
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother !
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the
Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me the patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened, and voices soft and
sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, descending the broad
hall stair,

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden
hair.

A whisper and then a silence; yet I know by their merry
eyes

They are plotting and planning together to take me by
surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, a sudden raid from the
hall!

By three doors left unguarded they enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret o'er the arms and back of my
chair;

If I try to escape they surround me; they seem to be every-
where.

They almost devour me with kisses, their arms about me
entwine,

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-tower on
the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, because you have scaled
the wall,

Such an old moustache as I am is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress, and will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon in the round-tower of
my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever, yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, and moulder in dust
away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM INDIA.

“ O come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's
prayer.”

“ O I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war ;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are ;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades
well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade
me tell.”

“ And do you know my Robert, now ? O tell me, tell me
true,
O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you !
His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every one !
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son.”

“ Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were
there ;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share ;
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him
safe through all.”

“ O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's
prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare !
O bless'd be God, that turn'd from him the sword and shot
away !
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say ?”

“ Mother, he saved his colonel’s life, and bravely it was done;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your
son ;

A medal and a pension’s his ; good luck to him I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day.”

“ Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue ; O husband, that
you knew

How well our boy pays me this day for all that I’ve gone
through,

All I have done and borne for him the long years since you’re
dead !

But, soldier, tell me how he look’d, and all my Robert said.”

“ He’s bronzed, and tann’d, and bearded, and you’d hardly
know him, dame,

We’ve made your boy into a man, but still his heart’s the
same :

For often, dame, his talk’s of you, and always to one tune,

But there, his ship is nearly home, and he’ll be with you
soon.”

“ O is he really coming home, and shall I really see

My boy again, my own boy, home ? and when, when will it
be ?

Did you say soon ?” “ Well, he is home ; keep cool, old
dame ; he’s here.”

“ O Robert, my own blessèd boy !”—“ O mother—mother
dear !”

W. C. BENNETT.

[By kind permission of the author.]

LOST AND FOUND.

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have fill'd
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor:—
Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-core,
These men were at work, when their axes knock'd
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men picked it; and 'gan to creep
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof,—“Here's a man asleep!”

They all push'd forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturn'd face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear,—
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
'The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was past away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas:

Older than anyone here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry! . . .
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd
Her wither'd arms in the summer sky. . . .

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years.
I see you again! . . . The tears you cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears! . . .
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanish'd fra' sight and sound!

"O darlin'! a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! . . . And now I'm old,
'Seems a-most as if youth were come back again,

"Seeing ye there wi' yer locks o' gold,
And limbs sa straight as ashen beams, . . .
I a'most forget how the years ha' roll'd

"Between us! . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft, . . .
Auver and auver again in dreams!" . . .

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rock'd herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face
The old dead love, and the living one!

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Pucker'd, and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and love that were
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come;—(as a moment will,
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toil'd alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in this vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the **E**ternal rest they know !)
Death came to Old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side !

HAMILTON AIDÉ.

[By kind permission of the author.]

POOR JACK.

Ah, yes—poor Jack : I mind him once
His father's white-haired joy :
A grand old gentleman was he :
(Luff, Jack, lad : ship ahoy !)
But he is dead now—and poor Jack
Is only a sailor boy !

Gertrude—Squire Marmion's only child :
Heaven ! how Jack's heart would quake
At very mention of her name !
For her dear darling sake
He would have died—poor Jack—and glad,
To save her heart one ache !

Her face, like sunlight on the sea,
Made his waste life rejoice :
Like music on his rude, rough heart,
Fell her soft, gentle voice :
But she—ah, well, perhaps poor Jack
Was hardly a lady's choice !

Her hand, long since had been betrothed
To a knight of noble name :
And even now, to claim his bride,
With wealth and martial fame,
Son of Earl Eustace Evelyn,
The Lord Fitzharding came !

For long the distant war was done :
“In one short month,” wrote he,
“I shall be home again, and love
No more shall parted be !”
And now—even now—there stood a ship
On the far horizon-sea.

Beside the village wharf she stood :
She watched the rising sail ;
“Sailor, what ship is that ?” she cried :
Poor Jack—the fiercest gale
Had never scared his heart, but now
His very soul did fail.

He knew the ship : he turned : he raised
His mariner's glass to her eyes ;
And held it silently, while she
Watched the ship rise and rise :
Like a ship of blood, it rose and rose
In the blood-red sunset skies !

"'Tis he—'tis he!" down sank the sun,
And a white mist veiled the moon;
And a low rain-cloud rose up from the sea,
And blackened the blood-red dune:
And, big with swollen storm, the skies
Drooped in a slumbrous swoon!

Then down it flashed: with sleet and snow
The very dark grew pale:
And the plunging billows, bursting, seethed
In the wind and the whistling hail:
And the blown surge hissed in a rushing stream
Of foam, before the gale!

She stood so near—on his cheek, he felt
One touch of a stray-blown tress:
He heard her voice—when lo! O God,
From the wild wave-wilderness,
The boom of a distant minute-gun,
And the flash of a light of distress.

Down—down the bellying tempest swooped,
With death in its blackening womb:
Blinding the flash of the lights of distress,
The white sleet flared thro' the gloom:
And, deadening the sound of the gun, she heard
The thundering breakers boom!

And now, red lights, like beacon fires,
Blaze from the ship's black hull,
Flaring the dread rocks round. O God,
How many a ghastly skull
Of drowned men lies, where they lie now,
On the reef of Innishtrahull?

Anon, in a huge sea-swoop, the ship
Is gulphed in the blown sea-caves:
Anon, high heaved in air, the lamps
Glare on the hollow waves,
That open beneath the sinking ship,
Like yawning bloody graves.

The tumbling seas swoop: the plunging foam bursts,
And the drenched lamps glimmer between.
Father of Life, will they see on shore
The sinking ship's signal sheen?
O God of storm, Thou art God of love:
Ye are seen, pale lights, ye are seen!

"Out with the lifeboat!" rang the shout,
And the stormy winds did blow:
"Out with the lifeboat—steady, my lads:
Down with her: steady, boys--so:
Bend to it, all: together, lads--now:
Hurrah—away we go!"

Anon the boom of the minute-gun
Rang low through the breezes' roar:
And the lifeboat plunged thro' the plunging foam,
And a lantern from the shore
Showed Jack at the stern—with his rough, brave
hand,
Clutching the strong stroke-oar.

"Steady!" he cried; "head her, my lads,
Where the thundering billows break:
Out, where the red lamps blaze, my boys:
Let the brok'n sea boil in our wake:
And save him, save him, save him, lads,
For Gertrude Marmion's sake!"

And the maiden prayed—"O Father, Thou
Who stillest the raging sea,
Go with them through the deep: O Thou
Father, their pilot be:
And guide them home—and bring, oh, bring
My true love back to me!

"The lights on the ship—look, look!" she cried,
"They are dying, one by one;
No more across the wild storm comes
The boom of the signal-gun:
They have reached the ship—they have reached
the ship—
Thank God: brave souls, well done!"

Ho! how the foam flew—all around,
Like a dead man's winding sheet:
A cheer—a crash—the lifeboat—swift
Thro' the whistling hail and the sleet,
Cleaving the rushing foam, it came,
And plunging, dashed at her feet.

In his arms she lay. "At last, true heart,
We have met for evermore:"
"Saved—saved!" she cried; "thank God—ye
are saved:
All saved—all safe—on shore:"
"All saved," he said, "except the brave—
Brave lad that rowed stroke-oar!

"Brave soul! he saved us all—and when
His work of life was done,
We saw him in the foam-light, stand
Beside the signal-gur,
Heaving the red lamps overboard,
Slowly, and one by one.

“We thought him mad: on the deck he stood
Like a giant, chained by a spell,
Heaving the red lamps overboard:
And when the last lamp fell,
‘Heave-to,’ he cried: ‘thank God, ’tis done:
And now she knows all’s well!’

“Like a ghost, in the flashing foam, he stood
Aloft on the hurricane deck:
But when for the leap of life he rushed,
And we neared the lifeboat back,
The struck ship plunged, and he, brave soul,
Sank with the sinking wreck!”

At daybreak, from the smiling sky,
The stormy clouds had cleared;
And round the dewy headland cliff
A slender shallop sheered:
And Lord Fitzharding rowed the oars,
And Gertrude Marmion steered.

“‘This is the place,” he said—“just here,
Where poor Jack’s body dwells:”
And overboard, with many a tear,
Among the weeds and shells,
She drop’d it down into his grave,
A wreath of immortelles.

So past the spring; and when the fields
Were green with summer corn,
She and the noble lord were wed:
And when the next May morn
Gleamed sweetly on the waveless sea,
Her first boy-babe was born.

And the husband stooped, and laid his arms
About his pale wife's neck :
"We'll call our son," he said, "to bring
My father's dead name back,
Eustace Fitzharding : " "Nay," she said,
"We'll call his name plain JACK !"

And night by night (the old folks say),
There comes a wild sea-gull,
And sitteth like a great white dove,
Moaning and beautiful,
Above the wreck, and the body of Jack,
On the reef of Innishtrahull.

SAMUEL K. COWAN

[By kind permission of the author.]

THE RAVEN.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore ;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber
door ;

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
“ ’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you:” here I opened wide
the door :—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wonder-
ing, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
“ Lenore ! ”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
“ Lenore ! ”

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or
stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art
sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly
 shore ;

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before;

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store;
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
bore—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,
and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated
o'er—

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating
o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX.” [16—]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight;
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right;
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,—
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
'To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

“How they’ll greet us!”—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head ’twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[By kind permission of the author.]

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—
There was lack of woman’s nursing, there was dearth of
woman’s tears;
But a Comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native
land;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Brothers and Companions, when they meet and
crowd around

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and, when the day was
done,

Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
sears;

But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,—

And one came from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's
sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too,—and not afraid to die.

And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;

And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword
and mine,)

For the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

“ There's another—not a Sister,—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her
eye :

Too innocent for coquetry ; too fond for idle scorning ;—

Oh, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning !

Tell her, the last night of my life—(for, ere this moon be
risen,

My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)

I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

“ I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,

That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
still ;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with
friendly talk,

Down many a path belov'd of yore, and well-remembered
walk ;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine . . .

But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the
Rhine ! ”

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak :
His comrade bent to lift him, . . . but the spark of life had fled !

The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE CHILDREN.*

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed ;
Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace ;
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last ;
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin ;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Oh, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the wisdom of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That mustered each morn at the door !
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street ;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says "the school is dismissed !"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.*

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man,
Soap, towels, or brushes, were not in his plan.
For forty long years, as the neighbours declared,
His house never once had been clean'd or repair'd.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat ;
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine, and streaky in rain ;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the rickety signboard no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell ;
But for house and for man a new title took growth,
Like a fungus,—the Dirt gave a name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust ;
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof ;
'Twas a spiders' elysium from cellar to roof.

There king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can ;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt ;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,—
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop—less to buy than to stare ;
And afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs they don't venture, through dirt and through
gloom,—
May'nt peep at the door of the wonderful room
Such stories are told of, not half of them true ;
The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room—forty years since, folk settled and deck'd it,
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best ;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since, turn'd the key in that door.
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.
The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go ;
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row ;
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse,
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust,
The flowers fall'n to powder, the wine swath'd in crust ;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The Old Man has play'd out his parts in the scene.
Wherever he now is, let's hope he's more clean.
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban,
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[By kind permission of the author.]

LOST ON THE SHORE.

Drowsy sunshine, noonday sunshine, shining full on sea and sand,

Show the tiny, tiny footsteps trending downwards from the land ;

In the dewy morning early, while the birds were singing all,
My bonnie birdies flew away, loud laughing at my call :

I did not follow after, for I thought they flew to hide,
But they went to seek their father's boat, that sailed at ebb
of tide.

Along the dusty lane I track their hurrying little feet :
Did no man coming up that way my bonnie birdies meet ?
They lisped "Our Father" at my knee, they shared their
bread with Nap,

And kissed, and fought, and kissed again, both sitting in my
lap ;

It was not long—for we must work—and soon upon the floor
I set my merry little lads before the open door.

A white-winged moth came flying in—in chase they sprang
away ;

I watched them, smiling to myself, at all their pretty play ;
The golden-rippled darling heads flashed to and fro' my eyes,
Until I saw them through a mist, Angels in Paradise.

But we who have to work to live must trust so much to God,
That, with the vision in my heart, I left them on the sod,
Plucking the daisies, one by one, to set them on a thorn,
Which Willie's sturdy little grasp out of the hedge had torn.

And up and down the house went I, as I go every day,
And while I toiled, and father toiled, our darlings stole away.
I heard my Robin's joyous shout beyond the orchard trees,
And answered back, "Yes, mother, here, her little birdy sees!"
The laughing pair cried out again—on with my work,
worked I ;

Waking or sleeping, we believe that God is always nigh :

And, O! I must not doubt it now, though the little steps I
see,
Trending along the dusty lane to the fast inflowing sea!
Here, where the yellow king cups grow, they have dropt the
daisied thorn,
They have rested under the shady hedge, and Robin his frock
has torn—
Here is a rag of the faded stuff, he has worn it the summer
through—
My little lad was but three years old when his old frock was
new.
O! pray they have gone through the ripening fields—their
footsteps are lost in the grass—
Ah! no; for I see the king cups strewn down the ravine of
Small-hope Pass!
O Father! to whom my darlings prayed, this morning, “Thy
will be done!”
Show me their little golden heads in the gold of this summer
sun!
Where are they? Here cease the tiny steps that the loving
hearts wiled on;
Here comes the sweep of the heavy tide—but my babes, my
babes are gone!
I cannot see for the burning haze and the glitter upon the
foam;
But *Thou*, O Thou Merciful! hear my cry, bring me them
safely home!
“Fisherman, came you over the rocks that lie under Hurtle
Head?
My two children have strayed from home—one white clad,
the other red;
They have golden hair, and the prettiest eyes—their names
are Willie and Rob?”

“No, mistress, I saw no children there, but only the waves’
deep throb,
And a storm brewing up in the windy west—God speed your
master safe!
There’s hardly a boat will live the night that’s beating out-
side the reef.”

“Fisherman, saw you the trace of steps, little steps, on the
farther strand?”

“No, mistress, the tide has been over it; I saw but the wet,
ribbed sand.”

“Did you find aught, fisherman, as you came—a cap, or a
little shoe?”

“I found nought, mistress, as I came, but some hedge-flowers,
yellow and blue.”

“The king cups, the pretty forget-me-nots, they gathered the
bank below!

My laddies dropt them, fisherman; how long ere the tide
is low?”

“How long? It is on the turn, mistress; the rocks will soon
be bare;

But Almighty God, in mercy forbid you find your laddies
there!”

“The sea-caves, fisherman, under the Head, I have taken
them in to play.”—

“Yes, mistress, yes, but the tide has rolled both heavy and
high to-day.”

“One wild night, when the wind was up, and the waves
were ebbing out,

We three sat waiting under the Head for the coming of
father’s boat;

'There was a moon in the ragged clonds, and a swirl of rain
in the air:—

"Ay, mistress, ay, but Heaven forbid you find your darlings
there!"

"Where *shall* I find them, fisherman, my bairnies, pretty and
sweet?"—

"If they strayed down on the beach this morn, you will find
them at Jesus' feet."

"Not drowned! Not *drowned* in the cruel sea? Is God in
heaven unjust?

He could not rob me of both my dears, or why are we bid to
trust?

In the working hours they left my side, they only went out
to play:

He knows that we who must earn our bread cannot watch
and be still all day!

"What can I say when the boat comes home, and no darling
to meet it runs?

Can I tell their father, who loved them so, I have *lost* him
his little sons?

O! 'tis hard in our lives of so little joy to rob us of that we
had;

Living and dying, the best of days with the poor are always
sad!"

"Speak low, mistress, when you speak so. God in heaven
is *great*.

I had three sons—they all went down—they perished and I
wait.

You have read it in the Book—'The Lord gave; the Lord
have taken away;

Blessed be the name of the Lord!' So say I this day.

And how David the King, fasted and wept until the child
was dead.

Then to the mighty God he gave him up, rose, and was
comforted."

"O! the tiny, tiny footsteps, trending downwards from the
land,

The blessed little footsteps, softly printed in the sand!

O, my birdies! O, my birdies! that have left an empty nest.
I would I had my birdies now, warm nestled in my breast!"

HOLME LEE.

[By kind permission of the author.]

THE DIVER.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle ;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo ! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again ;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending ;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell ;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark ! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore—
And behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king,
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!
Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
“He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter,
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—“Long life to the King!”

“Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven,
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with terror and night!

“Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o’er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrent that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

“From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me;
In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me by.
And lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef zaved from the far Fathomless,

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
So far from the earth, where man’s help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneliness so ghastly—ALONE!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore.”

On the youth gazed the monarch and marvelled: quoth he,
“Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!”

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—

“Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?

Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—

He has served thee as none would, thyself has confest.

If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,

Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!”

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,

And, whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide!

“But bring back that goblet again to my eye,

And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;

And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,

The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,

And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;

He gazed on the flush in that beautiful face—

It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!

How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—

And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,

Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!

Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.

They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,

Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,

But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

SCHILLER.

(Translated by LORD LYTTON.)

{By kind permission of Messrs. Routledge.]

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

[1797.]

They ran through the streets of the sea-port town;
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay:
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

“Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney, and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats in the lower bay.”

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—
Drifted clear beyond the reach or call,—
Thirteen children they were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, “God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!”
Said his wife, “My darling will hear MY call
Whether in sea or heaven she bide.”
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird’s cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar:
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O’er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before!

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
 That, when fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
 The mackerel fishers shorten sail;
 For the signal they know will bring relief:
 For the voices of children, still at play
 In a phantom hulk that drifts away
 Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
 A theme for a poet's idle page:
 But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
 And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
 We hear from the misty troubled shore
 The voice of the children gone before,
 Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

BRET HARTE.

ON THE LANDING.

AN IDYL OF THE BALUSTERS.

BOBBY, *at* 3½.

JOHNNY, *at* 4½.

BOBBY.

"Do you know why they've put us in that back room,
 Up in the attic, close against the sky,
 And made believe our nursery's a cloak room?"

Do you know why?"

JOHNNY.

"No more I don't, nor why that Sammy's mother
 What Ma thinks horrid, 'cause he bunged my eye,
 Eats an ice cream, down there, like any other—

No more don't I!"

BOBBY.

"Do you know why Nurse says it isn't manners
For you and me to ask folks twice for pie,
And no one hits that man with two bananas?
Do you know why?"

JOHNNY.

"No more I don't, nor why that girl, whose dress is
Off of her shoulders, don't catch cold and die,
When you and me gets croup when *we* undresses!
No more don't I!"

BOBBY.

"Perhaps she ain't as good as you and I is,
And God don't want her up there in the sky,
And lets her live—to come in just when pie is—
Perhaps that's why!"

JOHNNY.

"Do you know why that man that's got a cropped head
Rubbed it just now as if he felt a fly?
Could it be, Bobby, something that I dropped?
And is that why?"

BOBBY.

"Good boys behaves, and so they don't get scalded,
Nor drop hot milk on folks as they pass by."

JOHNNY [piously].

"Marbles would bounce on Mr. Jones' bald head—
But *I* shan't try!"

BOBBY.

"Do you know why Aunt Jane is always snarling
At you and me because we tells a lie,
And she don't slap that man that called her darling?
Do you know why?"

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that man with Mamma
Just kissed her hand.”

BOBBY.

“She hurt it—and that’s why,
He made it well, the very way that Mamma
Does do to I.”

JOHNNY.

“I feel so sleepy. * * * Was that Papa kissed us?
What made him sigh, and look up to the sky?”

BOBBY.

“We wer’n’t down stairs, and he and God had missed us
And that was why!”

BRET HARTE.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been
bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

“They come around me here, and say my days of life
are o'er,—
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—
must die.

“And what is death? I’ve dared him oft, before the Paynim
spear;
Think ye he’s entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
I’ve met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot;—
I’ll try his might—I’ll brave his power—defy, and fear
him not!

“Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in:
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet-board prepare,
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour
there!”

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was
spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o’er the proud
old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers
poured,
On through the portal’s frowning arch, and thronged around
the board;
White at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger with girded falchion sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men!—pour forth the cheering
wine,
There’s life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to
the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing
dim.
Fill round my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

“Ye’re there, but yet I see you not!—Draw forth each
trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
board!
I hear it faintly;—louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto Death!’”

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a
deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags
on high;
“Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have
ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?”

“But I defy him!—let him come!” Down rang the massy
cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-
way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling
on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—
dead!

ALBERT G. GREENE.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I’m sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago, when first you were
my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang
loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in
your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath
warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listening for the words you never more may
speak!

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands
near,
The church where we were wed, Mary—I see the spire from
here:
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and my step might
break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, with your baby on
your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better far, the few Our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride:—
There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary
died!

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary, that still kept hoping
on,
When the trust in God had left my soul, and my arm's young
strength was gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip, and the kind look on
your brow;
I bless you for the same, Mary, though you cannot hear me
now!

I thank you for the patient smile, when your heart was like
to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there, and you hid it
for my sake!

I bless you for the pleasant word, when your heart was sad
and sore ;

Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can sting
no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to :
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines
always there ;

But I'll not forget Old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair !

And often, in those grand old woods, I'll sit and shut my
eyes,

And my heart will travel back again to the place where
Mary lies ;

And I'll think I see that little stile where we sat side by
side,

And the springing corn, and the bright May morn, when
first you were my bride !

LADY DUFFERIN.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.*

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine !—thy own sweet smile I see !
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails ; else, how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown—
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went ;
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor :
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe, and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum !
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
—Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—

Could those few pleasant days again appear—
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no !—what here we call our life is such—
So little to be loved, and thou so much—
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile ;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below ;
While airs, impregnated with incense, play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou—with sails how swift !—hast reached the shore,
“ Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar.”
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some currents thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course,
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth :
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A BALLAD OF WAR.

" Oh ! were you at war in the red Eastern land ?

What did you hear, and what did you see ?

Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand ?

Sent he, by you, any dear word to me ?

" I come from red war, in that dire Eastern land ;

Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see ;

But I know not your son, with his sword in his hand ;

If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

" Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May !"

" 'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."

" Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day !"

" Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."

" Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done.

Deeds of chief honour, you said you saw three :

You said you saw three—I am sure he did one.

My heart shall discern him, and cry ' This is he !'

" I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,

And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."

" That was my son ! Had he streams of fair hair ?"

" Nay ; it was black as the blackest night-cloud.

“Did he live?” “No; he died: but the fortress was won,
And they said it was grand for a man to die so.”

“Alas for his mother? He was not my son.

Was there no fair-hair’d soldier who humbled the foe?”

“I saw a man charging in front of his rank,

Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die:

Straight as an arrow hurled into the flank

Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh.”

“Did he live?” “No; he died: but the battle was won,
And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.

Be comforted, mother; he was not thy son;

Worn was his forehead, and gray was his hair.”

“Oh! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose;

I kissed it last night in my dream. I have heard

Two legends of fame from the land of our foes;

But you said there were three: you must tell me the
third.”

“I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly

In a battery’s face; but it was not to slay:

A poor little drummer had dropp’d down to die,

With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay.

“He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,

The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell;

And he walked at a foot’s pace because of the pain,

Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell.”

“Did he live?” “No; he died: but he rescued the boy.

Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).

He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy,

And his name”—“Speak it not! ’Tis my son! He is
dead!

“ Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan tree,
Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes of foam!
And lay his bed smoothly, and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home.

“ And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spreading
years—
How he died his noble and beautiful death,
And his mother, who longed for him, died of her tears.

“ But what is this face shining in at the door,
With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair hair?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the far heavenly shore?
Do not go back alone—let me follow you there!”

“ Oh! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain;
I come to your heart, and God answers your prayer.
Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters fair!”

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.]

HORATIUS: A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

(AN EXTRACT.)

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Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
“ Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

* * * *

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * * *

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom:
Now on dry earth he stands:
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands:
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

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When the good man mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the good wife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

[From "Lays of Ancient Rome."—By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.]

BABY MAY.*

Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
 Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness—round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise,
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
 Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
 Lights and shadows swifter born
 Than on the wind-swept Autumn corn,
 Ever some new tiny notion
 Making every limb all motion—
 Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
 Twining feet whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever new surprisings,

Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

W. C. BENNETT.

[By kind permission of the author.]

BABY BELL.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
 Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
 Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
 Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
 The swallows built beneath the eaves;
 Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
 Came to this world of ours!

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay,—
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright
 As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
 Ah, never in our hearts before
 Was love so lovely born!
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen,—
 The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise,)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
 The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange:
And time wrought just as rich a change
 In little Baby Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now . . .
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah! how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands!
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of Ours!

T. B. ALDRICH.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.
A Royal Tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jewell'd chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue-birds whistled,
High up in the old roof-trees;
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees.
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown :
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me ! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day :
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon :
And the dear little hands, like roseleaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below :
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan :—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

ANONYMOUS.

BESSIE AND I.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

Enjoy'd your dinner, have you, my boy? Well, come, that's jolly, you know,
'Though I wish that Bessie had been here too—she's longing to see you so.

Here, bring your chair to the fire, old man, and don't be afraid o' the wine;
And we'll have a quiet weed, if you like, and a chat on "auld lang syne."

So 'tis seven years since you went away, and I have been married five:

What! you thought I "hadn't the cheek" to propose to a girl? Why, man alive,
'Tis the strangest, most delightful thing that ever happen'd, you see:

I didn't "pop the question" at all. 'Twas Bessie proposed to me!

Here, Edie and Sid, you may run off now, and have a game o' play;

Come, you know what mamma was to bring you home, if you be good children to-day:

Your uncle and I have a lot o' things that we want to talk about;

And you shall come in again, my dears, when we've had our gossip out.

And now for my tale, though I hardly know what Bessie would say if she knew—

By Jove, how she'll open her eyes when she comes to be introduced to you!

As I told you, she's spending the day with a friend—her
cousin, by the bye—

Who's just been obeying the old command, to increase and
multiply.

Well, you know what our prospects were, old man—our
mother's, and Kate's, and mine—

When you bade us good-bye to go to sea in the navy-doctoring
line ;

With the mother's pension and jointure, you know, she was
pretty well off, and then

We thought I was sure to make my mark, what with the bar
and the pen.

I remember how you laugh'd at my rhymes, you unbelieving
Jew,

And used to rout me out from my books to go and idle with
you ;

But the mother and Kate believed in me, as our foolish
woman-folks will,

And Bessie dubb'd me her laureate, and knight of the gray
goose-quill.

You know what Bessie was as a child, in the dear old bygone
days,

With her big brown eyes and golden head and her pretty
wilful ways ;

How she plagued, and charm'd, and queen'd it o'er us
youngsters oft and oft,

Yet what a dear little heart it was, how clinging, and tender,
and soft !

Her brother Willie and I were "old particulars," bear in
mind,

And the good old rector and his wife were always hearty
and kind ;

So that hardly a day would pass away but I found myself,
you see,
In the quaint old garden with Bessie and Will, and who so
happy as we?

Heigho! they were pleasant times, old man,—fresh, and
hopeful, and true,
Ere the foot of Time had trampled and soil'd the sheen of
life's morning dew!

When I think of those garden walks and pranks what tender
memories rise,
With Bessie the centre figure of all, with her merry,
mischievous eyes!

Well, I went to Heidelberg, as you know, to finish my school
career,
In that quaint old home of spectacled lore, meerschaums, and
läger-beer;
And when I came back, my child-playmate had vanish'd,
and in her place
Was a fair girl-woman, shy and sweet, with a gentle,
winsome face.

And I loved her, I loved her—God knows how well!—from
her first shy welcoming glance,
With a passion as strong, and tender, and pure, as the love
of old Romance;
And she?—she was always pleasant and kind with the friend
of her childhood gay,
But whether my darling loved me or no was more than I
could say.

Willie and Kate were engaged, you know, and they'd look
so conscious and shy,
That we used to tease and banter them both, his sister Bessie
and I;

And when they'd begin to whisper and sigh, I couldn't do
less, you'll own,
Than draw sweet Bessie away with me, and leave the lovers
alone.

We were out in the fields one summer's eve—how well I
remember it still!—
And somehow we two had wander'd away from love-lorn
Katie and Will,
Till we came in the dusk to the lone black mere, where the
aspen branches wave,
And she coax'd me to tell her its legend grim of a love
beyond the grave.

Then I look'd down into her soft brown eyes, with their
witching and lustrous spell,
And I whisper'd, "Dear, I've another tale that I should
like to tell!"
When we heard a merry shout from behind, and up came
Willie and Kate,
And the loving words died out on my lips, and I knew my
story must wait.

But she seem'd from that very time to grow more shy and
distant, you see:
I never could meet her out alone, or tempt her to walk with
me;
And when I tried to draw her aside to whisper a loving word
She'd flush and tremble, and flutter away, like a pretty
frighten'd bird.

I saw she shunn'd me, and said to myself, with a proud and
passionate throe,
"She loves me not, and would spare us both the pain of
telling me so;

And I'd rather, God knows, that my heart should break, in
its silence bitter and drear,
'Than I'd pester a woman with whispers and vows that she
doesn't care to hear!"

So I put away all my hopes of love, and settled gloomily down
To the dreary study of the law, in my chambers up in town :
I left the lover's tender *rôle* for the sterner Roman's part,
And thought to live my passion down, and root it out of my
heart.

But in vain, in vain ; for while my eyes were bent on the
musty page
My truant thoughts would wander away to the pleasant
parsonage,
And in fancy I'd see her winsome face—too winsome and
fair to tell—
With the soft, shy look in her lustrous eyes that I knew too
well, too well !

Yet I kept to my work with a dogged heart that naught could
conquer or tame ;
"Since love is denied me," I bitterly said, "I'll make myself
a name."

I was up with the first faint streak of dawn, with pallid and
haggard looks,
And midnight found me with aching head still bending over
my books.

And you know the end!—how a mist would clog my blood-
shot waking eyes,
And circles quiver about the lights in dazzling rainbow dyes :
Then a strange dim blur of letters and lines, and then—all
darkness there !
And a poor blind man upon his knees, in an agony of prayer.

O Jack, dear brother! 'twas hard—'twas hard! so young in
sorrow and strife,
To be left a sightless burden, old man, for all my useless life!
Never to see the sun or the flowers, nor the starry heavens
above,
Nor look in the dear home-faces again, so full of pity and
love!

I know that Katie wrote to you, lad; but she couldn't tell,
dear heart,
Of her soothing words, and patient help, and tender sisterly
part;
Nor how the dear old mother would say, while her pitying
tears would fall,
“Poor boy, his home must be always here: there's more than
enough for all!”

But I must be a burden on them, I knew, as I bitterly felt
at times,
And by and by I took again to weaving stories and rhymes;
And Katie would write them out for me, and somehow they
seemed to “take,”
For I did my poor best, Heaven knows, for hers and the
mother's sake.

And quiet and peace at last came down, in gracious answer
to prayer;
The chastening Hand that had dealt the blow help'd the
mourner to bear;
And I came to think, with a heart resign'd, of even the brief
love-dream
That had brighten'd and blighted my bygone life with its
fickle and fleeting gleam.

I seldom saw her—Bessie, I mean—for the wound would
rankle still,
But I'd hear of her almost every day from either Katie or
Will;
And when they talk'd of a legacy that had left her rich, you
know,
My broken prayers went up to God for her happiness below.

But it chanced, as I sat and brooded alone, one summer's
afternoon—
By the pleasant warmth and the scent o' the flowers I knew
it was "leafy June"—
Kate came and coax'd me to take her arm, and walk out with
her, to call
At the rectory-house, or our friends would think I'd quite
forgotten them all.

And Bessie was there! I could not see her winsome, wel-
coming face,
But the very sense of her presence seem'd to glorify the place;
And I trembled and flush'd in the foolish way that lovers
understand,
At the gentle sound of her pitying voice, and the touch of
her dainty hand!

We sat in the quaint oak parlour—ah, how well I knew it
of old!—
And the good old rector prosed away about his church and
his fold,
The parish schools, and the state of the roads, and the pro-
bable price of hay,
Till Bessie at last jumped up from her chair, in her old
impulsive way.

“Come, who’s for my summer-house?” she said; “for it is so hot in here!

What! none of you speak? Then Charlie here shall be my cavalier.

Mamma dear, where is that magazine? O, here it is, I see: I want to read him the poem, you know, that so delighted me!”

Then she took my arm and led me out, with a tender sisterly care,

To the dear old garden, so dark to me, to her so blooming and fair,

Till we came to the arbour, the scene of some of my happiest hours o’ life,

Ere I’d put from my heart its crowning hope of calling her my wife.

’Twas Tennyson’s last new poem she read, and it may have been very fine,

But somehow her sweet voice trembled so much, I could hardly follow a line;

And at last she gave it up with a sigh, and laid the book away.

“I think it must be the heat,” she said, “but I cannot read to-day!”

Then there came a pause—a dreamy pause—when in fancy I could see

The fair flush’d face of the gentle friend so full of pity for me:

Then she laid her dainty hand on mine—her hand that trembled so!

And the tears were in her tender voice as she whispered soft and low:

“Charlie, we two are such old, old friends, that you mustn’t think me bold

If I ask you to tell me a secret that else would ever be untold!

—What was it you wanted to say to me that evening by the mere?

Come, I’m sure you’ll tell me, won’t you now? for I should so like to hear!

“What! you dare not tell me, you say!—ah, well, I think I can guess!—

And, Charlie dear, I’m sure you know my answer would have been ‘Yes!’

You know I loved you, without the need of either promise or vow;

And yet—how cruel!—how cruel!—you thought I should turn away from you *now*!

“Now, when your poor dark life has need of a tender and trusty guide:

Now, when I’m prouder of your love than of aught in the world beside:

And *did* you think that this was the time I should choose to coldly part?

Ah, ’tis little indeed you men can know of the depths of a woman’s heart!

“Charlie, don’t think me unwomanly, dear—unwomanly and weak—

Because I give a voice to the love I know you would never speak!

’Tis better so than that both our lives should be forlorn and lone;

And so,—if you care to have me, dear,—you may take me for your own!”

What need to tell of my answer, Jack,—of my heart's ecstatic
bliss,—
As my lips sought hers, and we seal'd our love with a first
warm passionate kiss?
While my silent thanks went up to God on the Jacob's
Ladder of prayer,—
The God who had brighten'd my life with a joy that seem'd
too great to bear!

II.

And so we were married—Bessie and I—and every hour of
my life
I'd cause to bless the happy day that brought me my darling
wife:
Such a true and tender helpmeet, she—so patient, and ready,
and kind,
She almost made me think at times 'twas a blessing to be
blind!

She came with gold in her hand, sweet wife; but God knows
that, far above
The home and the wealth she brought, I prized the richer
wealth of her love;
And she tried to persuade me that I help'd to pay our way,
you see,
By the stories and rhymings, grave and gay, she loved to
scribble for me.

And children were born to us,—first, a girl, who'd her
mother's eyes, they said:
'Twas then that I wept my saddest tears since Bessie and I
were wed;
For when they laid the wee mite in my arms, and spoke of
its baby grace,
I felt it hard I should never look in my little darling's face;

That I never in all the years to come her gentle face should
see,
Ne'er look in her laughing baby eyes as I danced her on my
knee ;
Nor mark, as the happy years roll'd on, each varying change
and mood,—
The baby pranks, and the childish grace, and the blush of
maidenhood.

Then our boy was born, and my life stood still, with a sudden
horror and fright !—
O Jack, old man, shall I ever forget that trying awesome
night,
When I paced this room here, through and through, with a
groping, helpless dread,
While my darling's precious life up-stairs was hanging on a
thread ?

But God heard my prayers—the blind man's prayers—and
spared her to me, my sweet,
And our home grew merry with cradle songs and the patter
of little feet ;
With the patter of little baby feet, that would toddle up to
my chair,
To lay a little soft head on my knee, that loved to nestle there.

So the years pass'd on, and even life now often seem'd hard
to me ;
But when I sat in the eventide, with my little ones on my
knee,
While Bessie would sing us some quaint old song of love
or of doughty deed,
I'd think how good and pleasant it was to the life I had
thought to lead

Let's see, 'tis a twelvemonth ago since first I noticed, with
strange surprise,
That the darkness seem'd to grow lighter like at times to my
poor blind eyes,
And a yearning, passionate, trembling hope crept into my
heart and brain ;
But never a word I said to the wife, lest my thoughts should
be false and vain :

Never a word I said to my love, lest her heart should be
overcast,
To know I had cherished a hope like this, to find it a myth
at last ;
But I quietly told my story to Will, as we sauntered up and
down
The garden, and we two thought of a plan for getting me up
to town.

Then I spoke to the wife of a book I'd plann'd, that I fancied
would answer well,
But I wanted some talk with a firm in town, to see if they
thought 'twould sell ;
And Willie had promised to go with me and see me through
it, I said,
For I knew that she couldn't leave the bairns, or I'd like her
to go instead.

She tried to persuade me from it at first, and dolefully
prophesied
All sorts of accidents and mishaps, and then she pleaded and
tried
To get me to take her with us too ; but at last we settled it
right,
And Willie was pledged again and again not to trust me out
of his sight.

So we went to town for a week or so, and you'll easily understand

My fluttering hopes, and doubts, and fears, now the test was near at hand:

Enough, that one wondrous day, Saul-like, the scales dropp'd off from my sight,

And I fainted in Willie's brotherly arms, in a sudden burst o' light!

I was dazed and giddy-like for a while, but I soon got round again;

And O, the grateful, passionate joy that throb'd in my every vein!

Dear God, what a happy world it was—how winsome and fair to see!—

The very stones of the London streets seem'd beautiful to me!

And deep, deep down in my heart of hearts there nestled this crowning bliss:

“O, what will *she* feel, my Bessie, my love, when she comes to hear of this?

O the tears of joy, O the clasping arms, O the bonnie head on my breast,

When I come to tell her the glorious news, my beautiful, my best!”

We sat far into that happy night, I and dear old Will—

Ah, the rose-like spell of those rich deep hours is a fragrant memory still!—

And we talk'd of the dear ones down at home, and the story we had to tell,

And the wondrous love of the Master above, who “doeth all things well.”

We spoke of Bessie again and again, and always with
moisten'd eyes,
And we felt 'twould be best to spare my love too sudden a
glad surprise;
So I was to keep on the old blue "specs" by way of a loving
ruse,
And to patiently bide the fitting time for gently breaking the
news.

You can easily guess what my feelings were when I got back
home at last;
And how, as I trod on the threshold here, my heart beat
thick and fast;
And how I had nearly told her all in a burst o' passionate
bliss,
As my darling flew to welcome me home with a loving clasp
and kiss.

Dear heart, 'twas the same sweet bonnie face, nay bonnier
than before,
With the old soft charm in the lustrous eyes that had won
my heart of yore!
Sweet eyes, that were moist with tender tears, that it went
to my heart to see:
God knows that I never knew till then the depths of her love
for me!

She put my hat and my stick away, and with tender and
wifely care
Led me, who seem'd so helpless and dark, to my old
accustom'd chair;
And there she left me a minute or so, with a kiss and a
gentle word,
While she ran to bring the children down; and my heart
was strangely stirr'd

As I look'd about at the pleasant room, and out on the garden
view,
That all seem'd so familiarly strange, so old, and yet so new ;
And I dropp'd back into my chair once more, with a longing
akin to pain,
As I heard the children come skurrying down to welcome me
home again.

O Jack, there are times and feelings, old man, that language
can never paint ;
And words, when I speak of that crowning scene, seem
weak, and feeble, and faint,—
Feeble indeed to show one tithe of my bosom's passionate
swell ;
But I daresay you can picture it all far better than words
could tell.

I could scarcely see them at first for the tears that dimm'd
my yearning sight,
As they ran to meet me, with eager joy, my younglings
bonnie and bright ;
And then they clamber'd up on my knees, with merry
welcoming cries,
And I look'd for the first time in my life in my little darlings'
eyes !

And what did I see ? A wee girl face, bright, and eager,
and fair,
With her mother's lips, and lustrous eyes, and ripple of
golden hair,
And a darling rogue of a baby-boy with merry black eyes ;
and, ah,
They both were pleading with lips and eyes for " A story, a
story, papa ! "

"What sort of a story, my dears?" I said; "a fairy story, eh? Well, come, as you've been good children, I hear, I must humour you to-day:

Once on a time, in a beautiful wood there lived a fairy, you know;

I couldn't tell you the year, of course, but 'tis ever so long ago.

"And all the people they loved her so, this fairy in the wood,

For she never was cross and proud, my dears, but kind, and gentle, and good;

And she always was happiest when she'd made some neighbour happy and bright—

Unlike some little children I know, who tease, and quarrel, and fight!

"Not you, my dear? Why, of course not, child! Did you fancy I should suppose

That Edie and Sid would ever do such naughty things as those?

'Tis only bad little boys and girls that plague, and quarrel, and shout;

But now for this beautiful fairy, dears, I was telling you about.

"What was she like? Why, Edie child, what a little plague you are!

Well, I fancy—I only fancy, you know—she was something like mamma:

She'd nice brown eyes, and—let me think—yes, beautiful golden hair;

And her face was quite a treat to see, it look'd so pleasant and fair.

“ Now in this wood a hermit dwelt, in a cottage lone and poor ;
He was blind, like poor papa, my dears, and his heart was
heavy and sore,
Till the fairy found him out one day, as he sat in his lonely
cot,
And thought, ‘ Poor man, I must do my best to brighten and
cheer his lot ! ’

“ So she’d come and chat, and tell him the news, till he grew
quite merry and bright,
And she gave him all that she could—food, gold, and every-
thing but sight ;
And she brought little children to play with him—such nice
little children, miss—
And he’d hear their prattle and tell them tales, and pull their
ears—like this !

“ Well, the fairy had a brother, my dears, who was quite a
giant, ’tis said,
And could do, O my, such wonderful things when he took it
into his head ;
And when his fairy sister was out on an errand of good one
day,
He went alone to the blind man’s hut, and gently led him
away.

“ He led him away to a secret cave, where a mighty genii
dwells,
And with curious bottles, and drugs, and books, works
wonderful cures and spells ;
And he touched the man with his magic wand on his poor,
dark sightless eyes,
And he saw—O the joy !—he saw again the beautiful fields
and skies !

“ He was cured, my dears—he was blind no more ; and he
thought, with a happy smile,

‘ I won’t let her know it all at once, but keep it secret
awhile ;’

For the dearest thought of his heart was this, ‘ How glad the
fairy will be,

And what fun I shall have with the children now when they
come to play with me !’

“ Well, he found the fairy waiting at home, and she started
up from her chair,

With her face all flush’d and eager-like, as mamma’s is over
there ;

And she press’d her hands, as mamma does now, to her
throbbing brow, just here—

Why, Bessie, my darling, what is it now ? how you frighten
a fellow, dear ! ”

For, ah, she had read my story right, and was sobbing on my
breast,

With her arms about the children and me, my fairy bonnie
and blest ;

And I clasped her to my heart of hearts, while my brimming
eyes o’erran—

The truest helpmeet, the sweetest wife, God ever gave to
man.

I told her all as she lay on my breast, hand lovingly clasp’d
in hand,

And then the dear children had to be kiss’d, and made to
understand ;

And I had to tell who Edie was like, with her mother’s eyes,
dear heart,

And whether little Syddie was not my very counterpart !

And of course I had to be taken out around our little demesne,
Where all its beauties were pointed out and admired again
and again ;

And then, in the midst of a merry laugh or a lightly-utter'd
jest,

Poor Bessie would quite break down again, and be weeping
on my breast !

Talk of the—hem ! why there she is !—that's her knock, as
sure as a gun !

Now you take your cue from me, old man, and I'll show you
a little fun :

“ Bessie, my dear, this gentleman here is a very old friend of
mine—

Mr. Smith, Mrs. C. ; Mrs. C., Mr. Smith—in the briefless-
barrister line !

“ Ha, ha ! why, where is your memory, dear ? As the singers
say, ‘ Try back.’

• Have you quite forgotten our old playmate, the illustrious
Dr. Jack ?

Hullo ! what now ? Well, upon my word, this really is a
surprise !—

Kissing another fellow, by Jove, under my very eyes !

“ Only look at her now, old man—there's a picture for you,
eh ?

Why, she's getting younger, and rosier, and handsomer every
day !

Come, get us some tea, there's a dear good girl, and don't
stand laughing there,

And we'll make it a jolly meeting to-night, with Dr. Jack
in the chair !”

EDWIN COLLIER.

IN THE MIRROR.

(WRITTEN AFTER A DANCE.)

I look'd in the glimmering mirror
In the mingled gleam and gloom,
And I saw her standing beyond me
At the door of the lonely room.

For all the guests had departed,
And the dawn rose grey and chill:
And the light of the lamp was dying,
And the sweet dance-music was still.

Alone by the doorway I saw her,
In her soft white shimmering dress,
In the gleam of her maiden beauty,
And her soul's white loveliness.

I pass'd by the glimmering mirror,
But she did not hear me pass:
And I only saw her reflected,
Like a dream, in the gleam of the glass.

A pale soft dream in the mirror:
A dim face, far withdrawn:
A white-robed form in the starlight,
Like the spirit of light and dawn.

And lo! as I breathed and watch'd her,
I saw the sweet vision decay,
And her face, in my breath on the mirror,
Faintly fading away.

And I turn'd aside for an instant:
And lo! from the mirror'd pane
My breath had pass'd, and I saw her,
Like a spirit glimmer again.

And I thought, as I watched her shining,
When the heart's brief music is dumb,
There are shining souls that await us
In the strange bright world to come.

And I thought the world was the chamber:
And the gleaming mirror was death:
And I, as I stood before it,
Was the shadow of a breath.

I breathed—a shadow—before it,
A shadow—a breathing clod!
And I thought my darling beyond it
Was the shining angel of God.

Standing, white-robed, at the doorway
Of heaven to welcome and bless,
In the gleam of her maiden beauty,
And her soul's white loveliness.

And oh, the day will be gracious—
For on earth we are parted wide—
When the mirror of Death is broken,
And we meet at the other side.

And I hope I shall see her hereafter
As I saw her there by the door—
Not changed—but the same for ever,
And ever, and evermore.

For I know no face in heaven
To me will lovelier seem,
Than hers which I saw reflected
In the gleam of the glass, like a dream.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know by the name
of Annabel Lee ;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought, than to
love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child, in this kingdom by the
sea ;

But we loved with a love that was more than love, I and my
Annabel Lee :

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her
and me.

And this was the reason that long ago, in this kingdom by
the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel
Lee,

So that her high-born kinsman came, and bore her away
from me,

To shut her up in a sepulchre, in this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her
and me—

Yes, that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom
by the sea),

That the wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and
killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love of those
who were older than we—

Of many far wiser than we ;

And neither the angels in heaven above, nor the demons
down under the sea,

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul of the beautiful
Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of
the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the
beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side of my
darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea, in her tomb by the sounding
sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas-Eve—and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's-breadth of the sky,
Sat a child, in age,—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life-stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes !
But *her* eye was dull and sunken,
And the whitened cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the pencilling of want.

And she wept for years like jewels,
'Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all ;

But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketch'd by faithful memory.

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round;
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound;
When, lit by the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rocked the cradle, sitting
On her own twin-brother's knee:

Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had mark'd those Christmas times.
'Twas as well that there was no one
(For it were a mocking strain)
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,
For *that* could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to Death;
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side:

How she clung unto her brother
As the last spar from the wreck,
But stern Death had come between them
While her arms were round his neck.

There were *now* no living voices;
And, if few hands offered bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear;
For they welcomed crime more warmly
To the self-same room with her.
But at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest;
She must try a workhouse welcome
For the helpless and distressed.

But she prayed; and the Unsleeping
In His ear that whisper caught;
So, He sent down Sleep who gave her
Such a respite as she sought;
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wetted eyelids close,
And, with softly-falling kisses,
Lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide:
To a bower all flushed with beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the tree of life was made:

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-like,
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Poured their fragrance on the waters
That in crystal beds went by:

Where bright hills of pearl and amber
Closed the fair green valleys round,
And, with rainbow light, but lasting,
Were their glistening summits crown'd.

Then that distant-burning glory,
'Mid a gorgeousness of light!
The long vista of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat ONE: and her heart told her
'Twas the same who, for our sin,
Was born a little baby
"In the stable of an inn."

'There was music—oh, such music!—
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Judea's plains;
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell,
Love's true ear discerned the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance
A fair child her eyes behold,
With his ivory shoulders hidden
'Neath his curls of living gold;
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"
But ere any one can speak,
The white arms of her twin-brother
Are once more about her neck.

'Then they all come round her greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;

And the careful look hath vanish'd
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
'Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast—
To a life of lonely pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe stept;
Told his message in a whisper,—
And she stirr'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of seraphs,
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
'To her quiet face the dream-light
Had a lingering glory given;
But the child *herself* was keeping
Her Christmas-Day in Heaven!

MRS. M^CINTOSH.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.*

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing—Flirting—Skimming along:
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one:
Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy round;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humour and song:
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing—Swinging—Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snow—but from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;

Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Father—Mother—Sisters—all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For all that is on or about me I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.

If fainting—Freezing—Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
(Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down);
I should lie down and die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low

To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning—Bleeding—Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of pity fall soft on thine ear,
“Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my weak
prayer?”

O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!”

ANONYMOUS.

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!

Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,

(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!

Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!

He understands every word that's said,—

And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,

I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;

And this old coat, with its empty pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,

He'll follow while he has his eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living

Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,

To such a miserable thankless master!

No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!

By George! it makes my old eyes water!

That is, there's something in this gin

That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,

And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)

Shall march a little. Start, you villain!

Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!

(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your

Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,

To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes

When he stands up to hear his sentence.

Now tell us how many drams it takes

To honour a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps,—that's five ; he's mighty knowing !

The night's before us, fill the glasses !—

Quick, sir ! I'm ill—my brain is going !

Some brandy,—thank you,—there !—it passes !

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;

But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,

And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform ;

And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm

To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—

The same old story ; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features.—

You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;

I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast !

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife :

'Twas better for her that we should part,—

Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before——Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now, that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

J. T. TROWERIDGE

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin great.
Apples? No a derved sight better!
Don't you take no interest, wait!
Flowers, Joe,—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious, ain't them high?
Tears, my boy, what's them fur Joey?
There—poor little Joe—don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot.
Every bush had flowers on it,
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh no!
Wish you could a seen 'im growin'
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek,
“Missus,” says I, “if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus,
Never seed one, I suppose.”

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up,—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women-folks to do it,)
Sich a imp you was you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in,
(Hard work too,) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you—
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe it hurted when I seen you
 For the first time with yer crutch.
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day."
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say! it seems to me ole feller,
 You is quite yourself to-night;
 Kind o' chirk, it's been a fortnight
 Sence your eyes have been so bright.
 Better! well I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
 Smellin' of them's made you happy?
 Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Sometime when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.
 Flowers in heaven! 'M—I spose so;
 Dunno much about it though;
 Ain't as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heerd it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates,
 Things is everlastin' cheerful,
 B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't get hungry;
 So good people when they dies,
 Finds themselves well-fixed for ever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes?

Thought they looked a little singler.

Oh no! don't you have no fear;

Heaven was made for such as you is—

Joe wot makes you look so queer?

Here—wake up! Oh don't look that way!

Joe my boy, hold up your head!

Here's your flowers, you dropped 'em Joey.

Oh my God! can Joe be dead?

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

Only last year, at Christmas-time, while pacing down the
city street,

I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—one of the many that we meet—

As ragged as a boy could be, with half a cap, with one good
shoe,

Just patches to keep out the wind—I know the wind blew
keenly too:

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square Scotch face, an
honest brow,

And eyes that liked to smile so well, they had not yet forgotten
how:

A newsboy, hawking his last sheets with loud persistence.
Now and then

Stopping to beat his stiffened hands, and trudging bravely on
again.

Dodging about among the crowd, shouting his "Extras"
o'er and o'er;

Pausing by wholes to cheat the wind within some alley, by
some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left, tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—

To eye a fruiterer's outspread store; here, products from some country farm;

And there, confections, all adorned with wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers,

While little fountains, like frosted spires, tossed up and down their mimic showers.

He stood and gazed with wistful face, all a child's longing in his eyes;

Then started as I touched his arm, and turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cape with purple hands, said, "Papers, sir? *The Evening News!*"

He brushed away a freezing tear, and shivered, "Oh, sir, don't refuse!"

"How many have you? Never mind—don't stop to count—I'll take them all;

And when you pass my office here, with stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile, a look half wondering and half glad.

I fumbled for the proper "change," and said, "You seem a little lad

To rough it in the streets like this." "I'm ten years old on Christmas-day!"

"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a crown, you'll get change there across the way.

"Five shillings. When you get it changed come to my office—that's the place.

Now wait a bit, there's time enough: you need not run a headlong race.

Where do you live?" "Most any where. We hired a stable-loft to-day.

Me and two others." "And you thought, the fruiterer's window pretty, hey?

"Or, were you hungry?" "Just a bit," he answered bravely as he might.

"I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir, and had no money left last night."

"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit. I don't mind cold."
"Why, that is strange!"

He smiled and pulled his ragged cap, and darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-unconscious sigh, I sought my office desk again:

An hour or more my busy wits found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five I started with a sudden thought,

For there beside my hat and cloak lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change' he should have brought an hour ago?

Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike! I was a fool to tempt him so.

Dishonest! Well I might have known; and yet his face seemed candid, too.

He would have earned the difference if he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late." And so I took my homeward way,

Deeming distrust of human kind the only lesson of the day.

Just two days later, as I sat, half dozing, in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called, in my brusque fashion,
“Who is there?”

An urchin entered, barely seven—the same Scotch face, the
same blue eyes—

And stood, half doubtful, at the door, abashed at my forbidding guise.

“Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—the one you give the crown, you know—

He couldn’t bring the money, sir, because his back was hurt so.

“He didn’t mean to keep the ‘change.’ He got runned over,
up the street;

One wheel went right across his back, and t’other fore-wheel
mashed his feet.

They stopped the horses just in time, and then they took
him up for dead,

And all that day and yesterday he wasn’t rightly in his head.

“They took him to the hospital—one of the newsboys knew
’twas Jim—

And I went too, because, you see, we two are brothers, I and
him.

He had that money in his hand, and never saw it any
more.

Indeed, he didn’t mean to steal! He never stoic a pin
before!

“He was afraid that you might think he meant to keep it,
any way;

This morning when they brought him to, he cried because he
couldn’t pay.

He made me fetch his jacket here; it's torn and dirtied
pretty bad;

It's only fit to sell for rags, but then, you know, it's all he had.

"When he gets well—it won't be long—if you will call the
money lent,

He says he'll work his fingers off but what he'll pay you
every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance at the soiled jacket where
it lay.

"No, no, my boy! take back the coat. Your brother's badly
hurt you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out and hail a cab,
then wait for me.

Why, I would give a thousand coats, and pounds, for such a
boy as he!"

A half-hour after this we stood together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps that fell too loudly on
the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep, and scarce believed her
when she said,

Smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek,
"The boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked! One streak of
sunshine on his hair.

Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven: no need of "change"
and jackets there!

And something rising in my throat made it so hard for me to
speak,

I turned away, and left a tear lying upon his sunburned
cheek.

ANONYMOUS.

[From "Harper's Weekly."]]

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout ;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out—
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

“What is the matter?” say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well!
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was
only—How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup ;
And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-comin' up ,
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say ;
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary
week—

We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to
speak ;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the
winter and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked
with me,

And we have agreed together that we can't never agree ;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be
mine ;

And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half ;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and
roam ;

But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home ;

And I have always determined, and never failed to say,

That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'erable pay :
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such !
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young ;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and
night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen ;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world
I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur ;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her ;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me.
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here

WILL CARLETON.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
'Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
'They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to
drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might
have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight
ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories
came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to
blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind ;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things
sometimes will

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

" But," says I, " we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn back,
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in
two ; "

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light ;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I
could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste
good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch
a mouse ;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her eup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I drewed the agreement out,
And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed what
'twas about ;

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bn'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through, she went for me, her face
a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to
inquire—

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its
worth

By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on
earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew
light;

And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many
men

Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two ;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do ;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than
half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while ;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the
makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer : don't stop short of an X ;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in
gold.

WILL CARLETON.

THE HAUNTED MERE.

"O Mother, the wind blows chill o'er the moor,
The sleet drives sharp 'gainst the pane,
The blast, like a guest, at the shaken door,
Comes knocking again and again.

"O! mother, there's one on the bleak, bare wold,
So weary and worn and thin,
Wand'ring alone in the bitter cold :
O! mother, you'll let her in?
For the winter even is dark and drear
While our home fireside is bright ;
Its glow shines out on the glassy mere
Like a star through the stormy night

O! mother, that woman is wan and faint,
Footsore and hunger'd and ill:
Open the door to her piteous plaint,
She may die on the snow-wreathed hill."

"Put up the bolt on the creaking door,
The shutter across the pane,
Your sister darkens my hearth no more,
Nor eats of my bread again."

There presses a face to the streaming glass;
She can see the light in the room;
She can see her mother's tall shadow pass,
To the inner chamber's gloom.
As it duskily glows on the panelled wall,
The fire looks kind and clear,
And the peering eye that traces it all,
Grows dim with a burning tear.

The gleam from the midnight mere is gone,
The face from the window glass,
And a step drags wearily, wearily, on
To the edge of the deep morass.
The clouds that flitter across the moon
Make shadowy shapes and strange,
And beckon and waver and toss and croon
Round the dim and darksome Grange.

What misty form on the threshold stands,
Faltering in every gust?
Moaning, and wringing its ghastly hands,
Leaving no track in the dust?
Coming and going with soundless tread,
In the gloaming across the marsh,
When the moon is up and the world's abed,
And the winds whistle loud and harsh?

In the rusty grate there is not a spark,
The door from its hinge is gone;
The wainscot is mouldy and damp and dark,
And shattered the threshold stone.
The ivy has crept through the broken glass
And trails on the mossy floor;
Gauntly and ghastly the shadows pass
In and out at the door.

Who calls, who calls through the frosty nights,
As the spring time comes apace?
Who calls, who calls when the summer lights
On meadow and wold and chace?
Who calls, who calls through the autumn drear
When the dusk brown leaves grow thin?
Who calls with a voice of grief and fear,
"O! mother, pray let me in!"

It comes from the mere like a wailing breeze,
With a shriek, a sob, a moan;
Then dies away 'midst the writhing trees,
With a curse in its fainting tone.

"O! mother, you'll hear that heart-break cry
When you come to Heaven's gate,
And angel ears are deaf to your sigh—
'Too late, too late, too late!'"

HOLME LEE.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

NOT ONE TO SPARE.*

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John, John looked at me
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet,
As well as when my locks were jet.)

And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak ;
" Tell me again what Robert said ! "
" This is his letter :—' I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.' "
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share ;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.—

 " Come, John," said I
" We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking hand in hand
Dear John and I surveyed our band—
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian the baby slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white :
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir.
And huskily he said, " Not her, not her."
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair :
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
" He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No for a thousand crowns not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim ;
Poor Dick ! bad Dick ! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared ? Nay, He who gave
Bid its befriend him to his grave ;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I can not, will not let him go."

* * * *

And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away ;
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place ;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven !

ANONYMOUS.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

In the Dean's porch a nest of clay
With five small tenants may be seen—
Five solemn faces, each as wise
As though its owner were a Dean.

Five downy fledgelings in a row,
Packed close as in the antique pew
The school-girls are whose foreheads clear
At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
But dreaming and digesting much
They grow thus wise, and soft, and round.

They watch the Canons come to dine,
And hear the mullion-bars across,
Over the fragrant fruit and wine,
Deep talk about the *reredos*.

Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair;
The swallows turn their heads askew—
Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelusive touches sound within,
Straightway they recognise the sign,
And, blandly nodding, they approve
The minuet of Rubinstein.

They mark the consins' schoolboy talk
(Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
And blink at each broad term of art,
Binomial or bicycle.

Ah! downy young ones, soft and warm,
Doth such a stillness mask from sight
Such swiftness? Can such peace conceal
Passion and ecstasy of flight?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
Under a white Greek architrave,
At morn, or where the shaft of fire
Lies large upon the Indian wave.

A sense of something dear gone by
Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
For a small world, embowered and close,
Of which ye sometime were a part.

The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad eyes
Your joy unhuman can control,
And in your wings a light and wind
Shall move from the Maëstro's soul.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

[By kind permission of the author.]

FLOWERS.

Loved by children playing
In God's sunny fields:
And no purer lesson
Vast creation yields.

Prized by eager lover
For his lady dear:
Gift by far the fairest
Of the passing year.

Clasped by happy maiden
On her marriage morn:
Omen meet and gladsome
Of the time new born.

Plucked by loving fingers,
 When life's day has sped:
 Weeping, strew them gently
 O'er the peaceful dead.

JOHN A. JENNINGS.

[From "Wayside Restings."]

REQUIESCAT.*

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew!
 In quiet she reposes;
 Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound;
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath;
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[By kind permission of the author.]

MY CHILD.

I can not make him dead!
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair;
 Yet when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair :
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that he is not there !

I tread the crowded street :
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair ;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid,
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair :
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there !

When, at the cool, grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there !

When, at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whate'er I may be saying,
 I am, in spirit, praying
 For our boy's spirit, though he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair:
 In dreams, I see him now;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
 FATHER, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

JOHN PIERPOINT.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
 That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
 Kneeling on the floor of stone,

Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

II. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LEPER.

“Room for the leper! Room!” And, as he came,
The cry passed on—“Room for the leper! Room!”
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer’s clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells—
Unheard but by the watcher’s weary ear,
Aching with night’s dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
“Room for the leper!” And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, “Unclean! unclean!”

’Twas now the first
Of the Judæan autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah’s palmiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance: and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye

Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye: a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed; a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day he lay, as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair—
And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone, ~
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.

The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb :
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom :—

Depart ! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God !
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod ;
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lovest away, thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart ! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide ;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink ;

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen ;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart! O Leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, “Unclean! unclean!” and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o’er
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name—
“Helon!” The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
“Helon! arise!” and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn ;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace ;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child ;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders ; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand,
And laved the sufferer's brow, and said, " Be clean !"
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and his lips
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.

N. P. WILLS.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem—
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time ;

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

II. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE ALMA.*

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea ;

Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar
known—

Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners
blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless
name,

And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower,
and shrine,

Little streamlet knows no magic, boasts no potency like
thine,

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living
head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the
dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourn-
ing, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself
away—

“He has passed from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with
them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side.”

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are calm as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of
old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave
and bold;

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed
to be done,
By that Twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights
were won.

Oh! thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free—
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

[By kind permission of the author.]

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parch'd and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

[By kind permission of the author.]

SEA MEWS IN WINTER-TIME.

I walked beside a dark gray sea,
And said, "O world, how cold thou art!
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
For joy and warmth from thee depart.

"Yon rising wind licks off the snow,
Winds on the crag each other chase,
In little powdery whirls they blow
The misty fragments down its face.

"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
Winter sits cowering on the wold,
And I beside this watery brim
Am also lonely, also cold."

I spoke, and drew toward a rock
Where many mews made twittering sweet;
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea
Ran up and washed it while they fed;
Their fond and foolish ecstasy
A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy 'companied with every cry,
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,
And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play!
What idlesse graced the twittering things;
Luxurious paddlings in the spray,
And delicate lifting up of winds.

Then all at once a flight, and fast
The lovely crowd flew out to sea;
If mine own life had been recast,
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

"Where is the cold? You clouded skies
Have only dropt their curtains low
To shade the old mother where she lies
Sleeping a little, 'neath the snow.

"The cold is not in crag, nor scar,
Not in the snows that lap the lea,
Not in yon wings that beat afar,
Delighting, on the crested sea;

"No, nor in yon exultant wind
That shakes the oak and bends the pine.
Look near, look in, and thou shalt find
No sense of cold, fond fool, but thine!"

With that I felt the gloom depart,
 And thoughts within me did unfold,
 Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart—
 I walked in joy, and was not cold.

JEAN INGELOW.

[By kind permission of the author.]

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A bird sang sweet and strong
 In the top of the highest tree;
 He sang—"I pour out my soul in song
 For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
 Another bird sang—"I pour
 My soul on the solemn solitude
 For the springs that return no more."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE BOYS.*

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise!
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!—
 "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we please;
 Where the snow flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
 freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake;
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
 And these are white roses in place of the red!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old ;—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge ;"—
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right ;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night ?
That's our "Member of Parliament," we say when we chaff ;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name ?—don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true* !
So they chose him right in ; a good joke it was too !

There's a boy,—we pretend,—with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain ;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice,"—but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,—
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
—Just read on his medal,—"My country,—of thee !"

You hear that boy laughing ?—you think he's all fun,—
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all !

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with
pen,—

And I sometimes have asked,—shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

POOR PEOPLE.

'Tis night. The cabin door is shut, the room,
Though poor, is warm, and has a flickering light
By which you just distinguish through the gloom
A shelf with row of plates that glimmer bright.
Some nets hung out to dry upon the wall,
And at the furthest end a curtained bedstead tall ;
Near it a mattress on rude benches spread—
A nest of souls—five children sleeping there ;
Upon the hearth some embers glowing red ;
And by the bedside, wrapt in thought and prayer,
The mother kneeling, anxious and alone,
While out of doors, with foaming breakers white
Unto the clouds, the winds, the rocks, the night,
The gloomy ocean lifts its ceaseless moan.

Her husband is out fishing. From a lad,
With chance and danger he has had to fight,
No matter what the weather—good or bad ;
The children hunger, and are thinly clad ;
So in his little sailing boat each night
He must set off, however hard it blow,
His wife remains at home to wash and sew,
Prepare the bait, and mend the nets, and keep
Watch o'er the herring broth—their only meal—
Till, all the children being put asleep,
She can pray God for her dear husband's weal.

She prays, and praying hears the gulls' wild cry
Sound as it mocked her, dismal shadows press
Into her mind—waves rolling mountains high,
Fragments of wrecks, and sailors in distress,
And all the while, pent in its wooden frame,
The clock's impassive pulse beats on the same;
Each beat a summons countless souls obey,
To enter life or pass from life away.

She muses sadly. Very poor they are!
Her children's feet in winter time are bare;
They never dream of tasting wheaten bread.
Oh how the wind keeps roaring over head!
The waves are hammering the shore, on high
The stars like sparks seem flying through the sky.
Midnight in cities, is the reveller gay,
Who smiles behind the mask he wears in play;
Midnight at sea, is the un pitying foe
Who lurks in mist, intent to deal his blow,
Seizes the fisher, and with sudden shock
Hurls his frail boat upon a sunken rock.
Horror! he feels it foundering—his cries
Are stifled by the waves that o'er him rise.
He sinks, and sinking sees the sunbeams play
On his old boat-ring in the quiet quay!
Thoughts such as these through Jenny's fancy stray,
She weeps and trembles.

Ay! poor fishers' wives!
'Tis piteous to your lonely selves to say
That husbands, brothers, sons, your souls, your lives,
Your flesh and blood, may be the billows' prey:
That with the precious heads the rude winds play:

That ponder how you will you cannot tell
If at this very moment all be well;

That they, to hold their own against the gale
And the unfathomed waves that round them swell,

Have but a plank or two and strip of sail.
Wild with the thought, you run through sand and wrack,
And pray the rising tide to bring them back,
No answer there of comfort!—Ill agree
The ever-fearful heart and ever-restless sea!

But Jenny thinks no case is like her own,—
Her husband in his boat is all alone,
Alone this bitter night, beneath that sky's black pall!
"No help!" she sighs, "the boys are all too small!"

Poor mother! saying now, "Were they but men,
Their father is alone"—the day draws nigh

When they will share their father's perils; then,
"Would they once more were children!" wilt thou cry.

She takes her lantern and her cloak—maybe
He is returning; anyhow she'll see
If still the beacon light be burning clear,
And if the waves are less, and daybreak near.

She goes—too soon: 'tis dark and rainy too,
No line of light divides the sky and main—
Nothing so dreary as this early rain;

You'd say Day wept its birth as mortal children do.
She wanders on—no window shows a light;
Sudden her glance—intent to find her way—
Meets an old hovel, fallen to decay;
No fire within—'tis black and cold as night,
From the low roof the ragged thatch flies fast,
And the door rattles loosely in the blast.

“Ah! the poor widow—I forgot her quite!
My husband found her worse the other day,
I’ll just look in, a friendly word to say;
Sick and alone—a dismal lot is hers!”
She knocks, she listens, no one speaks or stirs,
Jenny stands shiv’ring at the broken door;

“Sick and with such young children, sick and poor—
She has but two, but then her husband’s dead.”
She knocks and calls, “What, neighbour! all in bed?”
Still the same silence—“Well, she must sleep fast;
No use in calling.” All at once the blast,
As though the elements did sometimes heed
And take compassion on our human need,
Beat on the door and blew it open wide.

She entered, and her lantern’s feeble light
Revealed the hovel’s bare and ruined plight;
The rain fell through the roof on every side.

In the far corner of the wretched room
An awful form appeared from out the gloom—
A woman motionless and stiff—feet bare,
Glazed eyes that seemed to threaten by their stare;
A corpse—a mother not long since, strong, active, gay—
The spectre of dead poverty to-day!
All that remains to prove how dire the strife
That paupers wage with want and cold for life!
From out the straw one livid arm hung down,
The hand already dark with hues of death;
The mouth wide open, and the forehead’s frown
Told of the struggle for the latest breath,
And bore the impress of that awful cry
Of death which echoes through eternity!

Close by the bed on which their mother died
A cradle stood, and in it side by side

Two rosy infants smile in slumber sweet;
The mother, feeling her last hour draw near,
Had heaped on them the gown she used to wear,

And rolled her cloak about their little feet,
Hoping that covered thus by fold on fold
They would keep warm while she was growing cold.

But what has Jenny in that cabin done;

What is she bearing in her cloak away;

What is the fear that causes her to run,

With beating heart, in such a stealthy way;

What is it she, with troubled glance, has laid

Upon her bed, behind the curtain's shade?

The woman has been stealing, you would say.

When she got home it was the break of day,

She sat down pale and trembling, some regret

Seemed to be weighing on her mind, she let

The brow she clasped fall heavy on the bed

And in short broken sentences, she said,

"My husband! Heavens! What will the poor man say!

Such toil and trouble—what a thing I've done!

Five children on his hands already. None

Work harder than he does; and I must make

His burden heavier. How that door does shake!

I thought 'twas he. Well, if he scold outright,

Or even beat me, it will serve me right.

Is that his footstep? No—not yet—I'm glad—

Why, what a shame! things must be getting bad

When I'm afraid to see him back again!"

And then she shuddered, and a gloomy train

Of thought absorbed her so, she heard no more

The shrieking sea-birds or the waves' dull roar.

Sudden the door bursts open, lets a track
Of cold light in : upon the threshold stands,
Dragging his dripping net with both his hands,
The fisher, calling gaily, " Well ! I'm back."

" 'Tis you ! " cried Jenny, as she caught and prest
Her husband as a lover to her breast,
And kissed his very clothes in her delight ;
While he kept saying, " Here I am,—all right ! "
His manly face, lit by the turf-fire showed
How his true heart at sight of Jenny glowed.

" The sea's a thief ! " he cried, " I'm fairly done ! "

" What weather ? " " Bad. " " What sort of haul ? "

" Why none.

But now I hug my Jenny all seems bright,
Well ! I've caught nothing ! and my net is torn—
There was a devil of a wind that blew,
And once I thought—'twas getting on toward morn—

We should capsize—the cable broke in two.
What were you doing then ? " O'er Jenny's frame
A shudder passed before her answer came—
" I ! nothing much—I sat and sewed—the sea
Roared so like thunder it quite frightened me.
The winter seems set in before its time."

Then trembling as if taken in a crime,
Jenny continued—" Oh ! and by the way,
Our neighbour's lying dead—died yesterday,
I think—at least it was last evening late—
'Twas after you were gone at any rate.
She leaves two children—boy and girl—quite small—
Johnny begins to walk and Meg to crawl.

The poor good soul was almost starved, I fear."
The man looked grave at once, and flung away
His close blue cap wet through with rain and spray ;

“Deuce take it!” he exclaimed, and rubbed his ear,
“This will make seven, and we had five before;
How shall we keep the wolf from off the door?”

Why, in bad weather, as it was, the fare
Often ran short—’tis hard to see one’s way.

Well! I can’t help it—’tis the Lord’s affair.
Why take the mother from such brats away?
Not bigger than my fist—what use to say,
‘Work for your bread’ to mites like those? No doubt
Men must be scholars to make these things out,

They fairly bother me,—go fetch them, wife,
If they should wake and find themselves alone,
With mammy dead, ’twould scare them out of life.
Look you, the mother’s knocking at our door,
We’ll take her children in amongst our own;

At evening they will play about our knees,
Just like the other five we had before,

Brothers and sisters all. When the Lord sees
That we have got to feed and clothe two more,
He’ll send more fish into our net. Besides
I can drink water, and work double tides,

That’s settled—run and fetch them—’tis not far,
What! vexed? I never saw you move so slow before!”
She turns and draws the curtains—“There they are!”

VICTOR HUGO.

(Translated by L. C. S.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.]

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

II. W. LONGFELLOW.

ALONE.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me!

W. WORDSWORTH.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.*

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
'To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air.
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging.
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;
 Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

 Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone,
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells :
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme

To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

(AN EXTRACT.)

* * *

But north looked the Dictator,
 North looked he long and hard ;
 And spake to Caius Cossus,
 The captain of his guard :
 “ Caius, of all the Romans
 Thou hast the keenest sight ;
 Say, what through yonder storm of dust
 Comes from the Latian right ? ”

Then answered Caius Cossus :
 “ I see an evil sight ;
 The banner of proud Tusculum
 Comes from the Latian right ;
 I see the plumèd horsemen,
 And far before the rest
 I see the dark-grey charger,
 I see the purple vest ;
 I see the golden helmet
 That shines far off like flame ;
 So ever rides Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.”

“ Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
Spring on thy horse's back ;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track ;
Haste to our southward battle :
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain ! ”

So Aulus spake and turned him
Again to that fierce strife ;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life. . . .
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host
Against the banners of the marsh,
And banners of the coast. . . .

“ Herminius, Aulus greets thee,
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle,
For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the crest of flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array,
And Aulus, of the seventy fields,
Alone upholds the day.”

Herminius beat his bosom :
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane :
He gave the reins a shake,

Away, away, went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow :
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po.

Right glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bore up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
Rose with a mighty swell ;
“ Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well !”

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way.
“ Herminius, I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome !”

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast ;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head ,
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.

Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore,
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark grey charger fled :
He burst through ranks of fighting men ;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined ;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet ;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street ;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place. . . .

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,

And decked with coloured ribands
 From her own gay attire,
 Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire. . . .

And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven mane,
 With heed he looked unto the girths,
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day."

*

*

*

LORD MACAULAY.

[From "Lays of Ancient Rome."—By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans,
 Green, & Co.]

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
 Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—
 And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old
 house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
 Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears;
 Wonder it's stuck together, and answered till to-day;
 But every individual log was put up here to stay. . . .

And you, for want of neighbours, was sometimes blue and
 sad,
 For wolves and bears and wild-cats was the nearest ones you
 had;

But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our
might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin'
right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing to see?
Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—
'There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it
has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight:
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's
new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal
prouder too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun:
Kitchen and parlour and bedroom—we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come
West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words;
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the songs of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to
mount—
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared
to count.

And here one night it happened, when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool, give in,
And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' clothing *that wasn't for either one*;
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods
away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because it wasn't a boy:
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show a half-a-dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing,
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing;
And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay—
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and fat and small!
How they grewed! 'twas a wonder how we found room for
'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that day
When Jennie lay by the fireplace there, and moaned her life
away.

And right in there the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book,
stood,
“Twixt the dead and the living,” and “hoped 'twould do us
good;”
And the little whitewood coffin on the table there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know ;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en a'most let go ;
And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord his due.
When the doctor said the fever 'd turned, an' he could fetch
you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear :
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here ?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new ;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through ;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,
There's precious things in this old house we never can take
away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before :
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor ;
And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will
pile,

And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house ! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me ;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made
with hands.

WILL CARLETON.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh ! that last day in Lucknow fort !

We knew that it was the last :

That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,

And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all work'd on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of wood-bine, shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death:
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa—
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried:
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men:
And they started, for they were there to die:
Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life: and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all:—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—"That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them, noc,—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
A shrilling ceaseless sound:
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they play'd "*Auld Lang Syne* :"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd :
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes play'd "*Auld Lang Syne*."

R. T. S. LOWELL.

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old distorted face,
An uncouth visage rough and wild,
Yet from behind with laughing grace
Peep'd the fresh beauty of a child.

And so, contrasting strange to-day,
My heart of youth doth inly ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness may
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrow'd brow
And wither'd look that life puts on

Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For while the inexorable years
To sadden'd features fit their mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old.

The rifted pine upon the hill,
Scarr'd by the lightning and the wind,
Through bolt and blight doth nurture still
Young fibres underneath the wind.

And many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Roughen the strange integument
The struggling soul must wear in pain.

Yet, when she comes to claim her own,
Heaven's angels haply shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known,—
But for the face behind the mask.

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"Come a little nearer, Doctor!—thank you—let me take the
cup;

Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little sup!
Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used
up—

Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir! if you want to, but it ain't much use
to try"—

"Never say that!" said the surgeon, as he smother'd down a
sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade! for a soldier to say die!"

"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor! when you come to die.

"Doctor! what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;

You must try to get to sleep now."—"Doctor! have I been away!"

"Not that anybody knows of!"—"Doctor—Doctor! please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go; Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh, I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember—The last time the Lighter came,

And the lights had all been lower'd, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something call'd my name:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—just that way it call'd my name.

"And I wonder'd who could call me so distinctly and so slow,—

Knew it couldn't be the Lighter,—he could not have spoken so,—

And I tried to answer—'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go:

For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;

Just another foolish *grape-vine*—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir! notwithstanding, just the same way as before:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition, and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower:
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?"—"It is Wednesday night, you know."—

"Yes! to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!

What *time* is it? Doctor Austin!"—"Nearly twelve."—

"Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats open'd on the dark rebellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast,
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost,—

And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

“And the old field lay before me, all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there M'Clermand
met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's
heroes died—

Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept
charging till he died.

“There was where Lew Wallace show'd them he was of the
canny kin,

There was where old Nelson thunder'd, and where Rousseau
waded in;

There M'Cook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to
win—

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began
to win.

“Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was
spread,

And but for this old blue mantle, and the old hat on my
head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was
dead,—

For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

“Death and silence!—Death and silence, all around me as I
sped!

And behold a mighty Tower, as if builded to the dead,—

To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,

Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seem'd waving
from its head!

“Round and mighty-based it tower'd—up into the infinite—

And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so
bright;

For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of
sight!

“And behold, as I approach’d it—with a rapt and dazzled
stare,—

Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great
Stair,—

Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—‘Halt and who
goes there?’

‘I’m a friend,’ I said, ‘if you are.’ ‘Then advance, sir, to
the Stair!’

“I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor! was Elijah Ballantyne!—

First of all to fall on Monday, after we had form’d the line!—

‘Welcome, my old Sergeant! welcome! Welcome by that
countersign!’

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of
mine!

“As he grasp’d my hand I shudder’d, thinking only of the
grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and blood-
less glaive;

‘That’s the way, sir! to Head-quarters,’—‘What Head-
quarters?’ ‘Of the Brave.’

‘But the great Tower?’—‘That’—he answer’d—‘is the
way, sir! of the Brave!’—

“Then a sudden shame came o’er me at his uniform of light;

At my own so old and tatter’d, and at his so new and bright;

‘Ah!’ said he—‘you have forgotten the New Uniform
to-night,—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o’clock
to-night!’

“ And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*,
and I—

Doctor! did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you
all! Good-bye!

Doctor! please to give my musket and my knapsack when I
die,

To my son—my son that’s coming—he won’t get here till I
die!

“ Tell him his old father bless’d him as he never did before—
And to carry that old musket—Hark! a knock is at the
door!—

‘Till the Union—See! it opens!” “Father! Father! speak
once more!—”

“ *Bless you!*” gasped the old gray Sergeant, and he lay and
said no more!

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

THE SPARROW AT SEA.*

Against the baffling winds, with slow advance,
One drear December day;
Up the vex’d Channel, tow’rd the coast of France,
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon’s misty slopes
The storm its banners hung;
And, pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird from its home-nest warm,
Bewilder’d, driven, and lost,
With wearied wings, came drifting on the storm,
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward with a headlong speed,
It could not guide or check ;
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,
It dropp'd upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,
Desiring only rest,
It folded its weak wings, and nestled close
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore—I said—this little flickering life,
Which now all panting lies,
Shall yet forget its perils and its strife,
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,
Its wings shall find their rest ;
And soon, among the leaves of some green lane
Brood o'er a summer nest.

And when, amid my future wanderings,
My far and devious guest,
I hear a warbling bird, whose carol rings
More sweetly than the rest,—

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,
And sudden sympathy,
It is the bird I shelter'd in the storm,
The life I saved at sea !

But when the morning fell across the ship,
And storm and cloud were fled,
The golden beak no longer sought my lip,
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain,
Were borne too many hours ;
My pity came too late, and all in vain,—
Sunshine on frozen flowers.

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,
Braving and suffering much,
Bears patiently the wrong and pain of years,
But breaks at love's first touch.

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN.

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,—
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Flushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picquet-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song :
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill :
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room when some one is lying dead ;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him on his saddle again,
And through the mire, and the mist, and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw, by the light of the surgeon's lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,—
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BECALMED.

It was as calm, as calm could be ;
A death-still night, in June :
A silver sail, on a silver sea,
Under a silver moon.

No least low air the still sea stirred :
But all on the dreaming deep
The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.

For a long long month not a breath of air :
For a month not a drop of rain :
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.

And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud, stand
On the far horizon-sea :
It was only a day's short sail to the land,
And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer, far or nigh :
Father, have mercy : leave them not
Alone, on the deep, to die.

And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above,
And the women prayed below :
“ One drop of rain, for Heaven's great love !
O Heaven, for a breeze to blow ! ”

But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come :
O God, to think that man can thirst,
And starve, in sight of home !

But out to sea with the drifting tide
The vessel drifted away :
Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died :
And the wild crew ceased to pray !

Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow ;
Like beasts with hunger wild :
But a mother prayed, in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.

It slept, and lo ! in its sleep, it smiled :
A babe of summers three :
“ O Father, save my little child,
Whatever comes to me ! ”

Calm gleamed the sea : calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud—no sail—in view :
And they cast them lots, for who should die
To feed the starving crew !

Like beasts they glared, with hunger wild,
And their red glazed eyes aglow,
And the death-lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below !

And the mother shrieked in wild despair :
“O God, my child—my son.
They will take his life : it is hard to bear :
Yet, Father, Thy will be done.”

And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
And she kneeled by the cradle bed :
“We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep :
We are dying, my child, for bread.

“On the lone lone sea no sail—no breeze :
Not a drop of rain in the sky :
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas ;
And thou, my child, must die !”

She wept : what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but Heaven knows best.
And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast :

“Father,” he lisped, “so good—so kind,
Have pity on mother’s pain :
For mother’s sake, a little wind :
Father, a little rain !”

And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
And she knelt on the cabin stairs :
"The child!" they cry, "the child—stand back—
And a curse on your idiot prayers!"

And the mother rose in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife :
"Strike—strike, me—me: but spare, O spare
My child, my dear son's life!"

O God, it was a ghastly sight :
Red eyes, like flaming brands,
And a hundred belt-knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton hands!

"Me—me—strike—strike, ye fiends of Death!"
But soft—thro' the ghastly air
Whose falling tear was that? whose breath
Waves thro' the mother's hair?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas :
A speck on the cabin-pane :
O God, it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain!

And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on the babe's bright hair :
"The sweet rain falls: the sweet winds blow :
Father has heard thy prayer!"

But the child had fallen asleep again,
And lo! in its sleep it smiled.
"Thank God," she cried, "for His wind and His rain :
Thank God, for my little child!"

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their eares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;
 And he who wrought that spell?—
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
 And laurel wreaths intwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
 This spray of Western pine !

BRET HARTE.

July, 1870.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decay-
 ing ;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their pray-
 ing :
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish :
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her
 anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless
 singing !
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was
 elinging !
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye
 were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears
his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath
taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to
blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could
find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic
senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences:
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-
caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways
removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that
guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of pro-
viding,

He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,
—Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
blesses

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses,—

That turns his fevered eyes around—‘My mother! where’s
my mother?’—

As if such tender words and deeds could come from any
other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o’er
him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she
bore him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life’s long fever
gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death to
save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image that
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him
breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,

But felt those eyes alone, and knew,—‘*My Saviour! not
deserted!*’

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness
rested,

Upon the Victim’s hidden face no love was manifested?

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops
averted?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should
be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and
Father:

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath
shaken—

It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desola-
tion!

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not
hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[By kind permission of Robert Browning, Esq.]

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

What did you say, dear? Breakfast? Somehow I've slept
too late.

You are very kind, dear Effie, go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can, my old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart! lies t'other side of
the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary; I couldn't smoke to-day.
I'm sort of dazed and frightened, and don't know what to say.
Its lonesome in the house here, and lonesome out of door.
I never knew what lonesome meant in all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long, and the first June
rose has blown ;
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day—too old to be left alone.
Oh, heart of love, so still and cold ! Oh, precious lips, so
white !
For the first sad hours in sixty years you were out of my
reach last night !

You've cut the flower. You're very kind ! She rooted it last
May.
It was only a slip. I pulled the rose, and threw the stem
away.
But she, sweet thrifty soul, bent down, and planted it where
she stood.
“Dear, maybe the flowers are living,” she said, “asleep in
this bit of wood.”

I can't rest, deary—I cannot rest, let the old man have his
will,
And wander from porch to garden post ; the house is so
deathly still.—
Wander and long for a sight of the gate she has left ajar
for me.
We had got so used to each other, dear—so used to each
other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good ! She made me a better
man
From the moment I kissed her fair young face, and our
lover's life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me, and out of the seven
not one
But the noblest father in all the land would be proud to call
him son.

Oh, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient! but I feel sore broken up.
At eighty years its an awesome thing to drain such a bitter
cup!

I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal, and four good
men beside;

But a hundred sons couldn't be to me like the woman I
made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair—so winsome, and good,
and sweet!

She had roses twined in her sunny hair—white shoes on her
dainty feet;

And I held her hand—was it yesterday that we stood up to
be wed?

And—no, I remember; I'm eighty to-day, and my dear wife
Polly is dead!

A. R.

A DREAM.

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night;

I went to the window to see the sight;

All the Dead that ever I knew

Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;

Townsfellows all, from first to last;

Born in the moonlight of the lane,

Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd

At soldiers once—but now more staid:

Those were the strangest sight to me

Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;
Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
Yet of them all there was one, one only,
Raised a head, or looked my way;
She linger'd a moment—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
Ah, Mother dear, might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
Young and old, women and men;
Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
A sound of tears the moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recall it if I may.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[By kind permission of the author.]

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.
And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.
But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.
Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;

He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.
The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."
Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away !"

T. B. REED.

THE OUTLAW.

'Tis morn ; and on the mountain top the outlaw rested now,
And laid his good sword by his side—his bonnet from his
brow.
Upon the lofty towers that rise o'er his ancestral hall,
From far the weary wanderer gazed, while tears like rain-
drops fall.

An honest heart that knew not fear,—to man that would not bow—

Was seated in his eagle eye, and on his manly brow ;
But care, and wrong, and want, and woe, leave scars time
may not heal—

Wounds that the wicked may revenge—the proud alone can
feel.

A traitor's doom forbids him hope these walls to enter more ;
And soon the hunted outlaw seeks a home on foreign shore.
He started up : “ I hear the sound of woman's wail,
I hear the sounds of ruffian strife borne upwards on the gale.”

Then, gazing down—“ Such odds, I ween, were never heard
before ;

Three sturdy knaves against my arm, my race of life is o'er.
Yet, 'tis a woman's wail ! Shall I stand idly looking on,
While strength to strike in her defence lies in my father's son ?”

Adown the mountain side he sprang, like a lion in his wrath,
And soon these sturdy villains lay sore mangled in his path.
The lady rose up from her knees, and motionless she stood,
Gazing in silent wonder on the stranger's hardihood.

Ah ! why the sudden start—the blush—the deadly paleness
then,

As on her face the outlaw turned so eagerly his ken ?

“ It is Sir Donald Bruce ” she cried, for well his crest she
knew,

And well she kenned the Highland plaid, and bonnet of the
blue ;

“ My father's foe ! ” “ True, lady, true,” the gallant outlaw
said.

“ Though I have forced thy foes to yield 'neath my victorious
blade—

Thy father's foe, of him who lives, scourge of my ruined
line—

Nor leaves me aught in earth or air, that I may claim as
mine,

“Save hatred deep of alien power, of tyrant and of knave—
A love of right, a scorn of wrong, of coward, and of slave.
Farewell! farewell! In other years, think on the outlaw
lone,

Whose hand is true, though tyrant foes have turned his heart
to stone.”

“Nay, but thou wilt not leave me thus; thy task is hardly
o'er,

Oh! bear me safe from forest-wilds within my father's door;
Ascendancy of rank and power—a loyal heart and true
Are his; and well my father loves the bonnet of the blue.”

“’Tis time, I own,” the outlaw said, “this fevered strife were
o'er.

Yes, lady, I will bear thee safe within thy father's door.
But sooth to quaff of foeman's cup were sorry cheer for me,
Or see another's yeomen range where mine were wont to be.”

“Yet I, thy friend,” the lady said, “thy power were easy
won.”

(Breathes there a man when woman pleads, can feel his heart
his own?)

Bright shines the sun upon the banks and braes of bonny
Clyde,

But brighter far the love-lit eyes of brave Sir Donald's bride.
The trumpets sound, the bagpipes play, and chargers gallop
round,

And high beats now Sir Donald's heart with many an aching
bound.

The bonfires gaily gleaming, o'er mountain, hill, and dell,
And bridal favours testify he'd done his errand well.
Long, long may good Sir Donald wield the blade he proved
so true,
And long may bonny Scotland prize the bonnet of the
blue.

M. HENDERSON.

By kind permission of the author

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane, and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:
“Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:
All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more!
Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.*

In the little southern parlour of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to
the green,

At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from
over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children grew fretful in the restlessness of all joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the
boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now,
Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling
quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering
keys.

Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper hymn."

—Catharine, child of a neighbour, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow,—something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
—"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box
she heard,)

"Open it, open it, lady! and let me see the *bird*!"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

(MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.)

What I want is my husband, sir,—
And if you're a man, sir,
You'll give me an answer,—
Where is my Joe?

Penryhn, sir, Joe—
Caernarvonshire.

Six months ago
Since we came here—
Eh?—Ah, you know!

Well, I *am* quiet
And still.
But I must stand here,
And will!—

Please—I'll be strong—
 If you'll just let me wait
 Inside o' that gate
Till the news comes along.

 "Negligence"—
That was the cause;
 Butchery!—
Are there no laws—
 Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!—
 I won't raise my voice.
There men!
 I won't make no noise.
Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say—
Saved! And the other ones? Eh?
 Why do they call?
 Why are they all
Looking and coming this way!

What's that?—A message?
 I'll take it.
I know his wife, sir,
 I'll break it.

"Foreman!"
 Ay, ay!
"Out by and by"—
"Just saved his life!"
"Say to his wife
 Soon he'll be free."
Will I?—God bless you,
 It's *me*!

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

A STROLLER'S STORY.

Ah, good-evening to you agen ! So you've brought the proof then, eh ?

"MACBETH, MR. HUBERT VILLIERS." Yes, that's better, I must say.

Now, what'll you take ? Hot whisky ? Right ! What ho there, Polly, my dear !—

Two fours of Irish warm for me and this other gentleman here.

Not half bad tippie, is it, my boy ? Tain't often I drink from choice,

But I fancy a drop of Irish warm softens and mellers the voice :

So you liked my Claude last night, you say ? Well, 'tis fairish they all allow ;

But I'm getting a bit too old and fat for the lover business now.

Ah, well, I mustn't complain, I suppose ! I can stick to the heavy line,

And I've got a few browns put by, you know, in that old stocking o' mine ;

Tho', mind you, with a company near a dozen strong, or quite,

If business is slack, 'tis a tightish fit when it comes to Saturday night.

See some queer things, we travelling folk ? Well, yes, that's perfectly true :

Why, 'twas only now while sitting here, smoking and waiting for you,

I was thinking over a curious scene you may have heard
about
That shows how the real thing after all beats acting out-
and-out!

I know it's true, for it all took place under my eyes, you
know:
Let's see, 'twas at—yes, at Doncaster,—about two years ago,
Me and the missus was sitting down at our lodgings one day
at tea,
When the slavey told me a lady had call'd, and wanted to
speak to me.

“Show her up here,” I says, for I thought “’tis one of our
folks look'd round
To ask me something about to-night,” but I was wrong, I
found;
For there enter'd, blushing up to her eyes, shrinking, tremu-
lous, coy,
A lady I'd never seen before, with a charming little boy.

A beautiful blonde she was, not more than two-and-twenty
or so,
With witching eyes of a lustrous brown, but ah, how full of
woe!
And she and her boy were dress'd in black, and she wore in
mournful mood
On her flaxen hair, that was tinged with gold, the weeds of
widowhood.

She took the chair I gave her, and spoke in a low sweet
voice—
I could see that she was a lady born, she seem'd so gentle and
nice:

She'd had some knowledge of the stage as an amateur, she said,

And could I give her something to do to find her boy in bread?

"O, that's how the wind lays, is it?" I thought. "Well, p'raps I might do worse:

If she only acts as well as she looks, she'd nicely line my purse;"

And I took good stock of her as she sat with her boy beside her chair,

And stroked with dainty tremulous hand his bonnie golden hair.

Bit by bit her story came out. Long back her mother had died,

And left her, an only child, to be her father's darling and pride:

He was in the law, and thought to be rich, and was held in high repute,

But, ah! he died a ruin'd man, and left her destitute.

Then the only relative she had—an aunt, who was well-to-do—

Had taken her in, and had found for her a wealthy suitor, too.

But she loved another—a sailor lad—who, like herself, was poor;

And when they married, her haughty aunt had spurned her from her door.

They were very happy at first, she said, and her voice was tearful and low,

But, O, she had lost her husband too—he was drown'd four months ago;

His ship was wreck'd, and all were lost; and now, in her
need and care,

She'd no one left in all the world, but her little Charlie there!

And here she droop'd her head, poor girl, and her voice was
choked with sighs—

Hem, hem! confound the smoke; how it gets in a fellow's
throat and eyes!

Then she finished her tale: She felt at first all stunn'd and
dazed, she said;

And even to think of aught but him seem'd treachery to the
dead.

But by and by, for the sake of her boy, now doubly precious
and dear,

She nerved herself to look beyond to the future that seem'd
so drear:

She thought of a governess's place at last, but then they
would have to part,

And to give up her only darling now would almost break
her heart!

Little by little her things had gone to meet their daily need,
Till her home too had to be given up, and all seem'd lost
indeed;

Then she thought of how she loved the stage in the happy
Long Ago,

And how well she play'd as an amateur—at least they told
her so.

She'd call'd at all the theatres she knew, but 'twas still the
same old tale—

A novice had no chance at all where even vet'rans fail;
Then some one had told her to come to me, and she'd tra-
vell'd here to-day

To see if I could take her on, in however humble a way.

I should find her quick and willing, she said, in all I wanted
done ;

And all she ask'd was lodging and food for her and her little
one :

She'd nothing left but her wedding-ring and one poor half-a-
crown,

And, O, there was only the workhouse, if—and here she
quite broke down !

Well there, the parsons give it sometimes to we “poor
players” hot,

But whatever our faults may be, my boy, we ain't a hard-
hearted lot !

There was the missus a-crying too, with the little kid on her
knee,

And I—well this weeping business, somehow, always gets
over me !

And the end of it was that I took her on, as a super, so to
speak,

And found her board and lodging with us, and a shilling or
two a week.

She help'd the missus in different ways, and did it capitally
too ;

And we sent her on in little parts where she hadn't much to
do.

But a quicker “study” I never knew, and she'd something
better and higher—

I could see that she was an actress born—the woman had
passion, fire !

She took with the public from the first, what with her sweet
young face,

And passion, and power, and we gave her soon the leading
lady's place.

Some of our ladies were jealous-like, when they see her
taking the lead,
And used to sneer at her ring and weeds, and mutter "Mrs.
indeed!"
But she was so gentle, obliging, meek, this soon wore off, it
did,
And they all of 'em got to love her at last, and to almost
worship the kid.

She seem'd transform'd with passion and power when once
she got on the stage,
And Mrs. Mowbray, as she was call'd, came to be quite the
rage;
She'd only to show herself for the cheers to thunder out, and
lor'!
She always was good for three recalls of a night, and often
more!

'Twas the best day's work I ever did when I lent her a helping
hand:
By Jove, sir, as Constance in *King John* that woman was
something grand!
And as for Ophelia, where she sings that song before she
dies,
Harden'd old stager as I am, it brought the tears to my eyes.

One night I happen'd to be in the front when she was extry
fine;
'Twas in *East Lynne*, and she'd just come on, with her boy,
as Madame Vine:
She's supposed, as the Lady Isabel, to have wrong'd her
husband and fled,
But takes the governess's place disguised, after he thinks
she's dead.

She'd got to that crowning scene of all, where the mother
 longs to stretch
Her arms to her boy, but has to check and school herself,
 poor wretch!
And the house was hush'd in pity and awe, when I saw her
 stare and start,
Then stagger, and turn as white as death, and put her hand
 to her heart.

I follow'd her eyes, and there close by in the pit, looking
 pale and thin,
Was a tall young fellow in naval dress, who had only just
 come in :
He sprang to the stage, and bounded on, and you can guess
 the rest.
"O Alice, Alice!" "O Harry, dear!"—and she swoon'd
 away on his breast!

I think for the moment the people thought 'twas part of the
 play, forsooth,
But her story, you see, had been whisper'd about, and they
 easily guess'd the truth,
And then—ah! talk of a scene, my boy! such cheers you
 never heard—
I thought the roof would have fallen in—I did upon my
 word!

Of course the curtain had to be dropp'd, and I whisper'd to
 the band
To strike up something, and hurried behind at once, you
 understand,
To find her just "coming to," dear heart, with the women
 all weeping there,
And her husband, with her hand in his, kneeling beside her
 chair.

And her little one clinging to her—ah! what a tarblow that would have been!

'Twould have made the fortune of a piece to have brought in such a scene!

I've come to look at it now, you see, in a sort of professional light;

But then I was very nearly as weak as the women were, or quite.

His story was short: his ship was wreck'd, and 'twas thought that all were drown'd,

But he and another clung to a spar, and were pick'd up safe and sound;

'Twas more like the Tichborne story agen than anything else I know:

Do I believe in the Claimant? Yes—I believe he's Arthur O.!

They landed him close to the Diamond Fields, and he wrote to his wife but she

Believed he was dead, and had changed her name, and taken service with me;

Then he took a turn at the diggin's, and there good luck came thick and fast,

And he'd come back rich to find her gone, but they'd met at last—at last!

Then her story was told, and how good I'd been, and all the rest, dear heart,

And she would insist on going on agen to finish her part:

So I went to the front myself, you know, and told the people all,

And, upon my word, I thought this time the roof must surely fall!

And when she came on agen at last, what deafening thunder
'o cheers!

Men a-waving their hats like mad—women and kids in
tears!

I thought of the night when Kean first set all England's
heart astir:

“Sir, the pit ROSE AT ME!” he said; and so it did at her!

And she seem'd inspired, so grand she was, so passionate,
true, and warm;

From the time she open'd her mouth agen, she took the house
by storm:

Three times they had her back at the end, and I shall never
forget

How he had to lead her on at the last—I can see and hear
'em yet.

A bonnie couple they were, my boy, and to see 'em together
then—

Hem! bother the smoke; it's been and got into my eyes
agen!

He dropp'd me a fiver for a feed for the company next
day,

And she bought me this here diamond ring—up to the
knocker, eh?

He took a nice little place in Kent, where they're living in
style, you know;

And there's always a knife and fork for me whenever I like
to go.

It ain't so very long ago—perhaps two or three months, or
more—

Since me and the missus was there for a week, and was
treated “up to the door”

I had their story put in a play, and it answer'd pretty well,
But, bless your heart, it wasn't a patch on the genuine article!
Well, good-bye for the present, old friend, if you won't have
any more:

You won't forget about the bills? Good on yer! *O revivur!*

EDWIN COLLIER.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS

Not far advanced was morning day
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place;
And whispered, in an under-tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer:

My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”—
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—“This to me!” he said;—
“An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,—
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),—
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!”
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.
Fierce he broke forth;—“And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.”

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung—
 The ponderous gate behind him rung :
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume !

WALTER SCOTT.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.*

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and gass around are grown so still.
 Here I sit with coffee in my cup—
 Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago.

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
 After all, the hours *do* slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block !
 For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,
 And my fire is dwindling rather low—
 I had fire enough when young and bold
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all, somehow ;
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am :
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam,
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living now ? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though, unless I chuse;
Left with nought to do except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the Muse.
O! this is hard for *me* to bear,
Me, who whilom lived so much *en haut*;
Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware,
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better; time's defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now;
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought, and Co.,
Awful gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O, how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long,
Me, I tweak no beak among them;—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chawks.
Though you find me as I near my goal,
Sentimentalising like Rousseau;
O! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save time's,
And the windgust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious antielimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;

For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY, AND LOVED HIS KIND."

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;

While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate ;
But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow
While on tower and kiosk O !
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,

And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.
(*"Father Prout."*)

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roof'd with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were soften'd to swan's-down,
And still flutter'd down the snow.

I stood and watch'd by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying—"Father! who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling! the merciful Father,
Alone! can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her ;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE VOICELESS.*

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross, without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SONG TO MARY.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died, I might not weep
for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side, that thou couldst mortal be:

It never through my mind had passed, the time would e'er be
o'er—

And I on thee should look my last, and thou shouldst smile
no more !

And still upon that face I look, and think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook, that I must look in
vain !

But when I speak—thou dost not say what thou ne'er left'st
unsaid ;

And now I feel, as well I may, sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art, all cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart, and where thy smiles have
been !

While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have, thou seemest still
mine own ;

But there, I lay thee in thy grave—and I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art, thou hast forgotten me ;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart, in thinking, too, of
thee :

Yet there was round thee such a dawn of light ne'er seen
before,

As Fancy never could have drawn, and never can restore !

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.*

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

LIFE.

A little basket cradle-bed :
A little shining curly head :
A little workman, spade in hand :
A little footprint on the sand.

A tremulous star : a wavering flute :
Two souls that speak, tho' lips are mute :
Two touching faces, fixed above :
Two kindred spirits, one through love.

A little cloudlet in the sky :
A mother's pang : an infant's cry :
An autumn leaflet, crisped and sear :
A thoughtful brow : a pensive tear.

A moonlit cypress, zephyr-stirred :
Two moving shadows, silver-haired :
Two mounds of grass upon the lea :
A gleam of Light beyond the sea.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

[By kind permission of the author.]

REST.

Wandering thro' the city,
My heart was sick and sore,
Full of a feverish longing,
I entered an old church door.

Dark were the aisles and gloomy,—
Type of my troubled breast ;
Mournful and sad I paced there,
Eager to be at rest.

Sudden the sunshine lighted
The arches with golden stream,
Chasing the darksome shadows
With brightly-glancing beam.

A chord pealed forth from the organ,
Tender, and soft, and sweet:
Trembling along the pavement
Like the tread of the angels' feet.

The light as a voice from Heaven
Bid all my care to cease;
The chord as a song of seraphs
Whispered of God's own Peace.

JOHN A. JENNINGS.

[From "Wayside Restings."]

THE LAST SCENE.

Here she lieth, white and chill;
Put your hand upon her brow:
Her sad heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed:
She will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her—therefore weep!

Weep!—for you have wrought her woe;
Mourn!—she mourn'd and died for you:
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true.

WILLIAM WINTER.

DIVISION II.—HUMOROUS.

PART I.—PROSE.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

Time: half-past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room, we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. There are many well-known City diners here this evening. That very ordinary-looking personage, with the rubicund complexion and pimply features, is old Moneypenny, senior partner of the great firm of Moneypenny, Blodgers, & Wobbles, corn factors of Mark-lane. He began the world as a fellowship porter, and always makes a rule of attending the principal dinners at the London Tavern, "because" as he says, confidentially, to Wobbles, "don't you see, my boy, it's a very cheap way of getting into good society." He is talking now to Sir Sandy M'Haggis, a Scotch baronet, with a slender purse and a large appetite, with whom he has scraped an acquaintance, and presented with a spare ticket for the festival; knowing that the Scotchman is "varra fond o' a gude dinner, specially when it costs a mon nothing at all." The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and

toadies, carrying white wands, like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

He is a very popular man, this chairman; for is he not the Earl of Mount-Stuart, late one of her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers? and his wealth and party influence are known to be enormous.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows:—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening: of pleasure, to find that this excellent and world-wide-known Society is in so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But, although I may be unworthy of the honour, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this Society from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here, in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know—or, as our great poet so truthfully and beauti-

fully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea'—what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and Gentlemen! our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our school-days, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strike familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this—

“Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,
And to—to do—a——’

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who at this moment are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have *we* to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the green Pacific Ocean. (Hear, hear.) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouses to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; the

mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty, allowance of 'toke' provided for them? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subject. Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we should not send out side-springs and bluchers, as well as top-boots. To those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired—namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and thus to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. Is it not an instance of the remarkable foresight of this Society, that it purposely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots? To show the gratitude of the Cannibals for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, his illustrious Majesty, Hokee Pokey Wankey Fum the First—surnamed by his loving subjects, 'The Magnificent,' from the fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eyeglass as full Court costume—has forwarded the president of the Society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told, by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don't mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don't mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman law-giver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if there ever *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.'"

The toast having been cordially responded to, his Lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads, in the orthodox manner—

“ ‘Thirtieth Half-yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

“ ‘The Society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

“ ‘When the Society first commenced its labours, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King—a chief whose name is well known in connexion with one of the most sterling and heroic ballads of this country—attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe—viz., little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

“ ‘When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the Society’s agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered: we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any covering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

“ ‘ During the past half-year, the Society has distributed no less than 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious, and savoury articles.’ ”

“ As the balance sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have received, during the half-year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies, the sum of £5,403 6s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. We have disbursed for advertising, &c., £222 6s. 2d. Rent, rates, and taxes, £305 10s. 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20s. per pair, have taken £71 exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots, at 21s. per pair, cost us £134 some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of management amount to £1,307 4s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and sundries, which include committee meetings and travelling expenses, have absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to £3,268 9s. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. So that we have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum of £205, and the remainder of the sum—amounting to £5,198—has been devoted to the working expenses of the Society.”

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech—in which the phrases, “the Corporation of the City of London,” “suit and service,” “ancient guild,” “liberties and privileges,” and “Court of Common Council,” figure frequently, states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the City. He has either been Lord Mayor, or sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favourably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a common councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbour, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy—gweat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longue-beau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid you kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De breveté is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moech to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moech tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevere to have exposé dat dis day vould to have arrivé. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon—or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old blen blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have changé

ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemen, I feel dat I can perspire to no greater honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemen! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady? It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate; and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman; and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Warne & Co.]

COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER.

The coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart), and also what would ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

“Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said.

“What name?” inquired the lady.

“Copperfield, ma’am,” I said.

“That won’t do,” returned the lady. “Nobody’s dinner is paid for here, in that name.”

“Is it Murdstone, ma’am?” I said.

“If you’re Master Murdstone,” said the lady, “why do you go and give another name, first?”

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, “William, show the coffee-room!” upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops, and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For, it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?"

"No," I said, "I don't think——"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure——"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was

too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"I didn't know they were chops. Why a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer? Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When we had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, "is my favourite pudding. Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his table-spoon to my tea-spoon, his despatch to my despatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was—let me see—how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly

inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we are taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. I lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cowpock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint, and a lovely sister,"—here the waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals"—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me, to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this, from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

[From "David Copperfield. —By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.]

EUROPEAN GUIDES.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would; and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say “smart” things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways “show off” when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is every day to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much

in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said—

“Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!”

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide’s eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger—

“What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! hand-writing of Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!”

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

“Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?”

“Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

Another deliberate examination.

“Ah,—did he write it himself, or—or how?”

“He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo he’s own handwriting, write by himself!”

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

“Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.”

“But zis is ze great Christo”——

“I don’t care who it is! It’s the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn’t think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven’t, drive on!”

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up

but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

“Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!”

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:—

“Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!”

The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:—

“Ah,—what did you say this gentleman’s name was?”

“Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

“Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?”

“Discover America!—discover America!”

“Discover America. No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name,—is—is he dead?”

“O, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!”

“What did he die of?”

“I do not know. I cannot tell.”

“Small-pox, think?”

“I do not know, genteelmen—I do not know *what* he die of.”

“Measles, likely?”

“Maybe—maybe. I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings.”

“Parents living?”

“In-posseeble!”

“Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?”

“*Zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!”

“Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy com

bination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelman!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name!—he got no name! Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O! been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:—

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand

carcases on *us*! Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—— If you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, we'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavoured, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

MARK TWAIN.

A CURTAIN LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER. CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE SUBJOINED CARD OF INVITATION:—

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.

MR. CAUDLE's compliments to Mr. Henry Prettyman, and expects to have the honour of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past eight o'clock.

"It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern:

a tavern?—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh, yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes; and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down, then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out that.

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearthrug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in *my* life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition? What do

you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't the heart to count 'em. And punch too! You must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one; for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; *Susan shan't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you WILL be master of your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drunk enough for fifty. Do you suppose out of my housekeeping money I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—— No, I *won't* be still; and I *won't* let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

“And there's that china image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling,—yes I will say it,—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh, no. If the truth

was known, you were glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear Aunt's picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face,—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug,—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke and nine cracked. At least that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps"——

"I was resolved," says Caudle, "to know nothing, and so went to sleep in my ignorance."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[From "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures."—By kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.]

HIGH ART—MUSIC.

I have been studying the horn to some extent myself. Nothing is more delightful than to have sweet music at home in the evenings. It lightens the burdens of care, it soothes the ruffled feelings, it exercises a refining influence upon the children, it calms the passions and elevates the soul. A few months ago I thought that it might please my family if I learned to play upon the French horn. It is a beautiful instrument, and after hearing a man perform on it at a concert I resolved to have one. I bought a splendid one in the city, and concluded not to mention the fact to any one until I had learned to play a tune. Then I thought I would serenade Mrs. A. some evening and surprise her. Accordingly, I determined to practice in the garret. When I first tried the horn I expected to blow only a few gentle notes until I learned how to handle it; but when I put the mouth-piece to my lips no sound was evoked. Then I blew harder. Still the horn remained silent. Then I drew a full breath and sent a whirlwind tearing through the horn; but no music came. I blew at it for half an hour, and then I ran a wire through the instrument to ascertain if anything blocked it up. It was clear. Then I blew softly and fiercely, quickly and slowly. I opened all the stops. I puffed and strained and worked until I feared an attack of apoplexy. Then I gave it up and went down stairs; and Mrs. A. asked me what made me look so red in the face. For four days I laboured with that horn, and got my lips so puckered up and swollen that I went about looking as if I was perpetually trying to whistle. Finally, I took the instrument back to the store and told the man that the horn was defective. What I wanted was a horn with insides to it; this one had no more music to it than a terra-cotta drainpipe. The man took it in his

hand, put it to his lips and played "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer," as easily as if he were singing. He said that what I needed was to fix my mouth properly, and he showed me how.

After working for three more afternoons in the garret the horn at last made a sound. But it was not a cheering noise; it reminded me forcibly of the groans uttered by Butterwick's horse when it was dying last November. The harder I blew, the more mournful became the noise, and that was the only note I could get. When I went down to supper, Mrs. A. asked me if I heard that awful groaning. She said she guessed it came from Twiddler's cow, for she heard Mrs. Twiddler say yesterday that the cow was sick.

For four weeks I could get nothing out of that horn but blood-curdling groans; and, meantime, the people over the way moved to another house because our neighbourhood was haunted, and three of our hired girls resigned successively for the same reason.

Finally, a man whom I consulted told me that "No One to Love" was an easy tune for beginners; and I made an effort to learn it.

After three weeks of arduous practice, during which Mrs. A. several times suggested that it was brutal that Twiddler didn't kill that suffering cow and put it out of its misery, I conquered the first three notes; but there I stuck. I could play "No One to——" and that was all. I performed "No One to——" over eight thousand times; and as it seemed unlikely that I would ever learn the whole tune, I determined to try the effect of part of it on Mrs. A. About ten o'clock one night I crept out to the front of the house and struck up. First, "No One to——" about fifteen or twenty times, then a few of those groans, then more of the tune, and so forth. Then Butterwick set his dog on me, and I suddenly went into the house. Mrs. A. had the children in the back room,

and she was standing behind the door with my revolver in her hand. When I entered, she exclaimed—

“Oh, I’m so glad you’ve come home! Somebody’s been murdering a man in our yard. He uttered the most awful shrieks and cries I ever heard. I was dreadfully afraid the murderers would come into the house. It’s perfectly fearful, isn’t it?”

Then I took the revolver away from her—it was not loaded, and she had no idea that it would have to be cocked—and went to bed without mentioning the horn. I thought perhaps it would be better not to. I sold it the next day; and now if I want music I shall buy a good hand-organ. I know I can play on that.

MAX ADELER.

I WANT TO FLY.

During the last war there were a number of French officers in an inland town on their parole of honour. Now, one gentleman was tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, &c., and therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, he went in search of a fishing-tackle maker’s shop. Having found one, kept by a plain, painstaking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began:—

“Ah, Monsieur, Anglaise, comment vous portez vous?”

“Eh, that’s French,” exclaimed the shopkeeper, not that I understand it, but I’m very well, if that’s what you mean.”

“Bon, bon, ver good; den, sare, I sall tell you, I want deux fly.”

“I dare say you do, Mounseer,” replied the Englishman, “and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I’m a true born Briton, and can never consent to assist

the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here.”

“Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend; I sall repeate, I vant deux fly, on de top of de vater.

“Oh! what, you want to fly by water, do you? then I’m sure I can’t assist you, for we are, at least, a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here.”

“Sare, you are un stup of de block. I sall tell you once seven times over again—I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole.”

“Aye, aye! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I’m mistaken if they won’t dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole.”

“Vat you mean by dat? You are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are affronte, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of de long pole, to la trap poisson.”

“What’s that you say, you French Mounseer—you’ll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won’t assist you to escape? Why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable.”

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and of course it was not to be expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began:—

“What’s all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Aye, aye, I should like to catch him at it, that’s all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent.”

“No, sare, I sall not go to de prison, take me before de—what you call it—de ting dat nibble de grass?”

“Oh, you mean the cow.”

“No, sare, not de cow ; you stup Johnny de bœuf—I mean de cheval, vat you ride. [*Imitating.*] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha.”

“Oh, now I know ; you mean a horse.”

“No, sare, I mean de horse’s wif.”

“What, the mare?”

“Oui, bon, yes sare, take me to the mayor.”

This request was complied with, and the French officer stood before the English magistrate, who by chance happened to be better informed than his neighbours, and thus explained to the satisfaction of all parties :—

“You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman ; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish.”

“Why, aye,” replied the shopkeeper, “that may be true—you are a scholard, and so you know better than I. Poisson, in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef.”

ANONYMOUS.

THE BOUQUET.

(AN INCIDENT FROM “HELEN’S BABIES.”—CONDENSED.)

That afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, “What will folks say?” Upon the discretion of Mike, the coachman, I could safely rely. I had seen in one of the library-drawers a small paste-board box, shaped like a bandbox—doubtless *that* would hold it. I found the box—it was just the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom,—no danger of a lady not

finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers—neatly fitted the bouquet in the centre of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheerfully as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered :

“I’ll do it as clane as a whistle, yer honour. Mistress Clarkson’s cook an’ mesilf understhand each other, an’ I’m used to going up the back way.”

“Very well, Mike ; here’s a dollar for you : you’ll find the box on the hat-rack in the hall.”

Half an hour later, while I sat in my chamber window, reading, I beheld Mike, cleanly shaved, dressed and brushed, swinging up the road, with my box balanced on one of his enormous hands. With a head full of pleasing fancies, I went down to supper. My new friends were unusually good. Their ride seemed to have toned down their boisterousness and elevated their little souls ; their appetites exhibited no diminution of force, but they talked but little, and all they said was smart, funny, or startling—so much so that when, after supper, they invited me to put them to bed, I gladly accepted the invitation. Toddie disappeared somewhere, and came back very disconsolate.

“Can’t find my dolly’s k’adle,” he whined.

“Never mind, old pet,” said I, soothingly. “Uncle will ride you on his foot.”

“But I *want* my dolly’s k’adle,” said he piteously, rolling out his lower lip.

“Toddie, don’t you want to ride on uncle’s back?”

“No ; want my dolly’s k’adle.”

“Don’t you want me to tell you a story?”

For a moment Toddie’s face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and Mother Eve, but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie muttered :

“Yesh.”

"Do you know what the war was?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Budge, "papa was there, an' he's got a sword; don't you see it, hangin' up there?"

Yes, I saw it, and the difference between the terrible field where last I saw Tom's sword in action, and this quiet room where it now hung, forced me into a reverie from which I was aroused by Budge remarking:

"Ain't you goin' to tell us one?"

"Oh, yes, Budge. One day while the war was going on, there was a whole lot of soldiers going along a road, and they were as hungry as they could be; they hadn't had anything to eat that day."

"Why didn't they go into the houses, and tell the people they was hungry? That's what *I* do when I goes along roads."

"Because the people in that country didn't like them: the brothers and papas and husbands of those people were soldiers too; but they didn't like the soldiers I told you about first, and they wanted to kill them."

"I don't think they were a bit nice," said Budge, with considerable decision.

"Well, the first soldiers wanted to kill *them*, Budge."

"Then they was *all* bad, to want to kill each other."

"Oh, no, they weren't; there were a great many real good men on both sides."

Poor Budge looked sadly puzzled, as he had an excellent right to do, since the wisest and best men are sorely perplexed by the nature of warlike feeling.

"Both parties of soldiers were on horseback," I continued, "and they were near each other, and when they saw each other, they made their horses run fast, and the bugles blew, and the soldiers all took their swords out to kill each other with, when just then a little boy, who had been out in the woods to pick berries for his mamma, tried to run across the

road, and caught his toe some way, and fell down and cried. Then somebody hallooed 'Halt!' very loud, and all the horses on one side stopped, and then somebody else hallooed 'Halt!' and a lot of bugles blew, and every horse on the other side stopped, and one soldier jumped off his horse and picked up the little boy—he was only about as big as you, Budge—and tried to comfort him; and then a soldier from the other side came up to look at him, and then more soldiers came from both sides to look at him; and when he got better and walked home, the soldiers all rode away, because they didn't feel like fighting just then."

"O Uncle Harry! I think it was an *awful* good soldier that got off his horse to take care of that poor little boy."

"Do you, Budge!—who do you think it was?"

"I dunno."

"It was your papa."

"Oh—h—h—h—h!" If Tom could have but seen the expression upon his boy's face as he prolonged this exclamation, his loss of one of the grandest chances a cavalry officer ever had, would not have seemed so great to him as it had done for years. He seemed to take in the story in all its bearings, and his great eyes grew in depth as they took on the far-away look which seemed too earnest for the strength of an earthly being to support.

But Toddie—he who a fond mamma thought endowed with art sense—Toddie had throughout my recital the air of a man who was musing on some affair of his own, and Budge's exclamation had hardly died away when Toddie commenced to weave aloud an extravaganza wholly his own.

"When *I* was a soldier," he remarked, very gravely, "I had a coat an' a hat on, an' a muff, an' a little knake wound my neck to keep me warm, an' it wained, an' hailed, an' 'tormed, an' I felt bad, so I fwallowed a sword, an' burned me all down dead."

"And how did you get here?" I asked, with interest proportioned to the importance of Toddie's last clause.

"Oh, I got up from the burn-down dead, an' *comed* right here. An' I want my dolly's k'adle."

O persistent little dragon! If you were of age what a fortune you might make in business!

"Uncle Harry, I wish my papa would come home right away," said Budge.

"Why, Budge?"

"I want to love him for bein' so good to that poor little boy in the war."

"Unken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I want to shee her:" thus spake Toddie.

"Don't you think the Lord loved my papa awful much for doin' that sweet thing, Uncle Harry?" asked Budge.

"Yes, old fellow, I feel sure that He did."

"Lord lovesh my papa vewy much, so I love ze Lord vewy much," remarked Toddie. "An' I wants my dolly's k'adle an' my dolly."

"Toddie, I don't know where either of them are—I can't find them now—*do* wait till morning, then Uncle Harry will look for them."

A knock at the door interrupted me. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and at the same time Toddie shrieked:

"Oh, darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did *not* regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:—

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived, with his card. She recognizes the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.

"June 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth with perfect fearlessness. "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:

"I froed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. 'That's ze way she woeks—see!" And this horrible little destroyer of human hopes rolled that box back and forth with the most utter unconcern, as he spoke endearing words to the substitute for my beautiful bouquet.

Under my stern glance Toddie gradually lost interest in his doll and its cradle, and began to thrust forth and outward his piteous lower lip, and to weep copiously.

"Dee Lord not make me shio bad," he cried through his tears. Toddie even retired to a corner, and hid his face in self-imposed penance.

"Never mind, Toddie," said I sadly; "you didn't mean to do it, I know."

"I wantsh to love you," sobbed Toddie.

"Well, come here, you poor little fellow," said I.

Toddie came to my arms, shed tears freely upon my shirt-front, and finally, after heaving a very long sigh, remarked:

"Wantsh *you* to love *me*."

I complied with his request. Theoretically, I had long believed that the higher wisdom of the Creator was most

frequently expressed through the medium of His most innocent creations. Surely here was a confirmation of my theory, for who else had ever practically taught me the duty of the injured one towards his offender? I kissed Toddie and petted him, and at length succeeded in quieting him; his little face, in spite of much dirt, and many tear-stains, was upturned with more of beauty in it than it ever held when its owner was full of joy; he looked earnestly, confidently, into my eyes, and I congratulated myself upon the perfection of my forgiving spirit, when Toddie suddenly re-exhibited to me my old unregenerate nature, and the incompleteness of my forgiveness, by saying:

“Kish my dolly too.”

JOHN HABBERTON.

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

The facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself “Aurelia Maria,” which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge

Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould and his comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it: Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas,

and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now, what should she do?” she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of

a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye, and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

MARK TWAIN.

THE PARLOUR ORATOR.

(CONDENSED.)

"Won't you walk into the parlour, sir?" said the young lady, in seductive tones.

"You had better walk into the parlour, sir," said the little old landlord, throwing his chair back, and looking round one side of the screen to survey our appearance.

"You had much better step into the parlour, sir," said the little old lady, popping out her head on the other side of the screen.

We cast a slight glance around, as if to express our ignorance of the locality so much recommended. The little old landlord observed it, and forthwith ushered us into the parlour itself—an ancient, dark-looking room, with oaken wainscoting, a sanded floor, and a high mantelpiece.

At the furthest table, nearest the fire, with his face towards the door at the bottom of the room, sat a stoutish man of about forty, whose short, stiff, black hair curled closely round a broad, high forehead, and a face of rather inflamed appearance. He was smoking, and had that confident oracular air which marked him as the leading politician, general authority, and universal anecdote-relater of the place.

On his right hand sat an elderly gentleman with a white head, and broad-brimmed brown hat; and on his left, a sharp-nosed, light-haired man, in a brown surtout.

"Very extraordinary!" said the light-haired man, after a pause of five minutes. A murmur of assent ran through the company.

"Not at all extraordinary—not at all," said the red-faced man.

"Why should it be extraordinary?—why is it extraordinary? prove it to be extraordinary!"

"Oh, if you come to that—" said the light-haired man.

"Come to that!" ejaculated the man with the red face; "but we must come to that. We stand, in these times, upon a calm elevation of intellectual attainment, and not in the dark recess of mental deprivation. Proof is what I require—proof, and not assertions, in these stirring times. Every gen'lem'n that knows me, knows what was the nature and effect of my observations, when it was in the contemplation of the Old-street Suburban Representative Discovery Society

to recommend a candidate for that place in Cornwall there—I forget the name of it. ‘Mr. Snobee,’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘is a fit and proper person to represent the borough in Parliament.’ ‘Prove it,’ says I. ‘He is a friend to Reform,’ says Mr. Wilson. ‘Prove it,’ says I. ‘The abolitionist of the national debt, the unflinching opponent of pensions, the uncompromising advocate of the negro, the reducer of sinecures and the duration of Parliaments; the extender of nothing but the suffrages of the people,’ says Mr. Wilson. ‘Prove it,’ says I. ‘His acts prove it,’ says he. ‘Prove *them*,’ says I.

“And he could not prove them,” said the red-faced man, looking round triumphantly; “and the borough didn’t have him; and if you carried this principle to the full extent you’d have no debt, no pensions, no sinecures, no negroes, no nothing. And then, standing upon an elevation of intellectual attainment, and having reached the summit of popular prosperity, you might bid defiance to the nations of the earth, and erect yourselves in the proud confidence of wisdom and superiority. This is my argument—this always has been my argument—and if I was a Member of the House of Commons to-morrow I’d make ’em shake in their shoes with it.”

“Well!” said the sharp-nosed man, “I always do say, that of all the gentlemen I have the pleasure of meeting in this room, there is not one whose conversation I like to hear so much as Mr. Roger’s or who is such improving company.”

“Improving company!” said Mr. Rogers, for that was his name, “you may say I am improving company, for I’ve improved you all to some purpose, though as to my conversation being as my friend Mr. Ellis here describes it, that is not for me to say any thing about. You, gentlemen, are the best judges on that point; but this I will say, when I came into this parish, and first used this room, ten years ago,

I don't believe there was one man in it who knew he was a slave, and now you all know it, and writhe under it. Inscribe that upon my tomb, and I am satisfied."

"Why as to inscribing it on your tomb," said a little greengrocer, with a rather chubby face, "of course you can have any thing chalked up, as you likes to pay for, so far as it relates to yourself and your affairs, but when you come to talk about slaves, and that there abuse, you'd better keep it in the family, 'cos I for one don't like to be called them names night after night."

"You *are* a slave, and the most pitiable of all slaves."

"Werry hard if I am," interrupted the greengrocer, "for I got no good out of the twenty million that was paid for 'mancipation any how."

"A willing slave, resigning the dearest birth-right of your children—neglecting the sacred call of Liberty—who, standing imploringly before you, appeals to the warmest feelings of your heart, and points to your helpless infants but in vain."

"Prove it," said the greengrocer.

"Prove it!" sneered the man with the red face. "What! bending beneath the yoke of an insolent and factious oligarchy; bowed down by the domination of cruel laws; groaning beneath tyranny and oppression on every hand, at every side, and in every corner. Prove it!——"

"Ah, to be sure, Mr. Rogers," said a stout broker. "Ah, to be sure, that's the point."

"Of course, of course," said divers members of the company.

"You had better let him alone, Tommy," said the broker, by way of advice to the little greengrocer, "he can tell what's o'clock by an eight-day without looking at the minute hand, he can. Try it on, on some other suit; it won't do with him, Tommy."

"What is a man?" continued the red-faced specimen of the species, jerking his hat indignantly from its peg on the wall, "What is an Englishman? Is he to be trampled upon by every oppressor? Is he to be knocked down at everybody's bidding? What's freedom? Not a standing army. What's a standing army? Not freedom. What's general happiness? Not universal misery. Liberty ain't the window tax, is it? The Lords ain't the Commons, are they?" And the red-faced man, gradually bursting into a radiating sentence, in which such adjectives as "dastardly," "oppressive," "violent," and "sanguinary," formed the most conspicuous words, knocked his hat indignantly over his eyes, left the room, and slammed the door after him.

"Wonderful man!" said he of the sharp nose.

"Splendid speaker!" added the broker.

"Great power!" said everybody but the greengrocer.

CHARLES DICKENS:

CONCERNING CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of bachelordom! Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honoured custom of bachelors) you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit; but, glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the

pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy and seek to embitter the life given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't, and so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack.

They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are for ever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket at the door and the rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight, or thereabouts, you fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And, besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish

you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out trying to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place again every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it.

If you leave the key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves; but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back downstairs after it, when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always trying to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you; but after you get up, they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

If I can get a bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.

MARK TWAIN.

THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT DOG.

This was the cause of all the trouble:—

LOST.—On the 10th instant, a small Terrier Dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84, Rickety Row.

I inserted the above in the *Daily Flipflap*, in the hope that

I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached. The *Flipflap* goes to press at five A.M. At half-past six I was awakened by a pull at my door-bell. I got up and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed—

“Hello! Are you the fellow who lost a dorg?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Well, then, I’ve fetched him,” said the man.

I then explained to this wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of wood with half the bark off, and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

“Well, ain’t you a-going to take him?”

“I wouldn’t have him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I’ll call the police.”

“Now, I guess you think you’re smart, don’t you? You don’t know a good dorg when you see him, you don’t;” and he went out after ripping the palings off the fence.

In about a half-hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs, of a variety of breeds.

“Wh-wh-which of em’s him, b-b-boss,” said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

“Neither of them.”

“Y-you said his n-na-name was J-Jack, d-didn’t you?”

“Yes, that’s it.”

“W-well then, wh-wh-what d’ye call th-that?” says he, as he sung out “Jack,” and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined oxen in fly time.

“Why, I call it nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they’re named Jack. I don’t want to start a sausage-mill, you understand. Mince-meat isn’t in my line.”

"W-w-w-well, ain't you going to take him?"

"Certainly not; do you suppose I am a gibbering idiot?"

"W-w-w-well, you sh-shan't have him now if you want him. I w-w-wouldn't trust a decent d-d-dog with a m-m-m-man like you, anyway."

And the six canines fell into line, and trotted down the street after him.

I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring.

"You advertise for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir."

"Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he wasn't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it."

"Not at all, sir. Only shedding his coat, sir; all good dogs do at this time of the year. See that, sir," said this seedy Caucasian, holding the dog by the cuff of the neck. "See how he yelps; that's a sign of pluck; that dog would fight a million wild cats, he would, and lick 'em too, sir."

"Get out!" I exclaimed; and the dog put his tail between his legs and ran for the gate.

"See that, sir! see that!" said the man, as he seized him; "that's a sign he's well trained; no raw dog behaves like that, I want you to know. Now, s'pose you fork over that five."

"Not much! I don't want him, my friend."

"You won't do it? Well, then take him for seventy-five cents, and say no more about it. He's a valuable animal. You'll never get another such a chance."

"I tell you I won't have him."

"Well, don't then," said the man, as he kicked the animal

over on my flower-pots and broke three of them, while the brute dashed madly down the middle of the street.

Just then a big ruffian in a slouched hat came up with a bull-dog, sprung in the knees, and lamenting the entire loss of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him he wagged the whole of the last half of him.

"I've brought that there dog," was the observation made by the ruffian, "and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "that is not my dog."

"Yes it is, though."

"But it is not."

"Don't I tell you it is? Didn't you say the tip of his tail was gone? Well, just look at him, will you?"

"Well, I won't have him, anyhow."

"You want to cheat me, do you? I'll fix you. S-sick him, Bull!" said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his frontispiece. I guess I squeezed the nose of that dog. But the man flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. Small pock-marked man in a red shirt this time. And a speckled dog that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the small-pox—

"You know that dog you advertised for. Well, here he is."

"Oh, pshaw!" said I, "You know that isn't my dog."

"Your name's Quill, ain't it?"

"It is," said I.

"Well, then, this here is the dog. He's the best ratter you ever seen. Sling them around like he was amusin' hisself, he does, and"—

"But he is not my dog."

"And he's a bully watch-dog. Look at him! Look at him now,—he's watchin' now! Why, he'll sit there and

watch and watch, until he goes stoneblind, he will. He'll watch all night if you only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I'll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V."

"No, you needn't," said I. "I'll blow his brains out if you don't take him away."

"Well, say, stranger, I'm a little strapped to-day; jest lend me five on him till morning, will you? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"See here, now, you just get out of here," I said, for I began to get excited, you know.

"Aw! you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't," said the poek-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence-palings.

Not a minute after up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse.

"Say, boss, I want that five," was all he remarked by way of introducing the subject.

"Well, you can't get it; and if you don't leave I'll call the police," I exclaimed in despair.

"Watch him, Zip!" said the man instantly; and the dog flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off and went away laughing.

I didn't answer any more rings that day; but about four o'clock in the afternoon I looked out of the second-story window, and the yard was full of men with all kinds of dogs,—black dogs, white dogs, yellow dogs, variegated dogs, flea-bitten dogs, dogs with tails, dogs without tails, rat-terriers, bull-pups, poodles, fox-hounds, spaniels, Newfoundlands, mixed breeds, pointers, setters, and a multitude of other varieties, all growling, yelping, barking, snapping, and jumping about until there wasn't a flower-pot left in the place, and the noise was worse than a menagerie at meal-time.

I haven't got my dog yet. I don't want him either. I don't care if I never see another dog between this and the silent grave.

MARK TWAIN.

CHEAP JACKS AND DEAR JACKS.

I am a Cheap Jack. . . . Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favour.

For look here! Say it's election-time. I am on the foot-board of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here, my free and independent woters, I'm a going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceeding. Now I'll show you what I am a going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavoured with essence of beef-steaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family, and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half-a-dozen dinner plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractions. Stop. I'll throw you in another article,

and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article's a looking-glass in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you haven't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tally-man. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the foot-board of the cart—there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack.

But on the Monday morning, in the same market-place, comes the Dear Jack on the hustings,—*his* cart,—and what does *he* say? "Now, my free and independent woters, I am a going to give you such a chance" (he begins just like me) "as you never had in all your born days, and that's the chance of sending myself to Parliament. Now I'll tell you what I am a going to do for you. Here's the interests of this magnificent town promoted above all the rest of the civilised and uncivilised earth. Here's your railways carried, and your neighbours' railways jockeyed. Here's all your sons in the Post Office. Here's Brittania smiling on you. Here's the eyes of Europe on you. Here's universal prosperity for you, repletion of animal food, golden corn-fields, gladsome homesteads, and rounds of applause from your own hearts, all in one lot, and that's myself. Will you take me as I stand? You won't? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come now! I'll throw you in anything you ask

for. There! Church-rates, abolition of church-rates, more malt-tax, no malt-tax, uniwersal education to the highest mark, or uniwersal ignorance to the lowest, total abolition of flogging in the army, or a dozen for every private once a month all round, Wrongs of Men, or Rights of Women,—only say which it shall be, take 'em or leave 'em, and I'm of your opinion altogether, and the lot's your own on your own terms. There! You won't take it yet? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! You *are* such free and independent woters, and I *am* so proud of you,—you *are* such a noble and enlightened constituency, and I *am* so ambitious of the honour and dignity of being your member, which is by far the highest level to which the wings of the human mind can soar,—that I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll throw you in all the public-houses in your magnificent town for nothing. Will that content you? It won't? You won't take the lot yet? Well, then, before I put the horse in and drive away, and make the offer to the next most magnificent town that can be discovered, I'll tell you what I'll do. Take the lot, and I'll drop two thousand pound in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. Not enough? Now look here. This is the very furthest that I'm a going to. I'll make it two thousand five hundred. And still you won't? Here, missis! Put the horse—No, stop half-a-moment. I shouldn't like to turn my back upon you, neither, for a trifle. I'll make it two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound. There! Take the lot on your own terms, and I'll count out two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound on the foot-board of the cart, to be dropped in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. What do you say? Come now! You won't do better, and you may do worse. You take it! Hooray! Sold again, and got the seat!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

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MRS. MAYTON INTERVIEWED.

The course of Budge's interview with Mrs. Mayton was related by that lady, as follows :

She was sitting in her own room (which was on the parlour-floor, and in the rear of the house), and was leisurely reading "Fated to be Free," when she accidentally dropped her glasses. Stooping to pick them up, she became aware that she was not alone. A small, very dirty, but good-featured boy stood before her, his hands behind his back, and an inquiring look in his eyes.

"Run away, little boy," said she. "Don't you know it isn't polite to enter rooms without knocking?"

"I'm looking for my uncle," in most melodious accents, "an' the other ladies said you would know when he would come back."

"I'm afraid they were making fun of you—or me," said the old lady, a little severely. "I don't know anything about little boys' uncles. Now run away, and don't disturb me any more."

"Well," continued Budge, "they said your little girl went with him, and you'd know when *she* would come back."

"I haven't any little girl," said the old lady, her indignation at a supposed joke threatening to overcome her dignity. "Now, go away."

"She isn't a *very* little girl," said Budge, honestly anxious to conciliate; "that is, she's bigger'n *I* am, but they said you was her mother, an' so she's your little girl, isn't she? *I* think she's lovely, too."

"Do you mean Miss Mayton?" asked the lady, thinking she had a possible clue to the cause of Budge's anxiety.

"Oh, yes—that's her name—I couldn't think of it," eagerly replied Budge. "An' ain't she **AWFUL** nice?—*I know* she is!"

"Your judgment is quite correct, considering your age," said Mrs. Mayton, exhibiting more interest in Budge than she had heretofore done. "But what makes *you* think she is nice? You are rather younger than her male admirers usually are."

"Why, my Uncle Harry told me so," replied Budge, "an' *he* knows *everything*."

Mrs. Mayton grew vigilant at once, and dropped her book.

"Who is your Uncle Harry, little boy?"

"He's Uncle Harry; don't you know him? He can make nicer whistles than my papa can. An' he found a turtle"—

"Who is your papa?" interrupted the old lady.

"Why, he's papa—I thought everybody knew who *he* was."

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Mayton.

"John Burton Lawrence," promptly answered Budge.

Mrs. Mayton wrinkled her brows for a moment, and finally asked:

"Is Mr. Burton the uncle you are looking for?"

"I don't know any Mr. Burton," said Budge, a little dazed; "uncle is mamma's brother, an' he's been livin' at our house ever since mamma an' papa went off visitin', an' he goes ridin' in our carriage, an'"—

"Humph!" remarked the lady, with so much emphasis that Budge ceased talking. A moment later she said:

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, little boy; go on."

"—An' he rides with just the loveliest lady that ever was. *He* thinks so, an' *I* know she is. An' he 'spects her."

"What?" exclaimed the old lady.

"—'Spects her, I say—that's what *he* says. *I* say 'spect means just what *I* call *love*. Cos if it don't, what makes him give her hugs an' kisses?"

Mrs. Mayton caught her breath, and did not reply for a moment. At last she said:

"How do you know he—gives her hugs and kisses?"

"Cos I saw him, the day Toddie hurt his finger in the grass-cutter. An' he was so happy that he bought me a goat-carriage next morning—I'll show it to you if you come down to our stable, an' I'll show you the goat too. An' he bought"——

Just here Budge stopped, for Mrs. Mayton put her handkerchief to her eyes. Two or three moments later she felt a light touch on her knee, and, wiping her eyes, saw Budge looking sympathetically into her face.

"I'm awful sorry you feel bad," said he. "Are you 'fraid to have your little girl ridin' so long?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayton, with great decision.

"Well, you needn't be," said Budge, "for Uncle Harry's awful careful an' smart."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself!" exclaimed the lady.

"I guess he is, then," said Budge, "Cos he's everything he ought to be. He's awful careful. T'other day, when the goat ran away, an' Toddie an' me got in the carriage with them, he held on to her tight, so she couldn't fall out."

Mrs. Mayton brought her foot down with a violent stamp.

"I know you'd 'spect *him*, if you knew how nice he was," continued Budge. "He sings awful funny songs, an' tells splendid stories."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the angry mother.

"They ain't no nonsense at all," said Budge. "I don't think it's right for to say that, when his stories are always about Joseph, an' Abraham, an' Moses, an' when Jesus was a little boy, an' the Hebrew children, an' lots of people that the Lord loved. An' he's awful 'fectionate, too."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Mayton.

"When we says our prayers we prays for the nice lady what he 'spects, an' he likes us to do it," continued Budge.

"How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Mayton.

"Cos he always kisses us when we do it, an' that's what my papa does when he likes what we pray."

Mrs. Mayton's mind became absorbed in earnest thought, but Budge had not said all that was in his heart.

"An' when Toddie or me tumbles down an' hurts ourselves, 'taint no matter what Uncle Harry's doin' he runs right out an' picks us up an' comforts us. He froed away a cigar the other day, he was in such a hurry when a wasp stung me, an' Toddie picked the cigar up and ate it, an' it made him *awful* sick."

The last-named incident did not affect Mrs. Mayton deeply, perhaps on the score of inapplicability to the question before her. Budge went on:

"An' wasn't he good to me to-day? Just cos I was forlorn, cos I hadn't nobody to play with, an' wanted to die an' go to heaven, he stopped shavin', so as to comfort me."

Mrs. Mayton had been thinking rapidly and seriously, and her heart had relented somewhat to the principal offender.

"Suppose," said she, "that I don't let my little girl go riding with him any more?"

"Then," said Budge, "I know he'll be awful, awful unhappy, an' I'll be awful sorry for him, cos nice folks oughtn't to be made unhappy."

"Suppose, then, that I *do* let her go," said Mrs. Mayton.

"Then I'll give you thousands of kisses for being so good to my uncle," said Budge. And assuming that the latter course would be the one adopted by Mrs. Mayton, Budge climbed into her lap and began at once to make payment.

"Bless your dear little heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayton; "you're of the same blood, and it *is* good, if it *is* rather hasty."

JOHN HABBERTON.

THE DUTIES OF A SECRETARY.

"I brought this card from the General Agency Office, sir," said Nicholas, "wishing to offer myself as your secretary, and understanding that you stood in need of one."

"That's all you have come for, is it?" said Mr. Gregsbury, eyeing him in some doubt.

Nicholas replied in the affirmative.

"You have no connection with any of those rascally papers, have you?" said Mr. Gregsbury. "You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, eh?"

"I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with anything at present," rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gregsbury. "How did you find your way up here, then?"

Nicholas related how he had been forced up by the deputation.

"That was the way, was it?" said Mr. Gregsbury. "Sit down."

Nicholas took a chair, and Mr. Gregsbury stared at him for a long time, as if to make certain, before he asked any further questions, that there were no objections to his outward appearance.

"You want to be my secretary, do you?" he said at length.

"I wish to be employed in that capacity, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Well," said Mr. Gregsbury; "now, what can you do?"

"I suppose," replied Nicholas, smiling, "that I can do what falls usually to the lot of other secretaries."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Gregsbury.

"What is it?" replied Nicholas.

"Ah! What is it?" retorted the member, looking shrewdly at him, with his head on one side.

"A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps," said Nicholas, considering. "They include, I presume, correspondence?"

"Good," interposed Mr. Gregsbury.

"The arrangement of papers and documents."

"Very good."

"Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly, sir," said Nicholas with a half-smile, "the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance."

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury. "What else?"

"Really," said Nicholas after a moment's reflection, "I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply."

Mr. Gregsbury looked fixedly at Nicholas for a short time, and then, glancing warily round the room, said in a suppressed voice:

"This is all very well, Mr. — what is your name?"

"Nickleby."

"This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, sir."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Nicholas, doubtful whether he had heard aright.

"—To be crammed, sir," repeated Mr. Gregsbury.

"May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you mean, sir?" said Nicholas.

"My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain," replied Mr. Gregsbury with a solemn aspect. "My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Then," said Mr. Gregsbury, "it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted, from day to day, with newspaper paragraphs on passing events; such as, 'Mysterious disappearance and supposed suicide of a potboy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then, he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about independence and good sense); and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half-a-dozen lines of leader, to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in Parliament, and never shrunk from the responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"

Nicholas bowed.

"Besides which," continued Mr. Gregsbury, "I should expect him, now and then, to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor

of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand," said Nicholas.

"With regard to such questions as are not political" continued Mr. Gregsbury, warming; "and which one can't be expected to care about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves—else where are our privileges?—I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I, for one, would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among *the people*,—you understand?—that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large—and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the House, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me, or my jokes either—do you see?"

"I see that, sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected," said Mr. Gregsbury, "to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and, now and then, during great

debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—"You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury,"—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary," said Mr. Gregsbury, winding up with great rapidity; for he was out of breath—"and for salary I don't mind saying at once in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There!"

With this handsome offer, Mr. Gregsbury once more threw himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who had been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

"Fifteen shillings a week is not much," said Nicholas mildly.

"Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man!" cried Mr. Gregsbury. Fifteen shillings a"—

"Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum, sir," replied Nicholas; "for I am not ashamed to confess that, whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them."

"Do you decline to undertake them, sir?" inquired Mr. Gregsbury, with his hand on the bell-rope.

"I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be, sir," replied Nicholas.

"That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little," said Mr. Gregsbury. "Do you decline it, sir?"

"I have no alternative but to do so," replied Nicholas.

"Door, Matthews!" said Mr. Gregsbury as the boy appeared.

"I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir," said Nicholas.

"I am sorry you have," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury, turning his back upon him. "Door, Matthews!"

"Good morning, sir," said Nicholas.

"Door, Matthews!" cried Mr. Gregsbury.

The boy beckoned Nicholas, and, tumbling lazily downstairs before him, opened the door, and ushered him into the street.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[From "Nicholas Nickleby."—By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

DIVISION II.—HUMOROUS.

PART II.—POETRY.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.*

A CHILD'S STORY.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell !
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),

“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

“Come in!”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: “It’s as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked his way from his painted tombstone!”

He advanced to the council-table;
And, “Please your honours,” said he, “I’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Chiam,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?”
“One? fifty thousand!” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their *lives*.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar punchcon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow!
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say—all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,— }
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dog outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas, for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick Land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

NOTHING TO WEAR.*

(CONDENSED.)

Miss Flora M'Flinsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris

(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping;
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
 For all manner of things that a woman can put
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
 In front or behind—above or below :
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, or fall ;
 All of them different in colour and pattern—
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin ;
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
 Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal ;
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills ;
 In all quarters of Paris, and at every store,
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore ;
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills. . . .
 And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since the
 day
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
 The last time we met, was in utter despair,
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress,
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after thirty or twenty rejections,
Of those fossil remains, which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love,
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes!
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions;
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff;
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flimsey and gain'd her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night:
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—

 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

 And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—

I consider'd it only my duty to call,

 And see if Miss Flora intended to go. . . .

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,

And answer'd quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,

I should like above all things to go with you there;

But really and truly—I've nothing to wear!"

"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are;

Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,

I engage the most bright and particular star,

 On the Stuckup horizon." I stopp'd, for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,

Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery

 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,

But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose

 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man should suppose

That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,

 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"

(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk"—That's too heavy." "Your pink"—That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown moiré antique"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker"

"The pearl-coloured"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker.

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it As more *comme il faut*——" "Yes, but, dear me! that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it, And I won't appear dress'd like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crush'd.

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turn'd the head of the head of the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation.

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I ripp'd out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though ; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh, you men have no
feeling!

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal, creatures!
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And 'tis perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher)
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief.
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew and it rain'd, thunder'd, lighten'd, and hail'd
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite fail'd
To express the abusive; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an observation
Was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too;
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say.
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—

On door-step and side walk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear? . . .

Oh, ladies, dear ladies! the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gather'd, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broider'd skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouch'd from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door!
Then home to your wardrobes, and say—if you dare—
Spoil'd children of Fashion, you've nothing to wear!
And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;

Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love—
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins! beware,
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

WILLIAM ALLAN BUTLER.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.*

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying over-head—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand;

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "*it would* be grand!"

"If seven maids, with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,

"That they could get it clear?"

"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!

And you are very nice!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice:

I wish you were not quite so deaf—

I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,

"To play them such a trick,

After we've brought them out so far,

And made them trot so quick!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:

"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

"O, Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL.

[By kind permission of the author.]

DOMESTIC ASIDES.

"I really take it very kind,

This visit, Mrs. Skinner!

I have not seen you such an age—

(The wretch has come to dinner!)

“Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters’ easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p’rhaps the measles!)

“Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell’s;
’Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

“What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

“And Mr. S., I hope he’s well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

“Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda’s marriage;
You’re come of course to spend the day!
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

“What! must you go? next time I hope
You’ll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

“Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners!”)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Many and many a time

Have all—or at any rate most of us—
Shuddered at hearing the chime

Of six at the General Post Office.

There have I frequently gone,

But somehow I never met anyone
Seemingly glad to put on

A twopenny stamp for a penny one.

Over and over again

Have I hurried for six, and been late for it.
Often too early, and then

I have found it good value to wait for it:
Posted my letters in time,

Posted myself in the common a-
Ssembly of people; and I'm

Game to describe the phenomena.

Hundreds and hundreds appear,

Tread on my feet; but if I attacked
Any of them, you would hear

Magistrates reading the Riot Act.

Here is a cove with a lot;

What do you think, will he miss it or
Is he too early, or what?

Registered. He's a solicitor.

Elderly lady with one—

Bet you a penny she never'll
Do it, unless she can run;

Boy from the Gresham with several;
Man with a thousand at least,

Puff of some swindle or sham in them;
All for the country. The beast—

Why does he stop to examine them?

“Alderney,” how shall I choose?

Is “English” or “Foreign” the better box?

Quick! not a moment to lose,

In with it into the letter-box—

Sure to go right in the end:

Sorters will sort it—they’re paid for it—

In with it! I apprehend

That if wrong it will not be delayed for it.

Many a man is debarred

From posting a paper, a letter, a

Circular, package, or card

By his knowledge of places, &c.

Some people, rather than show

That they’re not very good at topography,

Pocket their letters, and go

To borrow or buy a geography.

Shutters come down with a bang

(I never cared for the banging part);

Some people mutter “Oh, hang!”

Some people vary the hanging part.

Never say that in a crowd,

Not a judicious experiment—

Expletives spoken aloud

Are but a signal for merriment.

Laughs when a letter is gripped,

Nothing at all to the laughter it

Causes when fingers are nipped

That enter the aperture after it.

Often are caught—as the clock’s

Striking—the heads of a stick or two,

Put to keep open the box;

Harder than fingers and thicker too.

Now for the coves that are late :
Sometimes there's only a few of them—
Only some seven or eight ;
Sometimes a dozen or two of them.
But let them chance to be few,
Or let them chance to be numerous,
Being condemned to the two
Stamps is regarded as humorous.

Many and many a time
I—very probably most of us—
Go and remain for the chime
Of six at the General Post Office.
And it is sure to amuse
Us when we light upon any one
Forced—as related—to use
A twopenny stamp for a penny one.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

[From "Dublin Doggerels."—By kind permission of the author.]

HUMAN NATURE.

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold ;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—

Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

'Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead!"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead!"

ANONYMOUS.

[From "Harper's Magazine."]

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

The King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score,
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
His patients gave him no trouble :
If they recovered, they paid him well ;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined ;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man. . . .

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

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Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

I have a friend in Eaton-place—
A very wealthy man—
Whose house is one I love to grace
As often as I can.
His meats are always of the best,
His wines are rich and rare;
A footman, elegantly drest,
Keeps watch behind my chair.

I like the meats—I love the wine—
(For, give me leave to say,
'Tis very seldom that I dine
In that expensive way).
But what is gold and silver plate,
And what is dainty fare?
They cannot make me tolerate
The man behind my chair.

Perchance I venture on a pun,
A quip, or else a crank,
Amongst my auditors is one
Whose face remains a blank.
I hear the table in a roar,
Loud laughter fills the air;
But, no, it simply seems to bore
The man behind my chair.

Upon the summit of my crown
I have a trifling patch;
A little white amidst the brown,
An opening in the thatch.
From all my fellow-men but one
I hide my loss of hair:
He sees it, though; I cannot shun
The man behind my chair.

Some day, should Fortune only smile
Upon my low estate,
I mean to feed in such a style
As few can emulate.
Should ever such a lot be mine,
I solemnly declare
That I will banish, when I dine,
The man behind my chair.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

[By kind permission of the author.]

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,”
He said, as he pressed her crimson lips.
To kiss our kindred is surely no sin,
Even if it thrills to our finger tips.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"
Said an irate sire, as he lifted his foot,
And freedom with kindred is surely no sin,
So he thrilled the young man with the toe of his boot.

MRS. O. B. HEWETT.

A SEA-DIRGE.

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most,
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water on to the floor—
Ugly, I'm sure you'll confess it to be—
Suppose that it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree;—
Suppose that it did so day and night,
That would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,
Tens of thousands passed by me,
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could,
Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,"
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
How do you like the sea?

"But it makes the intellect clear and keen."

Prove it! prove it! how can that be?

Why, what does "B sharp" (in music) mean,

If not the "natural C?"

What! keen? with such questions as "When's high tide?

Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea?

Were donkeys intended for man to ride?"

Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid,

(Whence is derived the verb "to flee")

Where have you been by it most annoyed?

In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,

A decided hint of salt in your tea,

And a fishy taste in the very eggs—

By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and to eat,

You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,

And a chronic state of wet in your feet,

Then—I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,

Pleasant friends they are to me;

It is when I am with them, I wonder most

That any one likes the sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,

To climb the heights I madly agree;

And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,

They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks and think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,
With wife, and nurse, and children three;
Never again such a sight may I meet
As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be;
“Are you going to prison, dear friend?” “Oh, no!
We’re returning from the sea.”

ANONYMOUS.

“YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,
“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it ?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth ; “one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever ?”

“I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”
Said his father ; “don’t give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
Be off, or I’ll kick you down stairs !”

LEWIS CARROLL.

[By kind permission of the author.]

A-SITTING ON A GATE.

I’ll tell thee everything I can :

There’s little to relate.

I saw an aged, aged man,

A-sitting on a gate.

“Who are you, aged man ?” I said,

“And how is it you live ?”

And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

He said "I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat :
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men," he said,
"Who sail on stormy seas ;
And that's the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"
And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale :
He said "I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze :
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland's Macassar Oil—
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil."

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue :
"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
"And what it is you do?"

He said, "I hunt for haddock's eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set lined twigs for crabs,
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way" (he gave a wink)
"By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
Your honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—

Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening long ago,
A-sitting on a gate.

LEWIS CARROLL.

[By kind permission of the author.]

THE DECLARATION.

'Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange-leaves, and sweet verbena came
Through the unshuttered window on the air.

And the rich pictures, with their dark old tints,
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel,
Was leaning on her harp, and I had staid
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervour of a lip unused
To the cold breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again

Besought her, that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke ;
And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and looked
Earnestly on me—*She had been asleep!*

N. P. WILLIS.

THE DEMON SHIP.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd
black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the
brim ;

Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!

It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in
my hand—

With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.

Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,

But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.

Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!

What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of
hail!

What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps
behind!

Like battle-steeds, with foaming manes, wild tossing in the
wind.

Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place ;

As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the
cloud

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailors shroud :—
Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one !

With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,

As if the scooping sea contain'd only one wave at last !

Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave ;

It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a
wave !

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—

I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !

I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine !

Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine !

Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;

The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the
foam !

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after-deed—

For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

“Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of
death?”

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;

My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—

And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around ?

A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;

But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft ?

A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone ;

But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my
own ?

Oh ! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight

As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night !

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes

Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my
dreams—

Hyænas—cats—blood-loving bats, and apes with hateful stare—

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—

Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—

All fantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—

Hags—goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—

But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:

His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,

His breast was black—all, all, was black, except his grinning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!

Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!

“Alas!” I eried “for love of truth and blessed mercy’s sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?

It is Mahound, the evil one, and he has gain’d my soul!

Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—

My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:

I’m sailing in the Devil’s Ship, upon the Devil’s sea!”

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that ran from stem to
stern—

A dozen pair of grimy cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once ;
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the
Pit.

They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for
the whole—

“ Our skins,” said he, “ are black, ye see, because we carry
coal ;

You'll find your mother, sure enough, and see your native
fields—

For this here ship has pick'd you up—the ‘ Mary Ann of
Shields ! ’ ”

THOMAS HOOD.

DIVISION III.—DRAMATIC.

FROM “RICHELIEU.”

Five Characters.—RICHELIEU, JOSEPH, JULIE, CLERMONT,
BARADAS.

Present—RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

Rich. Joseph—Did you hear the King?

Joseph. I did—there's danger! Had you been less
haughty—

Rich. And suffered slaves to chuckle—“See the Car-
dinal—

How meek his Eminence is to-day”—I tell thee

This is a strife in which the loftiest look

Is the most subtle armour—

Joseph.

But—

Rich.

No time

For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors!

François shall witness that De Baradas

Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,

And told him life and death were in the scroll.

I will—I will—

Joseph.

Tush! François is your creature;

So they will say, and laugh at you!—*your witness*

Must be that same Despatch.

Rich.

Away to Marion!

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—in
prison'd—

By the Count's orders.

Rich. Goddess of bright dreams,
My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die—but on thy bosom!

[*Enter JULIE.*

Julie. Heaven! I thank thee!
It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.

Rich. What dost *thou* here?
Home!

Julie. Home!—is *Adrien* there?—you're dumb—yet strive
For words; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth!
Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence, too!
Cardinal, where is *Adrien*?—Think—he saved
Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!

Rich. Be sooth'd, child.

Julie. Child no more

I love, and I am woman!

Where is *Adrien*?

Let thine eyes meet mine:

Answer me but one word—I am a wife—

I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL!

Where is my *husband*?

Rich. You are Richelien's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must out-face fear;—you ask me for your husband?
There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er
The domes of the Bastile!

Julie. O, mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King?—the Lord of life and death—
Art thou not Richelieu?

Rich. Yesterday I was!—
To-day, a very weak old man!—To-morrow,
I know not what!

Julie. Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot.

Joseph. The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

Enter CLERMONT.

Cler. Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

Julie (clinging to RICHELIEU). Think of my dead father!—
And take me to your breast.

Rich. To those who sent you!—
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here—couch'd upon this heart, as at an altar,
And shelter'd by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

Cler. My Lord, I am your friend and servant—
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—
It were to be your foe.

Rich. All time my foe,
If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

Cler. He is lost!

[*Exit CLERMONT.*

Rich. God help thee, child!—she hears not! Look upon
her!
The storm, that rends the oak, uproots the flower.

Her father loved me so! and in that age
 When friends are brothers! She has been to me
 Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
 Oh! shame, shame!—dotage!

[*Places her in the arms of JOSEPH.*]

Joseph.

Tears are not for eyes

That rather need the lightning! which can pierce
 Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
 Crime, where, it cowers in secret!—The Despatch!
 Set every spy to work!—the morrow's sun
 Must see that written treason in your hands,
 Or rise upon your ruin.

Rich.

Ay—and close

Upon my corpse!—I am not made to live—
 Friends, glory, France, all reft from me;—my star
 Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
 Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
 Rayless and blacken'd, to the dust—a thing
 For all men's feet to trample! Yea!—to-morrow
 Triumph or death! Look up, child!—Lead us, Joseph.

[*Enter BARADAS and DE BERINGHEN.*]

Bar. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
 So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
 As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
 Obey the King!—no cause for fear!

Julie.

My father!

Rich. She shall not stir!

Bar.

You are not of her kindred—

An orphan——

Rich.

And her country is her mother!

Bar. The country is the King.

Rich.

Ay, it is so?—

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron

Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
 Mark, where she stands!—around her form I draw
 The awful circle of our solemn Church!
 Set but a foot within that holy ground,
 And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
 I launch the curse of Rome!

Bar. I dare not brave you!
 I do but speak the orders of my King,
 The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
 Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
 If it should cost you power!

Rich. That *my* stake.—Ah!
 Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—
 Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
 Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

Bar. (*aside to DE BERINGHIEN*). He cannot
 Have the Despatch?

Joseph (*aside to RICHELIEU*). Patience is your game:
 Reflect, You have not the Despatch!

Rich. O! monk!
 Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!
 Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
 And now they say thou hast *no* father!—Fie!
 Art thou not pure and good?—if so, thou art
 A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
 Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
 By the great title of their mother country!

Bar. (*aside*). He wanders!

Rich. So cling close unto my breast,
 Here where thou droop'st lies France! I am very feeble—
 Of little use it seems to either now.
 Well, well—we will go home.

Bar. In sooth, my Lord,
 You do need rest—the burthens of the State
 O'ertask your health!

Rich. (to JOSEPH, *pauses*). I'm patient, see!

Bar. (*aside*). His mind

And life are breaking fast!

Rich. (*overhearing him*) Irreverent ribald!

If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!

I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,

When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!

Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!

Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.

Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

[*Falls back in JOSEPH'S arms.*]

LORD LYTTON.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Routledge.]

FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

Four Characters.—TELL, ALBERT (*his son*), GESLER, and
SARNEM: *also an Attendant.*

Sar. (to TELL) Behold the governor. Down, slave, upon
thy knees, and beg for mercy.

Ges. Does he hear?

Sar. He does, but braves thy power. Down, slave, and
ask for life.

Ges. (to TELL) Why speakest thou not?

Tell. For wonder! Yes, for wonder—that thou seem'st a
man.

Ges. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster.

Ges. Ha! Beware!—think on thy chains.

Tell. Think on my chains! How came they on me?

Ges. Dar'st thou question me? Beware my vengeance.

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Ges. Enough; it may do that.

Tell. No, not enough:—it cannot take away the grace of life—the comeliness of look that virtue gives—its port erect, with consciousness of truth—its rich attire of honourable deeds—its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues:—it cannot lay its hand on these, no more than it can pluck his brightness from the sun, or with polluted fingers tarnish it.

Ges. But it may make thee writhe.

Tell. It may, and I may say, "Go on!" though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains; there they watch no more the avalanche.

Ges. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane comes unawares upon them: from its bed the torrent breaks and finds them in its track——

Ges. What then?

Tell. They thank kind Providence it is not thou!—Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked. There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but the thought of thee doth wither to a curse—as something they must lose, and had far better lack.

Ges. 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills—that never smile, though wanton summer tempt them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ah!—when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance! and the true hands are lifted up to Heaven on every hill for justice on thee!

Ges. (*to Sarnem*) Lead in his son. Now will I take exquisite vengeance. (*To TELL.*) I would see thee make a trial of thy skill with that same bow. 'Tis said thy arrows never miss.

Tell. What is the trial?

Ges. Thou look'st upon thy boy as though instinctively thou guessest it.

Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon my boy as though I guessed it!—Guessed at the trial thou wouldst have me make!—Guessed it—instinctively! Thou dost not mean—no, no—Thou wouldst not have me make a trial of my skill upon my child? Impossible! I do not guess thy meaning.

Ges. I'd see thee hit an apple on his head, three hundred paces off.

Tell. Great Heaven!

Ges. On this condition I will spare his life and thine.

Tell. Ferocious monster! make a father murder his own child!—'Tis beyond horror! 'tis too much for flesh and blood to bear!

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. My hands are free from blood, and have no gust for it, that they should drink my child's. I'll not murder my boy for Gesler!

Boy. You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure to hit the apple. Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth—I'll make the trial.

Boy. Father—

Tell. Speak not to me;—let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb, and so should all things be—Earth should be dumb, and Heaven, unless its thunder muttered at the deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.—Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence the distance—three hundred paces.

Tell. Will he do it fairly?

Ges. What is't to thee, fairly or not?

Tell. O, nothing! a little thing! a very little thing! I only shoot at my child! (*SARNEM prepares to measure.*) Villain, stop! You measure 'gainst the sun.

Ges. And what of that? What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine upon the mark, and not on him that shoots:—I will not shoot against the sun.

Ges. Give him his way.

(*SARNEM paces and goes out.*)

Tell. I should like to see the apple I must hit.

Ges. There, take that.

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have. Thy skill will be the greater if thou hittest it.

Tell. True!—true! I did not think of that. I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one had given me a chance to save my boy.—Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. (*to an attendant*) Give him a single arrow.

Tell. (*Looks at it and breaks it.*) Let me see my quiver. It is not one arrow in a dozen I would use to shoot with at a dove, much less a dove like that.

Ges. Show him the quiver.

[*SARNEM takes the apple and leads out the boy to place them; meanwhile TELL conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow.*]

Tell. Is the boy ready? Keep silence now for Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses, that, if his life's in peril from my hand, 'tis only for the chance of saving it. For mercy's sake keep motionless and silent!

[*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. SARNEM enters with the apple on the arrow's point.*]

Sar. The boy is safe—no hair of him is touched!

Tell. Thank Heaven. (*As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.*)

Ges. Unequalled archer!—Ha! why this concealed?

Tell. To kill THREE tyrant, had I slain my boy.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

SCENE—*Picture-room at Charles Surface's.*

Four Characters—CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.

Charles. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in; here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

Sir O. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting: no *volontière* grace or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Care. Ay, ay; this will do. But, Charles, I have not a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles. That's true: (*taking pedigree down*) what parchment have we here? Oh! our genealogy in full. Here, Careless.

you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue! this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parricide.
(*Aside.*)

Care. Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation, indeed; Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin: a-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him: there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir O. (*Apart to MOSES.*) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir O. His famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten: the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aside.*) Five pounds ten: she's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! This,

now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! You don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary, indeed, I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains, on each side, in a lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well; anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee!

Sir O. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What, that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogne as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

(Slapping him on the shoulder.)

Sir O. Sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir O. (Aside.) The rogue's my nephew after all. But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him everything. *(Aside.)* But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is! *(Aside.)* Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. *(Aside.)*—Here is a draught for your sum.

Charles. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. No; I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time; but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. This is a whimsical old fellow! But, harkye! Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. Yes, yes: I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But, hold! do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*) Good day! Come, Moses.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

FROM "THE RIVALS."

No. I.

Three characters.—MRS. MALAPROP, SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, and LYDIA.

Mrs. M. There, Sir Anthony! there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydl. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lydl. Ah! madam, our memories are independent of our wills: it is not easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss: there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor, dear uncle, as if he

had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do; and, let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now, don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But, tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle, before marriage, as if he'd been a blackamoor: and, yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made; and, when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for the worse.

[*E.rit.*

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you.

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming

forth from a circulating library; she had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers; from that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress.

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed.

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge; it blossoms through the year. And, depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie! Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony, I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice: then, sir, she would have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: this, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But,

Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in the debate; you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and, as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows, that the least demur puts me into a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in his younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this;" if he demurred, I knocked him down! and, if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way! nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and, let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl: take my advice, keep a tight hand; if she reject this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and, if you were just to let the servant forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

FROM "THE RIVALS."

No. II.

Two Characters.—SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER and BOB ACRES.
(*With pistols.*)

Acres. By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say, it is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets, or small field pieces; Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance; a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. We might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards——

Sir L. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. No! by my valour there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well: the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand——

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and, if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters

Acres. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now; if that should be the case, would

you choose to be pickled, and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you were never engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity; there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. I've practised that; there, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself into an attitude*)—a side-front, eh? I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*Levelling at him*).

Acres. Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But there; fix yourself so—(*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front; there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me; a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude in the bargain.

Acres. Lookye, Sir Lucius. I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture, as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us; ha! no. I think I see them coming.

Acres. Eh! what! coming!—

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed! well, let them come; hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we won't run.

Sir L. Run!

Acres. No, I say, we won't run, by my valour! . . . My dear friend; my dear Sir Lucius; I—I—I don't feel quite so bold somehow as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay true; my honour; do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking.*)

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wasn't with you I should almost think I was afraid. If my valour should leave me! valour will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius; I doubt it is going; yes, my valour is certainly going, it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were, at the palms of my hands.

Sir L. Your honour; your honour—here they are.

Acres. Oh, that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Four Characters.—LANDLORD, TONY LUMPKIN, MARLOW,
and HASTINGS.

Present—TONY LUMPKIN.

[*Enter Landlord.*]

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landl. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] . . . Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumble-tonian. But, then, I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardeastle in those parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the

first thing that I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Harcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative Maypole. The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Harcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Harcastle's (*winking at the Landlord*)—Mr. Harcastle's, of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me.

Land. Master Harcastle's? Lack-a-daisy! my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one.

Mar. Oh, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Man, we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country—

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you! Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*)—You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no. But I tell you though, the landlord is rich and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step, myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum

[*Exeunt.*]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DIVISION IV.—SHAKSPERE,



FROM "RICHARD III." [1593.]

ACT I. SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

Two Characters.—CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, ' What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? '
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he squeak'd out aloud,
' Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments ! '
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

[*Clarence sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

FROM "KING JOHN." [1595.]

No. I.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Two Characters.—KING JOHN, and HUBERT.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor

And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go :
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience : if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
But, ah, I will not ! yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.

FROM "KING JOHN." [1595.]

NO. II.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

Four Characters.—HUBERT, ARTHUR, Two Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you :
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !
Turning dispiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth,

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy,

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure.
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SECOND PART OF "KING HENRY IV." [1597-98.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter the KING.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,

And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown. . . .

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

FROM "KING HENRY V." [1599.]

No. I.

ACT III. SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutting his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument :
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry ' God for Harry, England, and Saint George !'

FROM "KING HENRY V." [1599.]

No. II.

ACT IV. SCENE III. *The English camp.*

Two Characters.—WESTMORELAND and the KING.

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !

K. Hen.

What's he that wishes so ?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian :'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here.
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT." [1599.]

ACT III. SCENE II.

Two Characters.—ROSALIND and ORLANDO.

Ros. (*Aside.*) I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. Very well ; what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o' clock ?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day ; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who

Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind; if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which

women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the

way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. [*Exeunt.*

FROM "HAMLET." [1602.]

No. I.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Elsinore. A room of state in the castle.

Four Characters.—HAMLET, HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
BERNARDO.

Present—HAMLET alone.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember! why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears : why she, even she—
O God ! a beast, that want's discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules : within a month :
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not nor it cannot come to good :
But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with
you :

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?

Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled,
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes : I knew your father ;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought
 It lifted up its head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

Mar. }
Ber. } We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Mar. }
Ber. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Mar. }
Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

FROM "HAMLET." [1602.]

No. II.

ACT III. SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

Two Characters.—HAMLET and First Player.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and

bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready [*Exeunt.*]

FROM "OTHELLO." [1604.]

ACT I. SCENE III.

A Council-chamber.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

Her father loved me : oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history :
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence :
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

FROM "KING LEAR." [1605.]

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Before Gloucester's castle. KENT in the stocks.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
 Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
 Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
 [*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
 O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
 All's not offence that indiscretion finds
 And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
 Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
 Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
 If, till the expiration of your month,
 You will return and sojourn with my sister,
 Dismissing half your train, come then to me :
 I am now from home, and out of that provision
 Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
 To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
 Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [Pointing at Oswald.]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad :
 I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another :
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
 Mend when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure :
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
 I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so :

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : what, fifty followers ?
 Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
 Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard : almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanced to slack you,
 We could control them. If you will come to me,—
 For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
 'To bring but five and twenty : to no more
 Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number. What, must I come to you
 With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
 When others are more wicked ; not being the worst
 Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll go with thee :
 Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord :

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
 'To follow in a house where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you ?

Reg.

What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*]

FROM "MACBETH." [1606.]

ACT II. SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Five Characters.—BANQUO, FLEANCE, MACBETH, LADY
MACBETH, and a Servant.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. 'There's husbandry in heaven ;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep : merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose !

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
'Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear, it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold ;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark !
Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd their
possets,
'That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Mach. [*Within.*] Who's there ? what, ho !

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband !

Mach. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Mach.

When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there; go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
'The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

FROM "THE TEMPEST." [1610.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS—PROSE.

ADAPTATIONS AND CONDENSATIONS.

PADDY THE PIPER.

An Irish peasant relates the following story in the richest brogue, and most dramatic manner :—

“ ‘Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin’ round the fire, and the praties wor boilin’, and the noggins of butthermilk was standin’ ready for our suppers, whin a nock kem to the door.

“ ‘Whisht!’ says my father, ‘here’s the sojers come upon us now,’ says he; ‘the villians! I’m afeared they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,’ says he.

“ ‘No,’ says my mother, ‘for I’m afther hangin’ an owld sack and my new petticoat agin it a while ago.’

“ ‘Well, whisht, anyhow,’ says my father, ‘for there’s a knock agin;’ and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

“ ‘Oh, it’s a folly to purtind any more,’ says my father—‘they’re too cute to be put off that a-way,’ says he. ‘Go, Shamus,’ says he to me, ‘and see who’s in it.’

“ ‘How can I see who’s in it in the dark?’ says I.

“ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘light the candle thin, and see who’s in it, but don’t open the door, for your life, barrin’ they brake it in,’ says he, ‘exceptin’ to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it’s thim.’

“ ‘So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

“ ‘Who’s there?’ says I.

“ ‘It’s me,’ says he.

“ ‘Who are you,’ says I.

“ ‘A frind,’ says he.

“ ‘*Baithershin*,’ says I,—‘who are you at all?’

“ ‘Arrah! don’t you know me?’ says he.

“ ‘Sorra a taste,’ says I.

“ ‘Sure I’m Paddy the Piper,’ says he.

“‘Oh, thunder an turf,’ says I, ‘is it you, Paddy, that’s in it?’

“‘Sorra one else,’ says he.

“‘And what brought you at this hour?’ says I.

“‘Oh,’ says he, ‘I didn’t like goin’ the roun’ by the road,’ says he, ‘and so I kem the short cut, and that’s what delayed me,’ says he.

“‘Oh, murther!’ says I, ‘Paddy, I wouldn’t be in your shoes for the king’s ransom,’ says I; ‘for you know yourself it’s a hangin’ matther to be cotched out these times,’ says I.

“‘Sure I know that,’ says he, ‘and that’s what I kem to you for,’ says he; ‘so let me in for owld acquaintance sake,’ says poor Paddy.

“‘Oh, by this and that,’ says I, ‘I darn’t open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and if the Hussians or the Yeos ketches you,’ says I, ‘they’ll murther you, as sure as your name’s Paddy.’

“‘Many thanks to you,’ says he, ‘for your good intintions; but plaze the pigs, I hope it’s not the likes o’ that is in store for me, anyhow.’

“‘Thin,’ says I, ‘you had bettther lose no time in hidin’ yourself,’ says I; ‘for, I tell you, it’s a short thrial and a long rope the Hussians would be afther givin’ you—for they’ve no justice and less marcy, the villians!’

“‘Thin, more’s the raison you should let me in, Shamus,’ says poor Paddy.

“‘It’s a folly to talk,’ says I, ‘I darn’t open the door.’

“‘Oh, thin, millia murther,’ says Paddy, ‘what’ll become of me at all at all,’ says he.

“‘Go aff into the shed,’ says I, ‘behin’ the house, where the cow is, and there there’s an iligant lock o’ straw, that you may go sleep in,’ says I, ‘and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.’

“So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more by token when the praties was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—

“‘You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin’ it was mornin’, but it wasn’t mornin’ at all, but only the light o’ the moon that desaved him; but at all evints he wanted to be stirrin’ airly, bekase he was goin’ off to the town hard by, it bein’ fair day, to pick up a few hapence with his pipes—for sorra bettther piper was in all the counthry round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy that he was iligant an the pipes, and played ‘Jenny bang’d the Weaver’ beyant tellin’, and the ‘Hare in the Corn,’ that you’d think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin’ like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was—be marciful to uz!—but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a threee.

"'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my pœer fellow? thin you tuk a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and twas throe for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Chrish-than crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Says Paddy, eyin' the corpse, 'Oh, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o' boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame for the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of owld brogues not worth three *trancens*, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots that wants some one to wear thim. So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by raison of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, an not lettin' Paddy cotch any right houl't o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the iligant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got them—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this a-way; he pulled out a big knife, and, by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs of the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take off the boots at my convaynience;' and it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, he tuck'd the legs undher his arms, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impidint chap—and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moon-light deceived him, and that it wasn't the early dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' freken'd for fear himself might be cotched and thrated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreating, if he was found walking the counthry at that time—he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you

think? Paddy was not long there until the sojers came in airnest, and by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and sure it was only sarvin' him right for what he had done to the poor corpse.

“Well, whin the mornin' kem, my father says to me, ‘Go, Shamus,’ says he, ‘to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o’ the praties, for I go bail, he’s ready for his breakquest by this, any how?’

“Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out Paddy!’ and afther callin’ three or four times, and gettin’ no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and dickins an answer I got still. ‘Tatthar-an-agers!’ says I, ‘Paddy, where are you at all at all?’ and so, casting’ my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o’ straw—‘Musha! thin,’ says I, ‘Paddy, but you’re fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven’t made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I’ll disturb your dhramas, I’m thinkin’, says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought, dear help me), and givin’ a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a’most knocked out agin the wall.

“Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o’ my back, and two things stickin’ out o’ my hands like a pair o’ Hussian’s horse-pist’ls—and I thought the sight ’id lave my eyes when I seen they wor two mortal legs.

“My jew’l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin’ up, I roared out millia murther. ‘Oh, you murtherin’ villian,’ says I, shakin’ my fist at the cow—‘Oh, you unnath’ral baste,’ says I, ‘you’ve ate poor Paddy, you thievin’ cannible, you’re worse than a neygar,’ says I; ‘and how dainty you are, that nothin’ ’id sarve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland. *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what’ll the whole counthry say to such an unnath’ral murther? and you lookin’ as innocent there as a lamb, and atin’ your hay as quiet as if nothin’ happened.’ With that, I run out—for I didn’t like to be near her—and, goin’ into the house, I tould them all about it.

“‘Arrah! be aisy,’ says my father.

“‘Not a lie I tell you,’ says I.

“‘Is it ate Paddy?’ says they.

“‘Sorra doubt of it,’ says I.

“‘Are you sure, Shamus?’ says my mother.

“‘I wish I was as sure of a new pair o’ brogues,’ says I. ‘Not a bit she has left iv him but his two legs.’

“‘And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?’ says my father.

“‘I b’lieve so,’ says I.

“‘Oh, fly away wid her,’ says he, ‘what a cruel taste she has for music!’

"Arrah !' says my mother, 'don't be cursin' the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.'

"Yis, I will,' says my father, 'why shouldn't I curse sich an unnath'ral baste ?'

"'You oughtn't to curse any livin' thing that's undher your roof,' says my mother.

"'By my word, then,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more ; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff "' says he, "Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.'

"'I don't like to dhrive her,' says I.

"'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he.

"'Ah, thin, I don't,' says I.

"'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.'

"'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care iv her yourseif.'

"'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog, and bark mysef'—I rec'lected the sayin' from that hour ;—'let me have no more words about it,' says he, 'but be aff wid you.'

"So, aff I wint—and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had any thing to do with such a villian of a baste. But, howsoever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the manater iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her, at all at all.

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throug it wuz wid the boys and the girls—and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"'God save you,' says one to me.

"'God save you kindly,' says I,

"'That's a fine baste you're dhrivin',' says he.

"'Ah, thin, she is,' says I ; though it went agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her.

"'It's to the fair you'r goin', I suppose,' says he, 'with the baste ?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin a purty little gray hack.)

"'Thin, you're right enough,' says I, 'it is to the fair I'm goin'.'

"'What do you expec' for her ?' says he.

"'Mysel doesn't know,' says I—and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like about the baste entirely.

"'That's a quare way to be goin' to market,' says he, 'and not to know what you expec' for your baste.'

"'Och,' says I—not likin' to let him suspect there was anything wrong wid her—'Och,' says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure no one

can tell what a baste 'ill bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.'

"'Indeed, that's nath'ral enough,' says he. 'But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he.

"'Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I.

"'Well, thin', what 'ill you ax for her?' says he.

"'Well, thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable,' says I—(for the thruth was, you know I wanted to get rid of her)—'and so I'll take four pounds for her,' says I, 'and no less.'

"'No less!' says he.

"'Why, shure that's chape enough,' says I.

"'Deed it is,' says he; 'and I'm thinking i'ts too chape it is,' says he; 'for if there wasn't somethin' the matter, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is to all appearance.'

"'Indeed thin,' says I, 'she is a fine milch cow.'

"'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she dosen't feed well?'

"'Och, by this and that,' says I, 'in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy—and if you like her for the money, you may have her.'

"'Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry,' says he, 'and I'll wait to see how they go in the fair.'

"'With all my heart,' says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned—but I began to be afeard that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her, at all at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—you'd think the whole world was there, but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue av a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, when all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tather-Jack-Welsh,' and my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by, 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, she wants another now.'

"'Is it a cow for to ate a piper?' says one o' thim.

"'Not a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I, 'and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, be merciful to him.'

“ ‘Who’s that talkin’ av me’ says a voice in the crowd ; and with that, shovin’ the throng a one side, who should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

“ ‘Oh, hould him too,’ says I ; keep him av me, for it’s not himself at all, but his ghost,’ says I, ‘ for he was kilt last night to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.’

“ ‘Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin’, that you’d think his sides ’ud split ; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already ; and the likes av the fun they made of me was beyant tellin’, for wrongfully misdoubtin’ the poor cow, and layin’ the blame iv atin’ a piper an her. And av coorse the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid us afther that ; and whin she died, my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out av her hide, and they’re in the family to this day. And it’s very remarkable what I’m goin’ to tell you now, but it’s true as I’m standin’ here, that any one that has thim breeches on, whenever he hears the pipes goin’ can’t keep aisy in his sate, but goes jiggin, and jiggin, and jiggin, and thim’s the very breeches on me now, an’ a fine pair they are this minit.

SAMUEL LOVER.

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MRS. CORNEY MAKES TEA, AND MR. BUMBLE MAKES LOVE.

SCENE.—*The Workhouse. Private apartments of MRS. CORNEY, the Matron thereof. MR. BUMBLE enters, bringing in some wine to be given to the sick paupers. After various remarks upon out-door relief, he prepares to take his departure, when MRS. CORNEY thus addresses him :—*

“YOU’LL have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble.”

“It blows, ma’am,” replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, “enough to cut one’s ears off.”

The matron looked, from the little kettle, to the beadle, who was moving towards the door ; and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good-night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn’t take a cup of tea ?

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again ; laid his hat and stick upon a chair ; and drew another chair up to the table.

"Sweet? Mr. Bumble," inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this: and if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see, and kittens too, I declare!"

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think. They're *so* happy, *so* frolicsome, and *so* cheerful, that they are quite companions for me."

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, approvingly; "so very domestic."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron; "so fond of their home too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly, and marking the time with his tea-spoon, "I mean to say this, ma'am; that any cat, or kitten, that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be a ass, ma'am."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!"

"It's of no use disguising facts, ma'am; I would drown it myself, with pleasure."

"Then you're a cruel man," said the matron; "and a very hard-hearted man besides."

"Hard-hearted, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, "hard!" Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word; squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it; and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

The table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron; and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair, in time, close to that in which the matron was seated. Indeed, the two chairs touched; and when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire; and, if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble; "are *you* hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me! what a very curious question from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop ; finished a piece of toast ; whisked the crumbs off his knees ; wiped his lips ; and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble," cried that discreet lady in a whisper ; for the fright was so great, that she had quite lost her voice, "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream !" Mr. Bumble made no reply ; but in a slow and dignified manner, put his arm round the matron's waist.

As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness, but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door.

A withered old female pauper put in her head : "If you please, mistress, Old Sally is a-going fast."

The matron hastened away, asking the beadle to await her return.

Mr. Bumble's conduct on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the tea-spoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal ; and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked-hat corner-wise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table. Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off the cocked-hat again ; and spreading himself before the fire with his back towards it, seemed to be mentally engaged in taking an exact inventory of the furniture.

Mr. Bumble had re-counted the tea-spoons, re-weighed the sugar-tongs, made a closer inspection of the milk-pot, and ascertained to a nicety the exact condition of the furniture, down to the very horse-hair seats of the chairs ; and had repeated each process full half-a-dozen times before he began to think that it was time for Mrs. Corney to return. Thinking begets thinking ; and, as there were no sounds of Mrs. Corney's approach, it occurred to Mr. Bumble that it would be an innocent and virtuous way of spending the time, if he were further to allay his curiosity by a cursory glance at the interior of Mrs. Corney's chest of drawers.

Having listened at the keyhole, to assure himself that nobody was approaching the chamber, Mr. Bumble, beginning at the bottom, proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of the three long drawers : which, being filled with various garments of good fashion and texture, carefully preserved between two layers of old newspapers, speckled with dried lavender : seemed to yield him exceeding satisfaction. Arriving, in course of time, at the right-hand corner drawer (in which was the key), and beholding therein a small padlocked box, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant sound, as of the chinking of coin. Mr.

Bumble returned with a stately walk to the fireplace ; and, resuming his old attitude, said, with a grave and determined air, "I'll do it?"

Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself, in a breathless state, on a chair by the fireside ; and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this, ma'am ? has anything happened, ma'am ? Pray answer me ; I'm on—on——" Mr. Bumble, in his alarm, could not immediately think of the word "tenter-hooks," so he said "broken bottles."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble ! I have been so dreadfully put out !"

"Put out, ma'am ! Who has dared to—— ? I know ! This is them wicious paupers !"

"It's dreadful to think of !"

"Then *don't* think of it, ma'am."

"I can't help it."

"Then take something, ma'am. A little of the wine ?"

"Not for the world !" replied Mrs. Corney. "I couldn't—oh ! The top shelf in the right-hand corner—oh !" Uttering these words, the good lady pointed, distractedly, to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet ; and, snatching a pint green-glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness ; and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

"Peppermint," exclaimed Mrs. Corney, in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it ! There's a little—a little something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look ; smacked his lips ; took another taste ; and put the cup down empty.

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle. As she spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creature."

"Not weak, ma'am. Are you a weak creature, Mrs. Corney ?"

"We are all weak creatures," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said, on either side, for a minute or two afterwards. By the expiration of that time, Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney."

"I can't help it." And she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am. Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing."

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

"But not for two, ma'am. Eh, Mrs. Corney?"

Mrs. Corney drooped her head, when the beadle said this; the beadle drooped his, to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney, with great propriety, turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief; but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

"The board allow you coals, don't they Mrs. Corney?"

"And candles."

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a Angel you are!"

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such parochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinator?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble. "He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a vacancy; that vacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeepings!"

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

"The little word? The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Ye—ye—yes!" sighed out the matron.

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?"

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak; and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck."

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

"Some time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great number of people were there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus.

"Ah! she was a stunner; you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"'Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.'

"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say——'

"'I tell you what it is now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

"Gentlemen, I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honour, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns!' said I to myself, 'Revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that everyone had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns!' said I, 'Revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny

had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon; and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

“‘Am I to lose my air expedition?’ she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. ‘Someone understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom! you understand it, don’t you?’

“‘Perfectly!’

“‘Come along then!’ she cried, ‘be quick; before papa comes back.’

“The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:

“‘How jolly!’

“We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

“‘I understand the going up part,’ I answered; ‘to come down is not so easy,’ and I whistled.

“‘What do you mean?’ she cried.

“‘Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,’ I replied, suiting the action to the word.

“‘Don’t be foolish, Tom,’ she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

“‘Foolish!’ I said. ‘Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know,’ and over went another sand-bag.

“‘Why, you’re mad, surely.’

“‘Only with love, my dear,’ I answered, smiling pleasantly; ‘only with love for you. Oh, Fanny I adore you! Say you will be my wife.’

“‘I gave you an answer the other day,’ she replied; ‘one which I should have thought you would have remembered,’ she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

“‘I remember it perfectly,’ I answered, ‘but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you

five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.'

" 'I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

" 'You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? However, it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

" 'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience.'

" 'She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

" 'Come, Mr. Jenkyns—come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

" I continued the execution of the Dead March.

" 'But if you do not begin the descent at once, I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

" I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

" 'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

" 'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

" Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

" 'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

" I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

" 'I command you to begin the descent this instant!'

" The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high, if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnised there."

"I took up the fifth bag.

"Come," said I, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise!"

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny: forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we reached the ground,

and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the ear, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.’”

ANONYMOUS.

O'DEMPSEY AND THE DUKE.

O'DEMPSEY was comin' home from Dublin, and the money was getting *fine-drawn* with him, and he wanted to see if he had enough left to pay for the coach home ; and the change was so scarce that he was obliged to hunt it up in his pocket into the corner, like a contrairy cowl, before he could lay howld of it at all ; and when he did get it in the pawm of his fist, it was a'most ashamed to see the light, it looked so contemptible ; and my bowld O'Dempsey seen the coach was out o' the question, or even a lift in the canal-boat, and so he put his thrust in Providence. The next day off he set home, with a short stick in his hand, and a pair o' good legs undher him ; and he met nothin' remarkable until he came to betune Kilcock and Maynooth : and it was thin that he heerd the thramp of horses gallopin' afther him, and he turned round and seen three gintlemen comin' up in great style : one o' them, a fine, full handsome man, the piethur of a gintleman, and a fine baste undher him, and the gintlemen along with him very nice too ; one in particular, a smart, nate-made man, with a fine, bright eye and a smilin' face, and a green handkicher round his neck, and a sportin' aisy sate on his horse ; and Dempsey heerd him say, as they dhrew up jist behind him, “Look what a fine step that fellow has !” (manin' O'Dempsey ; and, indeed, a claner boy isn't in all Ireland than himself, and can walk with any man). So when they came up with him, the small gintleman said, “God save you !” “God save you kindly, sir !” says O'Dempsey. “You don't let the grass grow undher your feet, my man,” says the gintleman. “Nor *corn* neither, sir,” says Dempsey, “So I see by the free step you have,” says the gintleman, laughin' ; and the others laughed too, the full gintleman in particular ; and says he, “Well, Ned, you got your answer.”

Now the minit that O'Dempsey heerd the word “Ned,” and it bein

in the neighbourhood of Cartown, which is the Juke o' Leinster's place, the thought jumped into his head that it was Lord Edward Fitzjara! was in it; for he always heerd he was small, and handsome, and merry, and that the juke, his brother, was a fine-lookin' man; and so with that he made cock-sure in his own mind that the full gentleman was the Juke o' Leinster, and the little one Lord Edward. So hearin' that Lord Edward liked a joke, O'Dempsey never let on to suspect who they wor; and they walked along beside him, and had a great dale o' discoorse and jokin', and the answers passin' betune them as fast as hops. At last says the juke (for it was himself), "You're a very merry fellow," says he; "where do you come from?" "From Dublin, sir," says O'Dempsey. "Oh, I know that by the road you're goin'," says the juke; "but I mane, where is your place?" "Thin I have no place," says O'Dempsey: "I wish I had." "That's a touch at *you*," says the juke to the third gentleman, whoever he was. "But where are you goin' to?" says the juke. "I'm goin' home, sir," says O'Dempsey. "And where are you when you're at home?" says the juke. "I'm at home everywhere," says O'Dempsey.

Well, Lord Edward laughed at his brother, seein' he couldn't force a straigt answer out of O'Dempsey. "Will you tell me, thin," says the juke, "which are you—"Ulster, Leinster, Munster, or Connaught?" "Leinster, sir," says O'Dempsey, though it was a lie he was tellin'; but it was on purpose to have a laugh agin the juke, for he was layin' a thrap for him all the time. "You don't spake like a Leinster man," says the juke. "Oh, the tongue is very desaitful sometimes," says O'Dempsey.

Lord Edward laughed at his brother agin, and said he'd make no hand of him. Says Lord Edward, "that fellow would bate Counsellor Curran!" "Well, I'll thry him once more," says the juke; and with that, says he to O'Dempsey, "What's your name?" Now that was all O'Dempsey wanted, for to nick him; and so says he, "My name is O'Shaughnessy, sir." "I've coteh you now," says the juke: "you can't be a Leinster man with that name." "I see you're too able for me, sir," says O'Dempsey, leading him on. "Well, Mr. O'Shaughnessy," says the juke, "it's somewhere out of Munster you come." "No, sir," says O'Dempsey, "I am a Leinster man in airnest; but I see you couldn't be desaiyed about the name, and so I'll tell you the thruth, and nothin' but the thruth, about it. I am a Leinster man; but I wint to live in Munster, and I was obleeged to change my name, bekaze they had no respect for me there with the one I had." "And what *was* your name?" says the juke. "My name was Fitzjara!, sir," says

O'Dempsey ; "but they thought me only an upstart down in Munsther, so I changed it into O'Shaughnessy." With that the juke and Lord Edward laughed out hearty, and the third gentleman says to the juke, "I think *you've got your hit now.*" Well, sir, the duke pulled a guinea out of his pocket, and put it into O'Dempsey's hand, and says to him, laughin', "Take that, you merry rascal, and dhrink my health !" "Long life to *your Grace !*" says O'Dempsey, taking off his hat, "*you deserve to be an O'Shaughnessy !*" "More power to you, Paddy !" says Lord Edward as they put spurs to their horses ; and away they powdered down the road, laughin' like mad.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

The four Miss Willises settled in our parish thirteen years ago. It is a melancholy reflection that the old adage, "Time and tide wait for no man," applies with equal force to the fairer portion of the creation ; and willingly would we conceal the fact that, even thirteen years ago, the Miss Willises were far from juvenile. Thirteen years since, the authorities in matrimonial cases considered the youngest Miss Willis in a very precarious state, while the eldest sister was positively given over, as being far beyond all human hope. Well, the Miss Willises took a lease of the house. The house-carpenters made confidential statements to the different maid-servants in the row, relative to the magnificent scale on which the Miss Willises were commencing ; the maid-servants told their "Missises," the Missises told their friends, and vague rumours were circulated throughout the parish that No. 25, in Gordon Place, had been taken by four maiden ladies of immense property.

At last the Miss Willises moved in ; and then the "calling" began. The house was the perfection of neatness—so were the four Miss Willises. Everything was formal, stiff, and cold—so were the four Miss Willises. Not a single chair of the whole set was ever seen out of its place—not a single Miss Willis of the whole four was ever seen out of hers. There they always sat, in the same places, doing precisely the same things at the same hour. The eldest Miss Willis used to knit, the second to draw, the two others to play duets on the piano. They seemed to have no separate existence, but to have made up their minds just to winter through life together. They were three long graces in drapery, with the addition, like a school dinner, of another long grace afterwards—the three fates with another sister—the Siamese twins multiplied by two. The eldest Miss Willis grew bilious—the four Miss Willises

grew bilious immediately. The eldest Miss Willis grew ill-tempered and religious—the four Miss Willises were ill-tempered and religious directly. Whatever the eldest did the others did, and whatever anybody else did they all disapproved of ; and thus they vegetated—living in Polar harmony among themselves, and, as they sometimes went out, or saw company “in a quiet way” at home, occasionally icing the neighbours. Three years passed over in this way, when an unlooked-for and extraordinary phenomenon occurred. The Miss Willises showed symptoms of summer, the frost gradually broke up ; a complete thaw took place. Was it possible ? One of the four Miss Willises was going to be married !

Now, where on earth the husband came from, by what feelings the poor man could have been actuated, or by what process of reasoning the four Miss Willises succeeded in persuading themselves that it was possible for a man to marry one of them, without marrying them all, are questions too profound for us to resolve : certain it is, however, that the visits of Mr. Robinson (a gentleman in a public office, with a good salary and a little property of his own beside) were received—that the four Miss Willises were courted in due form by the said Mr. Robinson—that the neighbours were perfectly frantic in their anxiety to discover which of the four Miss Willises was the fortunate fair, and that the difficulty they experienced in solving the problem was not at all lessened by the announcement of the eldest Miss Willis—“ We are going to marry Mr. Robinson.”

It was very extraordinary. They were so completely identified, the one with the other, that the curiosity of the whole row—even of the old lady herself—was roused almost beyond endurance. The subject was discussed at every little card-table and tea-drinking. The old gentleman of silk-worm notoriety did not hesitate to express his decided opinion that Mr. Robinson was of Eastern descent, and contemplated marrying the whole family at once. They hoped it might all end well ; it certainly had a very singular appearance, but still it would be uncharitable to express any opinion without good grounds to go upon, and certainly the Miss Willises were *quite* old enough to judge for themselves. At last, one fine morning, at a quarter before eight o'clock, A.M., two glass-coaches drove up to the Miss Willises' door, at which Mr. Robinson had arrived in a cab ten minutes before.

The intelligence spread rapidly from house to house. It was quite clear that the eventful morning had at length arrived ; the whole row stationed themselves behind their first and second floor blinds, and waited the result in breathless expectation.

At last the Miss Willises' door opened ; the door of the first glass-coach did the same. Two gentlemen and a pair of ladies to correspond—friends of the family, no doubt ; up went the steps, bang went the door, off went the first glass-coach, and up came the second.

The street-door opened again ; the excitement of the whole row increased—Mr. Robinson and the eldest Miss Willis. "I thought so," said the lady at No. 19 ; "I always said it was *Miss Willis* !"—Well I never !" ejaculated the young lady at No. 18 to the young lady at No. 17. "Did you ever, dear ?" responded the young lady at No. 17 to the young lady at No. 18. "It's too ridiculous !" exclaimed a spinster of an *uncertain* age at No. 16, joining in the conversation. But who shall portray the astonishment of Gordon Place when Mr. Robinson handed in *all* the Miss Willises, one after the other, and then squeezed himself into an acute angle of the glass-coach, which forthwith proceeded at a brisk pace after the other glass-coach, which other glass-coach had itself proceeded, at a brisk pace, in the direction of the parish church ? Who shall depict the perplexity of the clergyman when *all* the Miss Willises knelt down at the communion table, and repeated the responses incidental to the marriage service in an audible voice—or who shall describe the confusion which prevailed when—even after the difficulties thus occasioned had been adjusted—*all* the Miss Willises went into hysterics at the conclusion of the ceremony, until the sacred edifice resounded with their united wailings ?

As the four sisters and Mr. Robinson continued to occupy the same house after this memorable occasion, and as the married sister, whoever she was, never appeared in public without the other three, we are not quite clear that the neighbours ever would have discovered the real Mrs. Robinson, but for a circumstance of the most gratifying description, which *will* happen occasionally in the best-regulated families. Three quarter-days elapsed, and the row, on whom a new light appeared to have been bursting for some time, began to speak with a sort of implied confidence on the subject, and to wonder how Mrs. Robinson—the youngest Miss Willis that was—got on ; and servants might be seen running up the steps, about nine or ten o'clock every morning, with "Missis's compliments, and wishes to know how Mrs. Robinson finds herself this morning ?" And the answer always was, "Mrs. Robinson's compliments, and she's in very good spirits, and doesn't find herself any worse." The piano was heard no longer, the knitting needles were laid aside, drawing was neglected, and mantua-making and millinery, on the smallest scale imaginable, appeared to have become the favourite amusement of the whole family. The parlour wasn't quite as tidy as it used

to be, and, if you called in the morning, you would see lying on a table, with an old newspaper carelessly thrown over them, two or three particularly small caps, rather larger than if they had been made for a moderate-sized doll, with a small piece of lace, in the shape of a horse-shoe, let in behind ; or perhaps a white robe, not very large in circumference, but very much out of proportion in point of length, with a little tucker round the top, and a frill round the bottom ; and once we were very much alarmed by hearing a hackney coach stop at Mrs. Robinson's door at half-past two o'clock in the morning, out of which there emerged a fat old woman, in a cloak and nightcap, with a bundle in one hand, and a pair of pattens in the other, who looked as if she had been suddenly knocked up out of bed for some very special purpose.

When we got up in the morning we saw that the knocker was tied up in an old white kid glove ; and we, in our innocence (we were in a state of bachelorship then), wondered what on earth it all meant, until we heard the eldest Miss Willis, *in propria personâ*, say, with great dignity, in answer to the next inquiry, "*My compliments, and Mrs. Robinson's doing as well as can be expected, and the little girl thrives wonderfully.*" And then, in common with the rest of the row, our curiosity was satisfied, and we began to wonder it had never occurred to us what the matter was before.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.

RORY transacted his business in Dublin satisfactorily ; and having done so, he mounted his outside place on one of the coaches from town, and found himself beside a slight, pale, but rather handsome young gentleman. He was perfectly accommodating to his fellow-travellers while they were shaking themselves down into their places, and on the journey he conversed freely with Rory on such subjects as the passing occurrences of the road suggested. This unaffected conduct won him ready esteem and liking from his humble neighbour ; but its effect was heightened by the contrast which another passenger afforded, who seemed to consider it a great degradation to have a person in Rory's condition placed beside him ; and he spoke in an offensive tone of remark to the person seated at the other side, and quite loud enough to be heard, of the assurance of the lower orders. To all this, Rory, with a great deal of tact, never made any reply, and to a casual observer would have seemed not to notice it. But an occasion soon offered for this insolent and ill-bred fellow to make an open aggression upon Rory, which our hero returned

with interest. After one of the stoppages on the road for refreshment, the passengers resumed their places, and the last to make his reappearance was this bashaw. On getting up to his seat, he said, "Where's my coat?"

To this no one made any answer, and the question was soon repeated in a louder tone: "Where's my coat?"

"Your coat, is it, sir?" said the coachman.

"Yes—my coat; do you know anything of it?"

"No, sir," said the coachman: "maybe you took it into the house with you."

"No, I did not; I left it on the coach.—And by the bye," said he, looking at Rory, "you were the only person who did not quit the coach—did *you* take it?"

"Take *what*?" said Rory, with a peculiar emphasis and intonation on the *what*.

"My coat," said the other, with extreme effrontery.

"I've a coat o' my own," said Rory, with great composure.

"That's not an answer to my question," said the other.

"I think you ought to be glad to get so quiet an answer," said Rory.

"I think so too," said the pale traveller.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir," said the swaggering gentleman.

"If you did, sir, you should have been lying in the middle of the road now," was the taunting rejoinder.

At this moment, a waiter made his appearance at the door of the inn, bearing the missing coat on his arm: "You left this behind you in the parlour, sir."

The effect was what any one must anticipate: indignant eyes were turned on all sides upon the person making so wanton an aggression. He scarcely knew what to do. After much stammering, and hemming and hawing, he took the coat from the waiter, and turning to Rory, said, "I see—I forgot—I thought that I left it on the coach;—but—a—I see 'twas a mistake."

"Oh, make no apologies," said Rory, "we were both under a mistake."

"How both?" said the don.

"Why, sir," said Rory, "you mistook me for a thief, and I mistook you for a gentleman."

The conversation soon slackened on all sides, for it began to rain.

At last the passengers seated on the top began to feel their seats invaded by the flood that deluged the roof of the coach. The moment the

coach stopped, Rory O'More jumped off, and said to the coachman, "I'll be back with you befo're you go ;—but don't start befo're I come !" and away he ran down the town.

At last all was ready for starting, and Rory had not yet returned. The horn was blown, and the coachman's patience was just worn out, when Rory hove in sight, splashing his way through the middle of the street, flourishing two gridirons over his head.

"Here I am," said he, panting, and nearly exhausted ; "I'd a brave run for it !"

"Jist give me a wisp o' sthraw, and God bless you," said he to one of the helpers who was standing by ; and having got it he scrambled up the coach, and said to his pale friend, "Now, sir, we'll be comfortable."

"I don't see much likelihood of it," said his fellow-traveller.

"Why, look what I've got for you," said Rory.

"Oh, that straw will soon be sopped with rain, and then we'll be as badly off as befo're."

"But it's not on sthraw I'm depindin'," said Rory ; "look at this !" and he brandished one of the gridirons.

"I have heard of stopping the tide with a pitchfork," said the traveller, smiling, "but never of keeping out rain with a gridiron."

"Thin I'll show you how to do that same," said Rory. "Here—sit up—clap this gridiron *undher* you, and you'll be *undher wather* no longer. Stop, sir, stay a minit—don't sit down on the bare bars, and be makin' a beefstake o' yourself ; here's a wisp o' sthraw to put betune you and the cowl'd iron—and not a dhryer sate in all Ireland than the same gridiron."

The young traveller turned to Rory, and said, "What was it made you think of a gridiron ?"

"Why, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots ; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see—whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin', taarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots—and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for them, whin jist at that minit, remembering the tricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right things ?' says I to the man.—'You can

thry them,' says he.—'How can I thry them?' says I.—'Pull them on you,' says he.—'I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sitch a liberty with thim,' says I.—'Why, aren't you going to ware thim?' says he.—'Is it me?' says I. 'Me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinses I am?' says I.—'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he.—'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?'—'How should I know?' says he.—'You're a purty boot-maker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boots!'—'How do I know his size?' says he.—'Oh, don't be comin' off that a-way,' says I. 'There's no sitch differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveller.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance.—'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.'—'He's betune five and six fut,' says I.—'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow.—'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you disrespectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefuted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut?' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen of the world!' And with that I left the place."

"It is their usual practice," said the traveller, "to take the measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts;—but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveller.

"Arrah! bekase they never trouble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else drives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed."

"Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidinee, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most

beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an illigant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame-sthreet—and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame-sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame-sthreet becase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there;—and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame-sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me, and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick'—for I was detarmined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. Says he, 'If an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for'—and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveller.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveller.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin'—a good, substantial stick, with an ivory top to it—for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear that I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I—and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. 'Think o' that, sir!—to call a stick good and light—as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. 'Think o' the ignorant vagabone!—to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bul-rush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else

feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinses out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, "if they're saucy"—lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'You may say *runnin'*-sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins—sorra one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" asked the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveller, choking with laughing.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory; "but you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, when we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the country. The priest join it!—Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is, to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disperse thim—scatter thim like chaff before the wind, and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that service, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessiated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives them out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim; and

why should he?—he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be severe on us.”

“Severe!” said the traveller in surprise; “why haven’t you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?”

“Yis, sir; but what o’ that?—sure that’s nothing to his tongue—his words is like swords or razhors, I may say: we’re used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murders us with whin we displace him. Oh! it’s terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! I’d rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word from him.”

“I see, then, he must have a heavy stick,” said the traveller.

“To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the reason I was so particular in the shop? and after spendin’ over an hour—would you believe it?—sorra stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man—all poor, contimptible things.”

“But about the gridiron?” said the traveller.

“Sure I’m tellin’ you about it,” said Rory; “only I’m not come to it yet. You see,” continued he, “I was so disgusted with thim shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin’ at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin’ through the last town in the middle o’ the rain, I thought of a gridiron.”

“A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain,” said the traveller.

“No, ’twasn’t the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein’ that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, after, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinin’ my cordheroys on the top o’ the coach; so I kept my eye out as we drove along up the street, and sure enough what should I see at a shop half way down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I went back to get it.”

“But isn’t a gridiron an odd present?—hasn’t his reverence one already?”

“He had, sir, before it was bruk,—but that’s what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin’ in the kitchen, when Molly was brillin’ some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o’ salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threw it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that

Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'You disrespectful baste ! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she ; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace—and he went mad a'most with it ; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'ral, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him ; and away he tatthered over the counthry, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

SAMUEL LOVER.

SKATING EXPERIENCES.

"Now," said Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital !" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime !" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes ; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening ; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more down stairs ; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice ; Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies ; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam !"

"Sir ?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear Mr. Pickwick calling ? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile ; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No ; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders ; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words :—

"You're an impostor, sir."

"A what ?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

"Sliding looks a nice warm exercise, doesn't it ?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide ?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves, and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The abjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement ; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle ; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller ; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour, pausing not an instant until he was snug in bed.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS—POETRY.

SERIOUS AND HUMOROUS.

BALAKLAVA.*

Many a deed of faithful daring may obtain no record here,
Wrought where none could see or note it, save the one Almighty Seer.

Many a deed awhile remembered, out of memory needs must fall,
Covered, as the years roll onward, by oblivion's creeping pall :

But there are which never, never, to oblivion can give room,
Till in flame earth's records perish, till the thunderpeal of doom :

And of these through all the ages married to immortal fame,
One is linked, and linked for ever, Balaklava, with thy name ;

With thine armies three that wond'ring stood at gaze and held their
breath,
With thy fatal lists of honour, and thy tournament of death.

O our brothers that are sleeping, weary with your great day's strife,
On that bleak Crimean headland, noble prodigals of life,

Eyes which ne'er beheld you living, these have dearly mourned you
dead,
All your squandered wealth of valour, all the lavish blood ye shed.

And in our eyes tears are springing, but we bid them back again ;
None shall say, to see us weeping, that we hold your offering vain ;

That for nothing, in our sentence, did that holocaust arise,
With a battle-field for altar, and with you for sacrifice.

Not for nought ; to more than warriors armed as you for mortal fray,
Unto each that in life's battle waits his Captain's word ye say—

“What by duty’s voice is bidden, there where duty’s star may guide,
Thither follow, that accomplish, whatsoever else betide.”

This ye taught ; and this your lesson solemnly in blood ye sealed :
Heroes, martyrs, are the harvest Balaklava’s heights still yield.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

[By kind permission of the author.]

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

Welcome, wild North-easter !
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr ;
 Ne’er a verse to thee.
 Welcome, black North-easter !
 O’er the German foam ;
 O’er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.
 Tired we are of Summer,
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air.
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day :
 Jovial wind of winter
 Turns us out to play !
 Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
 Crisp the lazy dyke ;
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.
 Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
 Fill the marsh with snipe ;
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir-forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow-flakes
 Off the curdled sky.
 Hark ! the brave North-easter !
 Breast-high lies the scent,
 On by holt and headland,
 Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered, and the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered, to a holy, calm delight ;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted, and, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted, come to visit me once more ;
He, the young and strong, who cherished noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished, weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly, who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly, spake with us on earth no more !
And with them the Being Beauteous, who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me, and is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me, lays her gentle hand in mine.
And she sits and gazes at me with those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like, looking downward from the skies

Uttered not, yet comprehended, is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, breathing from her lips of air.
O, though oft depressed and lonely, all my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only such as these have lived and died !

H. W. LONGFELLOW

LOVE'S DIVINITY.*

They wish me at home to sit and to sew—
And I like to do what my aunt thinks right—
But the stitching never seem'd half so slow,
Nor zigzagg'd itself as it did one night.

And my work kept slipping out of my hand
As wonderful thoughts came into my head :
Sure, life is becoming too bright and grand
To be given up to needles and thread !

I was thinking of words that Harry spake,
And of looks that more than mere words betray,
With a joy as pure as the first snow-flake,
And almost as ready to melt away.

And with little tears beginning to start,
And with smiles and blushes that come and go ;
And I did not know what was in my heart,
Or else I pretended I did not know !

O sudden awaking from dream so fair !
'Tis the voice of my aunt, and I hear it say—
“Child, are you falling asleep in your chair ?
Will you *ever* finish that collar, May ?”

I caught up my work (I knew I was wrong),
Determin'd to finish it ere we sup ;
But something within me, for me too strong,
Conquer'd myself, and I *had* to give up.

“O, my Aunt Bridget,” I timidly said,
“I am *tired* of stitching—I *want* to rest ;
O let me gather the roses instead,
The young little roses the first and best.”

Soft summer twilights caressing the air
Have buried the garden in lovely gloom ;
But I knew that the eagerest roses there
Were just beginning to think they might bloom.

The pretty wee stars kept peeping about,
And even peep'd in through our prison bars,
As she gravely said, “Who ever went out
• To gather a rose by the light of stars ?”

My heart beat fast at the beautiful phrase ;
She had not intended it, I suppose,
But I felt I could love her all my days,
If under the stars I might pluck one rose !

Pleading my cause in so ardent a way,
Almost evoking an answering glow,
Crying, “You once were as young and as gay”—
Then, she smil'd a little and let me go.

'Twas pleasure enough to be out of doors ;
I look'd at the stars and I felt content :
But it never rains, you know, but it pours,
And the path that I *had* to go—I went

Playing with fancies, in fanciful play,
"If I want a rose," I demurely said,
"I must look for an omen to point the way,
And I must look for it over my head."

So I found a star that shone in the sky,
And marked how it glitter'd down on a tree,
And felt—but I swear that I know not why—
There grow the roses intended for me!

And as I approach the shadowy boughs
That are spreading out over earth and air,
A gay little miracle fate allows,
And the star appears to be sparkling there!

Gladly I ran o'er the daisy-clad plain,
Led by the shimmering light of the star,
And under the tree I found—Harry Vano
Lying, and smoking a "mild cigar!"

I started astonished—he stood upright,
And said, in a voice persuasively kind,
"Don't you *know* that I come here every night,
To see your shadow flit by on the blind?"

I look'd where he pointed, as if 'twas I
Could see my own phantom flicker and pass—
And *Aunt Bridget's* shadow mov'd solemnly by,
Over the canvas that hangs by the glass!

Oh, how could we help it?—we laugh'd aloud
(Birds never cease their sweet voices in spring;
And I think in youth little laughters crowd
And spring to our lips at everything!)

In laughter we lost all sense of surprise;
It seem'd only natural we should meet;
And a star shot flaming across the skies,
And a little glow-worm gleam'd at my feet.

And a distant bell swung its solemn chime,
That seem'd to me like the voice of a star;
And I think, through a century of time,
I shall always believe that such things are.

And then—it was then—he spoke, and I heard ;
And the moon rose up, and the stars grew dim,
And all of a sudden the nightingale-bird
Triumphantly chanted her jubilant hymn.

THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

[By kind permission of the author.]

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road—a ragged beggar sunning :
Around it still the sumachs grow, and blackberry vines are running.
Within, the master's desk is seen, deep scarr'd by raps official ;
The warping floor, the batter'd seats, the jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ; its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school, went storming out to playing !
It touch'd the tangled golden curls, and brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delay'd when all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy her childish favour singled ;
His cap pull'd low upon a face where pride and shame were mingled.
Pushing with restless feet the snow to right and left, he linger'd,
As restlessly her tiny hands the blue-check'd apron finger'd.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt the soft hands light caressing ;
And heard the tremble of her voice, as if a fault confessing.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word : I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—"Because, you see, I love you."

Long years ago a winter sun shone over it at setting ;
Lit up its western window-panes, and low eaves' icy fretting.
Still memory to a gray-hair'd man that sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school how few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss, like her—because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee ;"
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
 And never home came she.

"Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair
 Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee."

'They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Come, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below !
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away !
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know :
“Margaret! Margaret!”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ;
Children’s voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away ;
This way, this way !
“Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down ;
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall’d town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay,
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing : " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,

When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom.
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing : "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

[By kind permission of the author.]

HEROES.—(I.)

Children, when you sat wishing,
Down last night on the sands,
Beckoning moments of glory,
With little helpless hands,
I heard you saying and sighing,
As the wind went over the seas,
"There never will come knights-errant
To common days like these !"

I heard you sighing and saying,
"The beautiful time is gone
When heroes hunted for monsters,
And conquer'd them one by one ;
And now there is nothing noble,
And we all lie safe at night,
But we would not mind a monster
If we could have a knight !"

Then taking breath for a moment,
You all stood up and said,
"Remember Garibaldi!

Not all the knights are dead :
A chief for men to follow,
Who never lingers nor halts ;
A king for women and children,
Because he has no faults.

"But he is nothing to England !
There is the thought that smarts ;
We want an English hero,
To trouble all our hearts."
Ah, children! who could tell you
That hearts grow sick and cold,
Without the healing trouble
That touch'd the waters of old !

Shake not your heads at England,
Her soil is still of worth ;
It cannot lose the habit
Of bringing heroes forth.
I met one yesterday evening,
And when you hear his tale,
You'll not be sighing and saying
That times are feeble and pale.

The wind was soft and heavy,
Where African palm-trees tower,
Hardly stirring the river,
Hardly shaking a flower ;
The night was grave and splendid,
A dead queen lying in state,
With all her jewels upon her,
And trumpets at her gate.

The wild notes waved and linger'd,
And fainted along the air,
Sometimes like defiance,
And sometimes like despair ;
When down the moonlit mountain,
And beside the river-calms,

The line of a dismal procession,
Unwound between the palms.

A train of driven captives,
Weary, weak, amazed,—
Eighty hopeless faces,
Never once upraised ;
Bleeding from the journey,
Longing for the grave :
Men and women and children,
Every one a slave.

Lash'd and crying and crouching,
They pass'd, suspecting not
There were three or four English
Whose hearts grew very hot,—
Men who had come from a distance,
Whose lives were in their hands,
To tell the love of Jesus
About the heathen lands,

Studious men and gentle,
But not in the least afraid ;
With fire enough amongst them
To furnish a crusade.
And when they saw the slave-troop
Come hurrying down the hill,
Each man look'd at the other,
Unable to be still.

They did not care for treaties,
And death they did not fear ;
One great wrong would have roused them,—
There were eighty here.
They were not doing man's work,
They were doing the Lord's,
So they went and stopp'd the savages
With these amazing words :—

“We are three or four English,
And we CANNOT LET THIS BE,—
Get away to your mountains,
And set the people free !”

You should have seen the black men,
How grey their faces turn ;
They think the name of England
Is something that will burn.

They break, they fly like water
In a rushing, mighty wind ;
The slaves stretch out uncertain hands,
By long despair made blind,
Till in a wonderful moment
The gasp of freedom came,
Like the leap of a tropical sunrise,
That sets the world aflame

A blast of weeping and shouting
Cleansed all the guilty place ;
And God was able to undraw
The curtain from His Face.
A hundred years of preaching
Could not proclaim the creed
Of Love and Power and Pity
So well as that one deed.

A glorious gift is Prudence ;
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Till they can see the ends ;
But give us now and then a man,
That we may make him king,
Just to scorn the consequence
And just to DO THE THING.

B.

[From "Poems written for a Child."—By kind permission of Alexander Strahan, Esq.]

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children! for I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex'd me have vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows, that look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows, and the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine, in your thoughts the
brooklet's flow ;

But in mine is the wind of Autumn, and the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us, if the children were no more ?

We should dread the desert behind us worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest, with light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices have been harden'd into wood,—
That to the world are children ; through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children! and whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing in your sunny atmosphere.
For what are all our contrivings, and the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses, and the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads that ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems, and all of the rest are dead.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.*

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand :

Its storms roll up the sky :

The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;

All dreamers toss and sigh ;

The night is darkest before the morn ;

When the pain is sorest the child is born,

And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—

Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;

Come ! for the Earth is grown coward and old,

Come down, and renew us her youth.

Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,

Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,

To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—

Famine, and Plague, and War ;

Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Mismle,

Gather, and fall in the snare !

Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

CHARLES KINGSLY.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

COMING.*

"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *my* feet.
Therefore I tell you : Watch
By the light of the evening-star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;

When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house ;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed.
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room ;
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cockcrow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill :
Behold I say unto you : Watch !
Let the door be on the latch
In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

" It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn ;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door ;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done ;

But remember that *I* may be the next
 To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
 For evermore.
As you work your heart must watch;
For the door is on the latch
 In your room,
And it may be in the morning
 I will come."

So he passed down my cottage garden,
 By the path that leads to the sea,
Till he came to the turn of the little road
 Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
 And turn once more to me,
 As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
 Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
 Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
 Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
 And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
 When He would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an angel
 Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
 In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
 Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun,
To comfort some one in the village
 Whose dwelling was desolate)—

And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face :
“Weep not,” he said, “for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven ;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home ;
And in such an hour as you think not,
He will come.”

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say :
“Surely it is the shining of His face !”
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea ;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come ;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home :
“Only a few more shadows
And He will come.”

B. M.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Nelson & Sons.]

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.*

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy ! Give back my twentieth spring !
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy than reign a gray-beard king !
Off with the wrinkled spoils of age ! Away with learning's crown !
Tear out life's wisdom-written page, and dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream from boyhood's fount of flame !
 Give me one giddy, reeling dream of life all love and fame !
 My listening angel heard the prayer, and, calmly smiling, said
 " If I but touch thy silvered hair, thy hasty wish hath sped.

" But is there nothing in thy track to bid thee fondly stay,
 While the swift seasons hurry back to find the wished-for day ? "
 Ah, truest soul of womankind ! Without thee, what were life ?
 One bliss I cannot leave behind : I'll take—my—precious wife !

The angel took a sapphire pen and wrote in rainbow dew,
 " The man would be a boy again, and be a husband too ! "
 " And is there nothing yet unsaid before the change appears ?
 Remember, all their gifts have fled with those dissolving years ! "

Why, yes ; for memory would recall my fond paternal joys ;
 I could not bear to leave them all : I'll take—my girl—and—boys !
 The smiling angel dropped his pen—" Why, this will never do ;
 The man would be a boy again, and be a father too ! "

And so I laughed : my laughter woke the household with its noise—
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke, to please the gray-haired
 boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE OWL CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS.

" Who stuffed that white owl ? " No one spoke in the shop ;
 The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop ;
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;
 Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

" Dou't you see, Mister Brown,"
 Cried the youth, with a frown,
 " How wrong the whole thing is,
 How preposterous each wing is,
 How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
 In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis !

I make no apology ;
 I've learned owl-eology.
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
 And cannot be blinded to any deflections
 Arising from unskilled fingers that fail
 To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
 Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
 Do take that bird down,
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true—
 An owl cannot roost
 With his limbs so unloosed ;
 No owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.

He can't do it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws.
 Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An owl has a toe
 That can't turn out so !
 I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him dou't half know his business !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes,
 I'm filled with surprise

Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem
 They'd make Audubon scream,
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encounter such chaff.
 Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown !"
 And tho barber kept on shaving.

" With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck' up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
 In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
 And then fairly hooted, as if he would say :
 " Your learning's at fault this time anyway ;
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A PROLOGUE.*

A Prologue ? Well, of course the ladies know ;
 I have my doubts. No matter—here we go !
 What is a Prologue ? Let our Tutor teach :
Pro means beforehand ; *logos* stands for speech.
 'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,
 The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings ;—
 Prologues in metre are to other *pros*
 As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

"The world's a stage"—as Shakespeare said one day ;
 The stage a world—was what he meant to say.
 The outside world's a blunder that is clear ;
 The real world that Nature meant is here ;
 Here every foundling finds its lost mamma ;
 Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa ;
 Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
 The cheats are taken in the traps they laid ;
 One after one the troubles all are past,
 Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
 When the young couple, old folks, rogues and all,
 Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.
 —Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
 And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
 —When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
 And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
 Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon her knees
 On the green—baize—beneath the (canvas) trees ;—
 See to her side avenging Valour fly :—
 "Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield or die!"
 —When the poor hero flounders in despair,
 Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,—
 Claps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
 Sobs on his neck, "*My boy! MY BOY!! MY BOY!!!*"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night.
 Of love that conquers in disaster's spite,
 Ladies, attend. While woful cares and doubt
 Wrong the soft passion in the world without,
 Though fortune scowl, though prudence interfere,
 One thing is certain : Love will triumph here !
 Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule—
 The world's great masters, when you're out of school—
 Learn the brief moral of our evening's play :
 Man has his will—but woman has her way !
 While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
 Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire :
 The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves
 Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
 All earthly powers confess your sovereign art,
 But that one rebel—woman's wilful heart.

All foes you master ; but a woman's wit
Lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit.
So just to picture what her art can do,
Hear an old story made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armour flashes in the stream,
He sheathed his blade ; he turned as if to go ;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
" Why strikest not ? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
" Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied ;
" Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."

He held his snuff-box—" Now then, if you please !"
The prisoner sniffed, and with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled—bowled along the floor—
Bounced down the steps ;—the prisoner said no more !

Woman ! thy falchion is a glittering eye ;
If death lurks in it, oh, how sweet to die !
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head :
We die with love, and never dream we're dead.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reach'd an awful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
 Before our names were fixed,
 As we were being wash'd by nurse,
 We got completely mixed.
 And thus, you see, by Fate's decree
 (Or rather nurse's whim),
 My brother John got christen'd *me*,
 And I got christen'd *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
 My footsteps when at school,
 And I was always getting flogg'd—
 For John turn'd out a fool.
 I put this question hopelessly
 To every one I knew—
 What *would* you do, if you were *me*,
 To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turn'd the tide
 Of my domestic life;
 For somehow my intended bride
 Became my brother's wife—
 In short, year after year the same
 Absurd mistakes went on;
 And when I died—the neighbours came
 And buried brother John!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

[By kind permission of the author.]

HEROES.—(II.)

The winds that once the Argo bore
 Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines;
 And her hull is the drift of the deep sea-floor
 Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.

You may seek her crew on every isle
 Fair in the foam of Ægean seas;
 But out of their rest no charm can wile
 Jason, and Orpheus, and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls ;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
Shouts, "O ye Gods! 'tis Hector falls!"

On Ida's mount lies the shining snow,
But Jove has gone from its brow away.
And red on the plain the poppies grow
Where the Greek and the Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth! are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?

Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
Far in the young world's misty dream?
Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth! are the heroes gone?

Gone? in a grander form they rise.
Dead? we may clasp their hands in ours;
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.

Whenever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armour rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.

So in his isle of calm delight
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GERMAN MARCH.*

In bright, soft summer sunshine flows the peaceful German Rhine,
Past castled crags and swelling banks, where hangs the clustering vine ;
And German men, with thankful hearts, o'er all their wide domain,
Sun-browned and brawny, gather in the harvest's golden grain.

On bannered hosts in pomp of war, the same bright sunbeams glance,
The rays in dazzling radiance glint from cuirass, blade, and lance ;
And blare of trump, and roll of drum, proclaim Bellona's reign,
Where queenly Paris sits enthroned upon the winding Seine.

On ! forward to the German Rhine ! fierce, hoarsely comes the cry ;
And eastward now, with wings unloosed, the Gallic Eagles fly ;
But while they soar, and ere they swoop, from every German hand,
The sickle drops—the brand is grasped—throughout the Fatherland !

To arms !—the foe !—the alarm flies, as sweeps the gathering storm,
From every point of German land fierce, flushed battalions swarm—
And ere a week of days had passed, there stood a serried line
Of thrice a hundred thousand men, to guard the German Rhine.

Not theirs to wait for tainted soil—the leader's mandate comes,
And o'er the Rhine that stalwart host press to the roll of drums ;
And now, Napoleon—pause in time—a nation sternly true
May change the *Jena* of thy dreams to worse than *Waterloo*.

For *Right* gives *Might* when *hearts* are brave ; and from that silent host
No braggart flaunt is heard to rise—no proud vain-glorious boast ;
But stern and quick they march to death, at duty's high command,
To guard their honour, hearths, and homes, and save the Fatherland.

As the tornado crashing sweeps through forests of the pine,
They break o'er bulwarks—headlong rout the stately Gallic line ;
Nor mitrailleuse, nor chassepot, can check that fierce advance,
Till captured, crushed, or broken lies the chivalry of France.

At Saarbruck, Woerth, Gravelotte, and on the Spichern height,
Heroic blood like water flows—o'er corpse-piled heaps they fight ;
And Zouaves' cry, and Turcos' yell, and cuirassiers' huzza,
Are drowned by that wild thunderous shout—the German fierce hurrah !

In vain, the rallied legions strive the conqueror's might to dare—
In vain, to death are thousands doomed by glory or despair ;

Till round a beaten, broken host the fiery circle ran,
And Napoleon sues for mercy 'mid the ruins of Sedan.

Yet, westward still, on banks of Seine the Uhlan lances gleam,
From east to west, by north and south, the legioned helmets stream,
Till league on league a rampart grows—a living Spartan wall—
And Paris throbs with frantic writhe within the German thrall.

Unhappy France!—vain-glorious, mad—now to the dregs she sips
The cup of horrors she would press to peaceful neighbours' lips—
In cursed Ambition's Moloch arms her children she has cast,
And mothers', wives', and sisters' wail rise on the sulphurous blast,

Appealing to the Lord of Hosts to stay the bloody strife—
O may that cry be heard on high for sake of human life!
And though stern Justice called for blood, let Mercy's plea prevail,
And Peace once more its blessings pour, on city, plain, and dale.

And thou, O king! to whom is given to punish reckless crime,
Remember Power by Mercy swayed is ever most sublime,
More than the victor-laurelled crown, when triumph's banners wave,
Doth Mercy grace the glowing brow of the victorious brave.

CHARLES CASEY.

[By kind permission of the author.]

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You almost are too tired to play to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest
 You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
 This restless, curling head from off your breast,
 This lisping tongue that chatters constantly ;
 If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palms again ;
 If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
 I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown ;
 Or that the footprints when the days are wet
 Are ever black enough to make them frown.
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor ;
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear its patter in my home once more ;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
 There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumpled by a shining head ;
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
 No troublesome beadle is near him ;
 The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
 And little Pat trembles to hear him ;
 A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
 Who never knew parent or duty,—
 His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
 And hunger has wither'd his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
 Seems growing more angry each minute,—
 He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks,
 As if anxious to know what is in it.

He scolds at the people who sit in the pews,—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses.
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes :
In his rags—he feels proud of their dresses !)

The Parson exhorts them to think of their need,
To turn from the world's dissipation,
The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed,—
Pat listens with strong approbation !
And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly,
"Shure, give me my dinner," says he with a smile,
"And a jacket,—I want them quite badly !"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipp'd stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries—who so willing to cry it ?—
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm *such* a poor boy :
You said so—now *don't* you deny it !"

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson ;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed Parson !
The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper he wants better teaching ;
But the white-headed Parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years, when Pat, handsomely drest—
A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best,
He says, "Och ! shure, the master's ould sermin !"

A.

THE DOORSTEP.

The conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket flashes bitten,
Than I, who stepp'd before them all
Who long'd to see me get the mitten.

But no! she blushed and took my arm:
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said—
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seem'd all transform'd and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet shelter'd sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor! if you could but mould it!—
So slightly touch'd my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reach'd the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home:
Her dimpled hand the latches finger'd,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we linger'd

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned!" dissembled,

But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud pass'd kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet rosy darling mouth—I kiss'd her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

DEATH-DOOMED.

They're taking me to the gallows, mother—they mean to hang me high;
They're going to gather round me there, and watch me till I die;
All earthly joy has vanished now, and gone each mortal hope—
They'll draw a cap across my eyes, and round my neck a rope;
The crazy mob will shout and groan—the priest will read a prayer,
The drop will fall beneath my feet and leave me in the air.
They think I murdered Allen Bayne; for so the judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

The grass that grows in yonder meadow, the lambs that skip and play,
The pebbled brook behind the orchard, that laughs upon its way,
The flowers that bloom in the dear old garden, the birds that sing and fly,
Are clear and pure of human blood—and, mother, so am I!
By father's grave on yonder hill—his name without a stain—
I ne'er had malice in my heart, or murdered Allen Bayne!
But twelve good men have found me guilty, for so the judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead!

The air is fresh and bracing, mother; the sun shines bright and high;
It's a pleasant day to live—a gloomy one to die!
It is a bright and glorious day the joys of earth to grasp—
It is a sad and wretched one to strangle, choke, and gasp!

But let them damp my lofty spirit, or cower me if they can !
They send me like a rogue to death—I'll meet it like a man ;
For I never murdered Allen Bayne ! but so the judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead !

Poor little sister 'Bell will weep, and kiss me as I lie ;
But kiss her twice and thrice for me, and tell her not to cry ;
Tell her to weave a bright, gay garland, and crown me as of yore,
Then plant a lily upon my grave, and think of me no more.
And tell that maiden whose love I sought, that I was faithful yet ;
But I must lie in a felon's grave, and she had best forget.
My memory is stained for ever ; for so the judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead !

Lay me not down by my father's side ; for once, I mind, he said
No child that stained his spotless name should share his mortal bed.
Old friends would look beyond his grave, to my dishonoured one,
And hide the virtues of the sire behind the recreant son.
And I can fancy, if there my corse its fettered limbs should lay,
His frowning skull and crumbling bones would shrink from me away ;
But I swear to God I'm innocent, and never blood have shed !
And they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead !

Lay me in my coffin, mother, as you've sometimes seen me rest :
One of my arms beneath my head, the other on my breast.
Place my Bible upon my heart—nay, mother, do not weep—
And kiss me as in happier days you kissed me when asleep.
And for the rest—for form or rite—but little do I reck ;
But cover up that cursèd stain—the *black mark on my neck !*
And pray to God for his great mercy on my devoted head ;
For they'll hang me to the gallows, mother—hang me till I'm dead !

But hark ! I hear a mighty murmur among the jostling crowd !
A cry!—a shout!—a roar of voices!—it echoes long and loud !
There dashes a horseman with foaming steed and tightly-gathered rein !
He sits erect !—he waves his hand!—good Heaven ! 'tis Allen Bayne !
The lost is found, the dead alive, my safety is achieved !
For he waves his hand again, and shouts, "The prisoner is reprieved !"
Now, mother, praise the God you love, and raise your drooping head ;
For the murderous gallows, black and grim, is cheated of its dead !

WILL CARLETON.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.*

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat ;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door—
“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;

But, like the skelcton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
An affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever?”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply—

“For ever—never?
Never—for ever!”

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

II. W. LONGFELLOW.

NOTES.



THE DEATH OF JO, p. 1.—The following is a description of Jo, the poor little street Arab, in Mr. Dickens' own words:—"Here he is very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. . . . Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heard of sich a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name—thinks it long enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. . . . Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie."

EARLY SCENES RE-VISITED, p. 5.—The story from which this is taken was originally published in the year 1798, under the title of "A Tale of Rosamund Gray, and Old Blind Margaret." Compare the ballad of "The Old Woman Clothed in Gray."

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST, p. 8.—Elihu Burritt is remarkable for having been well versed in many languages, and was popularly termed "the learned blacksmith."

THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD, p. 12.—From the volume of Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen, of which there are numerous translations. Among writers of this class our author easily stands first.

A CITY BY NIGHT, p. 20.—From Mr. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN, p. 40.—A poem full of true pathetic power, its purpose being the reform of the factory laws. That noble object is now in a great measure accomplished.

LOVE-LETTER, p. 56.—Remarkable as a poem of student-life—a subject upon which very little has yet been written. These verses are supposed to be spoken by a "college-man" in the quiet of his room, after the weariness and strife of the day are past. Truth to nature, freshness, and genuinely poetic treatment are characteristic of the lines.

WEDDING BELLS, p. 60.—In the rendering of this most dramatic poem, an imitation of marriage chimes, *very softly played*, will be found a valuable addition. During the reading of the following passages the bells may be faintly heard:—

From "Merrily echoed the old church bells," to "But they woke her not."

From "A joyful chime of the bells again," to "And the sleeper awakes."

From "And the bells' glad music," to "for her sleep is death."

From "Hark! how the wedding bells are ringing," to "But she will not wake."

Compare with one of the concluding scenes in "Leah."

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM, p. 61.—The following note appeared in connexion with an early edition of this poem:—"The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated that Aram was generally liked by the boys, and that he used to discourse to them about *murder* in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem."

IN THE TUNNEL, p. 71.—Here we see Mr. Bret Harte at his best. The poem is a type of a large class of what may be termed homely-pathetic verse. Many weak imitations have since arisen—chiefly American—but most of these have re-produced the *manner* without the pathos.

IN THE ENGINE SHED, p. 73.—In reciting this sketch, it is well to remember that until "the story" commences, the narrative is merely *simple conversation*, one student chatting with another. When the tale itself is reached, the Engine-driver may be represented *in propria persona*.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES, p. 77.—Mr. Charles Kent says in his "Centenary Edition" of Charles Lamb's works:—"This loveliest of Charles Lamb's poems began, in the original issue of it, with an inquiry, in a single line, and with a first stanza, afterwards omitted by the author as of too dreadful import. . . . What is said here of the friend he had left abruptly bore reference to a momentary estrangement from Coleridge." The interrogation and first stanza are now inserted, but apart from the poem, in accordance with the evident wishes of the writer.

"Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?"

"I had a mother, but she died, and left me,
Died prematurely in a day of horrors—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

THE RAVEN, p. 91.—The reader might with interest read a curious Paper by Edgar Allan Poe, on the origin of this poem. It is contained in his Essay—"The Philosophy of Composition." It is difficult to determine if the author be serious in his statements.

THE CHILDREN, p. 101.—It is stated that this poem was found in the desk of the author after his death.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN, p. 103.—"A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware shop in Leadenhall-street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick, for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house."—See Mr. Allingham's Poems (Bell & Son).

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE out of Norfolk, p. 123.—"Cowper says that he had more pleasure in writing this poem than any other of his except one—that one 'Addressed to a lady who has supplied to me the place of my own mother—my own invaluable mother—these six-and-twenty years'—probably the lines to Mrs. Unwin, beginning, 'Mary, I want a lyre of other strings.'"—*Notes to "Longer English Poems,"* edited by J. W. Hales, M.A. P. 376.

BABY MAY, p. 132.—Brimming over with pathetic laughter. Dr. Bennett is always at his best in writing poems of Home or Child life; in the latter he has no rival.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, p. 166.—A poem the authorship of which has never been satisfactorily decided. Many are its claimants—chiefly American—and numerous are the sad and sensational stories narrated of its origin. The five poems following come from the New World—the two last being taken from Will Carleton's very fresh "Farm Ballads."

NOT ONE TO SPARE, p. 187.—"A father and mother, in straitened circumstances, with seven children, were offered by a wealthy, but childless, neighbour a comfortable provision, on condition that they would give him one of their children." These verses tell the result.

REQUIESCAT, p. 192.—For beauty of expression, exquisite melody, and completeness, this perfect poem stands almost alone, it may be fitly placed beside "She dwelt among the untrodden ways."—(p. 219).

ALMA, p. 205.—Won by the English and French (Sept. 20, 1851). The Russians slung away their arms and fled.

THE BOYS, p. 209.—From "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table."

ALONE, p. 219.—I have ventured to give a name to these exquisite verses, and trust the liberty may be pardoned. The most noticeable feature in the poem seems to be its delicate simplicity, and yet perfect expression of agonised blank despair. This is distinctly characteristic of Wordsworth.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL, p. 220.—"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." 1 John, iv. 12.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, p. 231.—"The heroine and the incident are alike fictitious; but what a wide currency the story obtained! Martin ascertained that it was originally a little romance, written by a French governess for the use of her pupils, which found its way into the Paris papers, thence to the *Jersey Times*, thence to the *London Times* (Dec. 12, 1857), and afterwards appeared in many English and American papers, and is to this day quoted as authentic."—"The Land of the Veda," p. 353, by W. Butler, D.D.

THE SPARROW AT SEA, p. 240.—"America has a song-sparrow—fringilla melodia—which may have led our author into a mistake as to the powers of the English bird"—See Linton's "Poetry of America."

BAREBARA FRIETCHIE, p. 259.—One of the numerous ballads founded upon incidents in the American War.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO, p. 261.—From "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table."

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO, p. 275.—"Those singular verses called 'Twenty Golden Years Ago' which blend the deepest pathos with a sort of fictitious jollity. Fer Mangan's pathos was all genuine, his laughter hollow and painful." . . . (his humour) "leaves an unpleasant impression, as if he were grimly sneering at himself and at all the world; purposely spoiling and marring the effect of fine poetry by turning it into burlesque; and showing how meanly he regarded everything, even his Art, wherein he lived and had his being, when he compared his own exalted ideal of Art and Life with the littleness of all his experiences and performances."—(*Strass* and *gass*—street and lane.)

THE BELLS OF SHANDON, p. 278.—Shandon Church is an odd-looking old structure in the City of Cork.

THE VOICELESS, p. 282.—From "The Autoerat of the Breakfast-Table."

SONG TO MARY, p. 282.—These lines were not addressed to any particular person. The author lying down, in the open air, repeatedly hummed "Molly Astore" until finally the old Irish tune took form in these beautiful words.

I REMEMBER, p. 283.—Some one has well remarked that here seem to be brought together the sorrows of a whole life. The last verse is terrible in its sadness.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN, p. 315.—This legend is as old as the year 1284.

NOTHING TO WEAR, p. 354.—A Satire on Dress, by an American Barrister, which caused a great sensation at the time of publication. This version is condensed, the original being too long for insertion.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER, p. 361.—This, and "A Sitting on a Gate," are taken from "Through the Looking-glass"—"You are old, Father William," from "Alice in Wonderland." These books have been translated into many languages, and are undoubtedly the most delicious nonsense written for many a day. Grown people as well as children may read them with infinite pleasure. They are published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

BALAKLAVA, p. 477.—(Oct. 25, 1854). Compare Mr. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

LOVE'S DIVINITY, p. 480.—This extract is taken (by kind permission) from "Harry," a poem by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." Both these charmingly graceful sketches are published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

THE DAY OF THE LORD, p. 492.—"The political events of 1848, which shook all Europe to its very foundations, stirred his blood, and seemed for the time to give him a supernatural strength, which kept up till the autumn, when he completely broke down." . . . "It was while in this state of mind that he wrote 'The Day of the Lord!'"—(*Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memories of his Life*. Abridged Edition. Vol. i., pp. 113, 114.)

COMING, p. 493.—"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning."—*S. Mark*, xiii. 35.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS, p. 496.—From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

A PROLOGUE, p. 499.—From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

THE GERMAN MARCH, p. 504.—From "Neimesis." Published by Messrs. Carson Brothers, Dublin.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS, p. 511.—*L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours, jamais; jamais, toujours."*—*Jacques Bridaine*.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

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"We have turned over the pages of this volume with genuine pleasure, and we have no hesitation in stating, that a more choice selection of readings or pieces for recitation could not be gleaned from the productions of modern authors. The work consists of four divisions, the first containing numerous prose and poetic pieces; the second division consists of humorous pieces; the third division gives dramatic pieces from the plays of Lytton, Coleman, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Sheridan Knowles. The fourth division is drawn altogether from Shakspeare's plays, and contains the principal speeches of the dramatic writings of the great master. From a work containing so many beautiful pieces in poetry and prose it would be invidious to give extracts; but the collection fully displays the refined and intellectual taste of the learned editor. We cordially recommend the work to our readers, and feel certain it will become a favourite with the schools and colleges of the country. The printing and binding are creditable to the publisher."—*Irish Teachers' Journal*.

A SELECTION FROM THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"At the suggestion of numerous principals of schools in Dublin, and of his friends and pupils in Trinity College, Mr. J. A. Jennings has been induced to compile and edit the work before us, and it gives ample evidence of his fitness and ability for the task imposed upon him. The introductory remarks on the art of reading are modestly put forth. Coming from one who has attained to pre-eminence in the art, they will be found to contain many suggestions and hints of much practical value. We commend this work as a really useful addition to the parish library; while in the school and at home it will prove a never-failing source of pleasant and instructive reading."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

EDINBURGH.

" The recitations to be met in most 'Elocutionists,' however suitable many of them are for class purposes, have become so hackneyed by constant repetition that it is a relief to turn over the pages of this collection. . . . In a brief introduction Mr. Jennings gives a few judicious notes on the management of the voice, action, &c., as well as some observations on the advantages of the study of elocution. This work will make a capital textbook, and it may be added that it is neatly printed and strongly bound, while it has a carefully prepared double index."—*Edinburgh Courier*.

"Many books have been issued with a view to meet the wants of those desiring to make elocution a branch of study, but rarely have they become really popular. The issue of THE MODERN ELOCUTIONIST will, however, be well received, from the fact that it is peculiarly adapted for the object it seeks to carry out. Mr. Jennings has succeeded most admirably in his task; and, having been able to draw upon many different sources, has compiled a book that will secure for itself a high place among those of its kind. . . . The selections have been made with a singularly fine taste. . . . In the introduction to the ELOCUTIONIST, Mr. Jennings gives a few hints which, if always kept in view, will be found of great value to those studying elocution."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"The compiler, Mr. Jennings, provides a large number of selections, grave and gay, in prose and verse, which he thinks suitable as exercises for the student of elocution, offering a few preliminary suggestions as to pronunciation, gesture, management of the voice, changes of tone, &c., which are sensible in themselves, and clearly set forth. The selections are, for the most part, well chosen, and include many specimens of modern literature not commonly to be met with in works of this class."—*The Scotsman*.

GLASGOW.

"Under the above title, bound neatly and printed in an excellent type, Mr. Jennings adds one more to the many treatises on this much-neglected art. Mr. Jennings, who hails from Trinity College, Dublin, has been long recognised as an able teacher and public reader, and the present work claims attention from all interested in this particular branch of education, not only on account of the sound practical common-sense principles he advocates with respect to the means of its acquirement, but from the value of the selections. The desirability of such a work, wherein the writer brings forth from his treasure things new and old, has long been felt. To novelty in the selection of pieces the public has too long been a stranger, and whilst the well-known Parliamentary orations of a century since, antiquated pulpit extracts, and hackneyed poems and recitations have found their way so often into manuals of this kind as at length to utterly nauseate the pupils by their repetition, many of the finer, more thrilling, and truly poetic morceaux of the more modern authors have been ignored. Mr. Jennings' selection is as pleasing and useful as it is original. Everything bordering on the old lumbered, didactic, or dry style has been omitted. Copious selections from Dickens, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Lamb, Longfellow, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Macaulay, Poe, Whittier, Willis, Leigh Hunt, Hood, and Scott take their place and go hand-in-hand with pieces from less known, though equally effective, writers. Prominent in the collection are some charming Carleton ballads, and Mosely's well-known Charity Dinner, made memorable through its rendering by the late lamented Mr. J. M. Bellew. In the dramatic and Shaksperian selections Mr. Jennings has been no less happy than in those of his prose and poetry. Unlike too many teachers of the art, the present compiler does not weary the reader with the details of a special system of sounds, inflections or system of emphasis, of which (speaking for ourselves at least) we may say we have never been able to comprehend one-hundredth part. His suggestions are brief, but they are clear, simple, and invaluable. Briefly, the book will fulfil not only its highest use in respect to the interest and instruction it will carry with it to the class-room, but as a volume the contents will equally please and amuse all—a companion for school and a solace to the wearied by boat, 'bus, or rail."—*North British Daily Mail*, January 10, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

BELFAST.

"Mr. Jennings' compilation, at present before us, is essentially a MODERN ELOCUTIONIST. It contains many selections which appeal to the more cultured members of an audience of the present day, and many which commend themselves to general listeners. . . . With regard to the quality of the collected poems in the volume, we can safely say that the selections are as good as any that could be read in public, or recited. . . . It must be said that on the whole Mr. Jennings' collection is highly satisfactory."—*Belfast News-Letter*.

"This book is not a treatise on the art of elocution—although the editor, in his Introduction, gives some useful hints to beginners—but a collection of pieces suitable for reading. The idea has been to present more 'modern' or fresher selections than those to be found in the many standard works now in use. The editor has selected largely from the works of American authors, and has displayed considerable judgment in the choice of pieces that may be read effectively. Excellent recitations of every kind—serious, humerous, and dramatic—are to be found in Mr. Jennings' book, which is dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Marlborough."—*The Northern Whig*.

CORK.

"The appearance of this work is singularly opportune. The need of a really good ELOCUTIONIST was much felt. Not but that there were several of the older works which fairly supplied the want for the young, and which contained many well known and admirably arranged selections. . . . But these collections were, from frequent repetition, as our author hints, necessarily hackneyed. To provide a book which would contain short readings suitable for practice in the schoolroom, or in the family circle, or to amuse an audience, and embracing some more recent poems and extracts, was the task which Mr. Jennings attempted to discharge. We must say he has completely succeeded. The book before us is certainly as useful a one as we could place in the reader's hand. The division, in both prose and poetry, is made into the 'serious and pathetic' and the 'humerous.' And certainly we can congratulate Mr. Jennings on the admirable choice he has made. . . . We

A SELECTION FROM THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

strongly recommend this new ELOCUTIONIST to the notice of school teachers and others who are engaged in teaching this most important art. In after-life to be a good reader and speaker must, in great measure, depend on the early and careful training of the young. No gift is more precious, and there is none more envied. So, unfortunately, is it seldom found. In whatever sphere of life a man is placed this preparation will prove of infinite service. The advantage it gives him over his less-favoured fellows is incalculable. And whether at home with the family, or in the public school, the cultivation of a correct method of speaking and reading is, we regret to say, too often neglected. Hence it is that we hail with pleasure this well-timed effort of Mr. Jennings, and cordially recommend the work."—*Cork Constitution*.

"There is a really capital collection of pieces, grave and gay—some of them from authors not always immediately accessible to the general reader, and all of them characterised by decided merit."—*The Cork Examiner*.

DERRY.

"We predict a large sale of this work. It is a good-sized volume of nearly 500 pages, and contains an excellent selection of entertaining reading. The author, or rather the compiler and editor, Mr. John A. Jennings, Trinity College, Dublin, has picked the cream of the productions of our most popular and admired writers—in fact, the audience would be difficult to please whose tastes a reader could not suit from Mr. Jennings' work. We would particularly recommend those inclined for public, or indeed for private, reading, to carefully study Mr. Jennings' Introduction—it will be found full of useful hints, conveyed in brief but clear language. We have pleasure in recommending the compilation to the patronage of our readers."—*The Derry Journal*.

LEEDS.

"A work which will be welcomed alike by tutor and pupil has been issued. It is an Elocution the merit of which lies not wholly in the fact that it introduces an almost entirely new series of selections. It contains a clear statement of rules required for the management of the voice, gesture, and other aids to appropriate expression in speaking or reading. These will be found of great value in the acquirement of grace of delivery and a cultured style. Freshness in the characteristic of the selections. Even in those from Shakespeare, hackneyed pieces have as far as possible been avoided, and the quota-

A SELECTION FROM THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

tions are arranged in their probable chronological sequence. Again, the selections are in divisions—serious, pathetic, &c., which includes poetry and prose pieces in subdivisions; humorous selections, similarly treated; and dramatic. Reference is made easy by a list of ‘contents’ and an index to authors.”—*Leeds Mercury*.

LIMERICK.

“To enter upon hitherto untrodden ground with a just sense of appreciation of the beautiful, whenever it is to be found, requires most delicate discrimination. Mr. Jennings has, we should say, fulfilled all these obligations. His really beautiful compilation is worthy of highest praise. The grave, the gay—every style, every characteristic that can elucidate either the powers or the taste of the reader is successively given, and Mr. Jennings leaves nothing out that one would really desire to see included in the book. We have no doubt but that his *MODERN ELOCUTIONIST* will be the one selected above all others by aspiring readers, whether for public or private use.”—*The Limerick Chronicle*.

“The purchaser of this reasonably-sized volume will not only possess a treasury of fresh extracts from some of the best modern writers, well worth acquiring, but will be saved the trouble of searching for suitable matter for private or public readings, besides having the advantage of concise but judicious directions on the management of the voice and action in recitation, in a brief but valuable Introduction.”—*The Limerick Reporter*.

LIVERPOOL.

“This volume, which is dedicated to the Duchess of Marlborough, is singularly free from clocutionary readings, which, however excellent in themselves, have become wearisome by constant repetition. Those, therefore, who are on the outlook for a selection of fresh pieces for recitation, will find an abundant supply here ‘from grave to gay, from lively to severe.’ All public speakers, and particularly those who are only beginning to learn the art, ought to be very thankful to Mr. Jennings for his brief but admirable Introduction—his ‘hints to readers’ in which are well fitted to be of much practical utility. . . . Among many books of a similar character, this volume is entitled to a high place, and if carefully studied will do much to help many a young man to read and speak well.”—*The Liverpool Mercury*.

MONTREAL.

"The author of this work, who is a clergyman of the Irish (Episcopal) Church, was accustomed, during his leisure hours, to give public 'readings,' and this employment necessarily drew his attention to the writings of the best authors which were adapted for recitation. His success in selection suggested to those of his friends who were themselves teachers of the art, or were directly or indirectly interested in it, that Mr. Jennings would be just the person to compile a manual containing passages well adapted for delivery in public, but not as yet hackneyed by long repetition. With diffidence, aware that many such hand-books already existed, he consented, and the favourable reception accorded to the volume in England and Scotland as well as in Ireland, is evidence that it supplied a felt want. In little more than a year the first edition—a large one—was exhausted and in the second one called for by the popular demand, the author has taken care to avail himself of the counsel given by some of his reviewers and also to make some improvements and additions of his own. The great merit of the work—as already intimated—is its freshness of selection. As he points out in the introduction, it is well known that novelty is a very essential element with audiences, and unless a reader or reciter has extraordinary power by voice and action to impress the minds of his hearers, constant repetition is sure to become wearisome. His classification consists of four divisions, of which the first comprises serious and pathetic selections in prose and poetry, such as appeal to the social and domestic affections. The poetical portion of these divisions is the most numerous and varied in the book. The second division includes humorous selections in prose and poetry; the third, selections from the works of the best dramatists except Shakspeare, and the fourth, those taken from Shakspeare's plays. With regard to the latter, Mr. Jennings has followed the order suggested by Professor Dowden in his admirable study on Shakspeare's mind and art. A supplementary part comprises a large number of additional selections, both serious and humorous. Owing to the refusal of Tennyson's publishers to allow him to print the passages from the Poet Laureate on which he had fixed, he has been left to the resource of recommending the extracts from his works which he considers suitable for reading aloud. Some hints to the student as to the management of the voice, facial expression, &c., will be found valuable. The book is clearly printed in good type and plainly but neatly bound, and we can cordially recommend it to Canadian students of a most important art."—*The Gazette*.

TORONTO.

"This work is dedicated to the Duchess of Marlborough. The author is a popular reader in Dublin; he therefore ought to bring to the work of selecting pieces for readings a trained intelligence and good judgment. He set before himself one rule which has its disadvantages as well as its advantages—viz., to avoid so far as possible the quoting of such pieces, however good, as were hackneyed; and as this excluded a very large number of valuable readings, the task was obviously difficult; but it has been admirably fulfilled. The book (which we may say has two advantages—it is very well printed, and it is bound so that it opens easily at any given place) is divided into four original parts and two additional sections, which form the excuse, the justification, for the new edition. The pieces are arranged according to their character, beginning with serious and pathetic selections in prose; these are followed by poetical selections of the same character in great number. Another section is devoted to humorous selections in prose and verse. The third and fourth sections are devoted to dramatic selections, the latter given up entirely to Shakspeare. The unhackneyed selections are from Lamb, De Quincey, Hans Andersen, Burritt, Carlyle, Bret Harte, Frederick Locker, Hamilton Aide, Robert Browning, J. F. Trowbridge, Matthew Arnold, Archbishop Trench, Father Prout, James Clarence Mangan, Russell Lowell, O. W. Holmes, Douglas Jerrold, and other well-known, but still quite unhackneyed, names. The quotations and adaptations in the additional parts are excellently done, those from Samuel Lover being particularly acceptable. The volume, indeed, has the merit of being a fine collection of literary selections for general reading, and as such alone would have a splendid field of popularity. A double index of authors and subjects adds to the value of the book, as a means of ready reference."—*Toronto Mail*.

READINGS^d
FROM THE
WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.
CONDENSED AND ADAPTED BY
JOHN A. JENNINGS, B.A.

DUBLIN: CARSON BROTHERS, GRAFTON-ST.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.; HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Mr. Jennings' 'Modern Elocutionist' has obtained a very wide-spread reputation amongst those who give readings and recitations. It has, in fact, become the standard book of selections, and its success tends to prove that one who is himself an elocutionist is best able to judge what will sound well when read in public. The compiler has now turned his attention to the rich mine of selections to be found in Dickens' Works, both comic and pathetic, which supply material on which the reciter can display his powers. The selections have, on the whole, been made with much taste and care. Amongst them we meet, of course, with the Trial scene in *Pickwick*, *Copperfield* and the Waiter, the death of Little Nell, Boots at the Holly-tree Inn, and so on; but there are others to which Mr. Jennings introduces us, which are not so well known as they deserve to be. These readings, too, are not mere cuttings from Dickens' novels; they are adapted and condensed for reading purposes, and occasionally Mr. Jennings, where it was absolutely necessary, has added a few judicious words of explanation. This little book will, we do not doubt, prove no less successful than its precursor. It is published by Carson Brothers, who have brought it out in good style, and at a very moderate price."—*Daily Express*.

"Mr. John A. Jennings, B.A., has followed up the publication of E's popular 'Modern Elocutionist' with a book which, we are sure, will become not less popular, entitled 'Readings from the Works of Charles Dickens.' The collection is the most complete we have yet seen, and is not, as Mr. Jennings himself says, a series of mere excerpts, but a number of condensations and adaptations from Dickens' novels, bringing many passages into connexion, and, for the most part, giving a complete story in a single sentence. All the pieces are very fine, and will be welcomed by the amateur reader. The book is admirably brought out by Messrs. Carson Brothers, Grafton-street."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"This volume, of 256 pages, is intended to supply amateurs and professionals with a selection of pieces suitable for recitation. The author has shown great judgment in the work not only of selection, but of condensation. He gives a preference to those pieces in which a variety of interlocutors is introduced, and in which, therefore, a reader has scope for his histrionic powers. For example, we have the Bardell Trial, Scrooge's Adventures at Christmas time, Mrs. Corney and Bumble, Bob Sawyer's Party. The jocular and the pathetic are fairly balanced. Little Emily and the Death of Little Nell are qualified. Mrs. Nickleby's Reception of a Proposal, and the Eatenswill Election. We find also such established favourites as Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, Copperfield and the Waiter, and Mr. Leo Hunter Calls. The spirit of each piece, so far as we have looked over the volume, has not suffered at all from the pruning it has received for recitation purposes."—*Evening Mail*.

"Messrs. Carson Brothers, 7, Grafton-street, Dublin, have issued at a price (one shilling) which places the volume within popular reach, 45 selections from Dickens' Works, suited for recitations in schools or on platform. Mr. Jennings, who has won a reputation as a reader, has shown a critical judgment in the extracts given—embracing, as they do, illustrations of the varied powers of pathos, description, and humour which distinguish the genius of Dickens' Works. The volume is well got out, with illustrated cover, good paper, and clean type."—*Carlow Sentinel*.

"There is hardly any author whose works offer so large a number of attractive fragments for the purpose of public reading as Dickens, and the compiler has arranged a most admirable selection from amongst them. The choice of subjects has been very judiciously exercised, but Mr. Jennings has done more, in offering wherever necessary a condensed explanation of the circumstances which enable, even those not previously acquainted with the story, to understand and enjoy the passage more thoroughly. The volume is cheap as well as attractive."—*Cork Examiner*.

"Messrs. Carson Brothers, Grafton-street, Dublin, have just issued 'Readings from the Works of Charles Dickens,' condensed and adapted by Mr. John A. Jennings, B.A. Mr. Jennings is well known as the editor of a new class-book, the 'Modern Elocutionist,' which has been adopted very greatly in educational establishments in Dublin. The latest product of his labours as a collector and adapter of literary excerpts is one that will be welcome to a very large class. Though primarily intended to meet the wants of readers to audiences, it will be found a veritable boon to those, and they are many, who, having read Dickens's works in their youth, have an old-time regard for them which they would gratify by re-perusal if the time-consuming cares of the present did not limit their periods of leisure too much. To these especially such a publication as Mr. Jennings's, which puts the essence of the best things in Dickens within the handy compass of 256 pages, will, we feel, be very acceptable. The book is admirably produced and printed, while the cost is only one shilling."—*Cork Herald*.

"This is the first attempt that has been made in this country at least to choose passages from Dickens' works, suitable for reading in the family circle or for public delivery on the platform. The readings are not passages transplanted bodily out of the novels, but in most cases are condensations and adaptations possessing the unity and completeness of a single tale. The extracts are characterised by that taste, judgment, and originality, which are so conspicuous a merit of the author's 'Modern Elocutionist.' The selections comprise the grave and the gay, the tragic and the comic, the amusing and the pathetic. We notice Bob Sawyer's Party and the Death of Little Nell, Doctor Marigold and Little Em'ly, Horatio Sparkins and the Stroller's Tale. The selection is one of the best that could be made, and Mr Jennings states in his preface that in almost every instance the contents have been submitted to the test of an audience, so that it is believed nothing is included which will not prove highly acceptable to any class of hearers. The work will be found not only invaluable to public readers, but also a pleasing and interesting series of tales and incidents to all who appreciate and admire the writings of Charles Dickens."—*Limerick Chronicle*.

"No one took more delight in reading his own writings than Charles Dickens. Those who have heard his readings of *A Christmas Carol*, *Copperfield* and the *Waiter*, and other specimens of his inimitable genius, can never forget the life and truth and similitude he invested them with. We are treated in the volume before us to admirable selections from the most charming of Dickens' creations; and there can be nothing better than the manner in which they have been grouped together and chosen by Mr. Jennings, and indexed, printed, bound, and put out of hands by Messrs. Carson Brothers. The book will be chosen for railway or other reading, or for fireside entertainment in long nights, or for the special interest of those who assemble to hear readings in public rooms. Mr. Jennings has hit the right mark in proposing for public adoption so favourite a book, and Messrs. Carson Brothers deserve a premium for the excellent manner they have published it."—*Limerick Reporter*.

"We had occasion not long ago to notice favourably a useful little book by Mr. Jennings, entitled 'The Modern Elocutionist.' We are glad to see that he has followed it up with the 'Reader' now before us—a cheap and handy volume, which will supply a want long felt by those who are called upon to contribute to the amateur entertainments so popular in the school and lecture hall during the winter months. Dickens is a writer who always takes on occasions of the kind. The only difficulty is to find extracts which are sufficiently self-contained and not too long; and this is the precise difficulty which Mr. Jennings has set himself to solve. His 'Readings,' therefore, are not mere excerpts from the novels, but consist of condensations and adaptations which bring the more striking passages into connexion, and, for the most part, give a complete story in a single selection. This part of the work, though of a somewhat ticklish character, is exceedingly well done, and we are told that its results have in every instance been submitted to the most practical of all tests—that of a general audience's approval. When we have added that there are in the aggregate close upon fifty distinct readings, we have said all that is necessary to recommend a book which we doubt not will be frequently laid under contribution during the coming long evenings."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"The above work is published by Carson Brothers, Dublin, and we imagine it is a kind of book likely to be popular. There are many persons who would like to take

a reading from Dickens who have not quite the judgment required to make a good selection. Mr. Jennings will spare them that trouble, for he has chosen many of the most attractive passages to be found in the author's works, and merely as a pleasant reminder of some of the most delightful incidents and scenes in Dickens' works the book has decided value."—*The Era*.

"This volume will be heartily welcomed by those who practice public reading. No author lends himself better than Dickens to the purposes of the 'reader,' and Mr. Jennings has done extremely well in his choice of passages from the great humourist's writings. We heartily commend the volume to the notice of those whom it concerns."—*Bath Chronicle*.

"Mr. Jennings has already proved his capability to edit elocutionary works, and the present compilation shows a real knowledge of the requirements of public readers and appreciation of the works of Dickens. Passages of broad humour are found alongside some of the writer's most pathetic scenes; and these have, where necessary, been shortened and put into shape to suit elocutionists. With the additional merit of cheapness, the book is likely to be popular."—*Edinboro' Courant*.

"The character of this work, published at the low price of one shilling, is indicated by its title. It consists of a number of selections from the works of Dickens, all of which are brought within the scope of a recitation or reading of some five or ten minutes' duration. As the preface explains, 'the readings are not mere excerpts from the novels, but consist of condensations and adaptations, thus bringing many passages into connexion and for the most part giving a complete story in a single selection.' At the same time, except where the insertion of a few words of an explanatory nature are rendered necessary to the sense, the language of Mr. Dickens is scrupulously observed. Mr. Jennings has already achieved a considerable reputation by the 'Modern Elocutionist,' of which he is the editor, and the volume under notice will prove as useful as it is interesting. Indeed, the work is so arranged that it embraces most of the works of the famous novelist, and a very fair idea of their character may be gathered from the portions which have been clipped. It is sometimes the custom, where brevity is a necessity, for the reader to skip certain passages, and to explain the incidents which fill up the hiatus necessarily left in the text; but here all is done to hand, so that the book is calculated to be immensely useful to those who may desire to give readings either in public or private. The work is well printed, and, no doubt, it only needs to become known that such a volume is accessible, and, assuredly, it will command a large sale. Mr. Jennings is to be congratulated upon the clever way in which he has used the art of condensation, and it is owing to this in a great measure that the readings—by keeping up the natural sequence—derive their value."—*Brighton Guardian*.

"Mr. Jennings has condensed, without mutilating or unduly curtailing, the masterpieces of the great novelist, and the mind of the reader is once more absorbed in the history of David Copperfield; in the excitement of the Eatanswill Election; in the quabbles of the Editors of the *Eatanswill Gazette* and of the *Eatanswill Independent*; in the *cause célèbre* of *Bardell v. Pickwick*; in the tragedy of Poor Jo, &c. The work is evidently edited with very great care, and will rank with the author's "Modern Elocutionist"—a work which has now attained a world-wide reputation."—*The Irish Law Times and Solicitors' Journal*.

Now Ready, price 1s. ; cloth gilt, 2s. ; crown 8vo, 256 pp.

READINGS

FROM IRISH AUTHORS.

Selected and Arranged by JOHN A. JENNINGS, M.A.

DUBLIN : CARSON BROTHERS, 7 GRAFTON-STREET.

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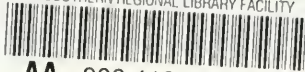
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